THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.

(*See page* 128.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxii. AUGUST, 1901. No. 128.

The Hound of the Baskervilles.*

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

BY CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER I.

MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES.

MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES, who was usually very late in the mornings, save upon those not infrequent occasions when he was up all night, was seated at the breakfast table. I stood upon the hearth-rug and picked up the stick which our visitor had left behind him the night before. It was a fine, thick piece of wood, bulbous-headed, of the sort which is known as a "Penang lawyer." Just under the head was a broad silver band, nearly an inch across. "To James Mortimer, M.R.C.S., from his friends of the C.C.H.," was engraved upon it, with the date "1884." It was just such a stick as the old-fashioned family practitioner used to carry—dignified, solid, and reassuring.

"Well, Watson, what do you make of it?"

Holmes was sitting with his back to me, and I had given him no sign of my occupation.

"How did you know what I was doing? I believe you have eyes in the back of your head."

"I have, at least, a well-polished silver-plated coffee-pot in front of me," said he. "But, tell me, Watson, what do you make of our visitor's stick? Since we have been so unfortunate as to miss him and have no notion of his errand, this accidental souvenir becomes of importance. Let me hear you reconstruct the man by an examination of it."

"I think," said I, following as far as I could the methods of my companion, "that Dr. Mortimer is a successful elderly medical man, well-esteemed, since those who know him give him this mark of their appreciation."

"Good!" said Holmes. "Excellent!"

"I think also that the probability is in favour of his being a country practitioner who does a great deal of his visiting on foot."

"Why so?"

"Because this stick, though originally a very handsome one, has been so knocked about that I can hardly imagine a town practitioner carrying it. The thick iron ferrule is worn down, so it is evident that he has done a great amount of walking with it."

"Perfectly sound!" said Holmes.

"And then again, there is the 'friends of the C.C.H.' I should guess that to be the Something Hunt, the local hunt to whose members he has possibly given some surgical assistance, and which has made him a small presentation in return."

"Really, Watson, you excel yourself," said Holmes, pushing back his chair and lighting a cigarette. "I am bound to say that in all the accounts which you have been so good as to give of my own small achievements you have habitually underrated your own abilities. It may be that you are not yourself luminous, but you are a conductor of light. Some people without possessing genius have a remarkable power of stimulating it. I confess, my dear fellow, that I am very much in your debt."

He had never said as much before, and I must admit that his words gave me keen pleasure, for I had often been piqued by his indifference to my admiration and to the attempts which I had made to give publicity to his methods. I was proud too to think that I had so far mastered his system as to apply it in a way which earned his approval. He now took the stick from my hands

* This story owes its inception to my friend, Mr. Fletcher Robinson, who has helped me both in the general plot and in the local details.—A. C. D.

and examined it for a few minutes with his naked eyes. Then with an expression of interest he laid down his cigarette and, carrying the cane to the window, he looked over it again with a convex lens.

"Interesting, though elementary," said he, as he returned to his favourite corner of the settee. "There are certainly one or two indications upon the stick. It gives us the basis for several deductions."

"Has anything escaped me?" I asked, with some self-importance. "I trust that there is nothing of consequence which I have overlooked?"

"I am afraid, my dear Watson, that most of your conclusions were erroneous. When I said that you stimulated me I meant, to be frank, that in noting your fallacies I was occasionally guided towards the truth. Not that you are entirely wrong in this instance. The man is certainly a country practitioner. And he walks a good deal."

"Then I was right."

"To that extent."

"But that was all."

"No, no, my dear Watson, not all—by no means all. I would suggest, for example, that a presentation to a doctor is more likely to come from an hospital than from a hunt, and that when the initials 'C.C.' are placed before that hospital the words 'Charing Cross' very naturally suggest themselves."

"You may be right."

"The probability lies in that direction. And if we take this as a working hypothesis we have a fresh basis from which to start our construction of this unknown visitor."

"Well, then, supposing that 'C.C.H.' does stand for 'Charing Cross Hospital,' what further inferences may we draw?"

"Do none suggest themselves? You know my methods. Apply them!"

"I can only think of the obvious conclusion that the man has practised in town before going to the country."

"HE LOOKED OVER IT AGAIN WITH A CONVEX LENS."

"I think that we might venture a little farther than this. Look at it in this light. On what occasion would it be most probable that such a presentation would be made? When would his friends unite to give him a pledge of their good will? Obviously at the moment when Dr. Mortimer withdrew from the service of the hospital in order to start in practice for himself. We know there has been a presentation. We believe there has been a change from a town hospital to a country practice. Is it, then, stretching our inference too far to say that the presentation was on the occasion of the change?"

"It certainly seems probable."

"Now, you will observe that he could not have been on the *staff* of the hospital, since only a man well-established in a London practice could hold such a position, and such a one would not drift into the country. What was he, then? If he was in the hospital and yet not on the staff he could only have been a house-surgeon or a house-physician — little more than a senior student. And he left five years ago—the date is on the stick. So your grave, middle-aged family practitioner vanishes into thin air, my dear Watson, and there emerges a young fellow under thirty, amiable, unambitious, absent-minded, and the possessor of a favourite dog, which I should describe roughly as being larger than a terrier and smaller than a mastiff."

I laughed incredulously as Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his settee and blew little wavering rings of smoke up to the ceiling.

"As to the latter part, I have no means of checking you," said I, "but at least it is not difficult to find out a few particulars about the man's age and professional career." From my small medical shelf I took down the Medical Directory and turned up the name. There were several

Mortimers, but only one who could be our visitor. I read his record aloud.

"Mortimer, James, M.R.C.S., 1882, Grimpen, Dartmoor, Devon. House surgeon, from 1882 to 1884, at Charing Cross Hospital. Winner of the Jackson prize for Comparative Pathology, with essay entitled 'Is Disease a Reversion?' Corresponding member of the Swedish Pathological Society. Author of 'Some Freaks of Atavism' (*Lancet*, 1882). 'Do We Progress?' (*Journal of Psychology*, March, 1883). Medical Officer for the parishes of Grimpen, Thorsley, and High Barrow."

"No mention of that local hunt, Watson," said Holmes, with a mischievous smile, "but a country doctor, as you very astutely observed. I think that I am fairly justified in my inferences. As to the adjectives, I said, if I remember right, amiable, unambitious, and absent-minded. It is my experience that it is only an amiable man in this world who receives testimonials, only an unambitious one who abandons a London career for the country, and only an absent-minded one who leaves his stick and not his visiting-card after waiting an hour in your room."

"And the dog?"

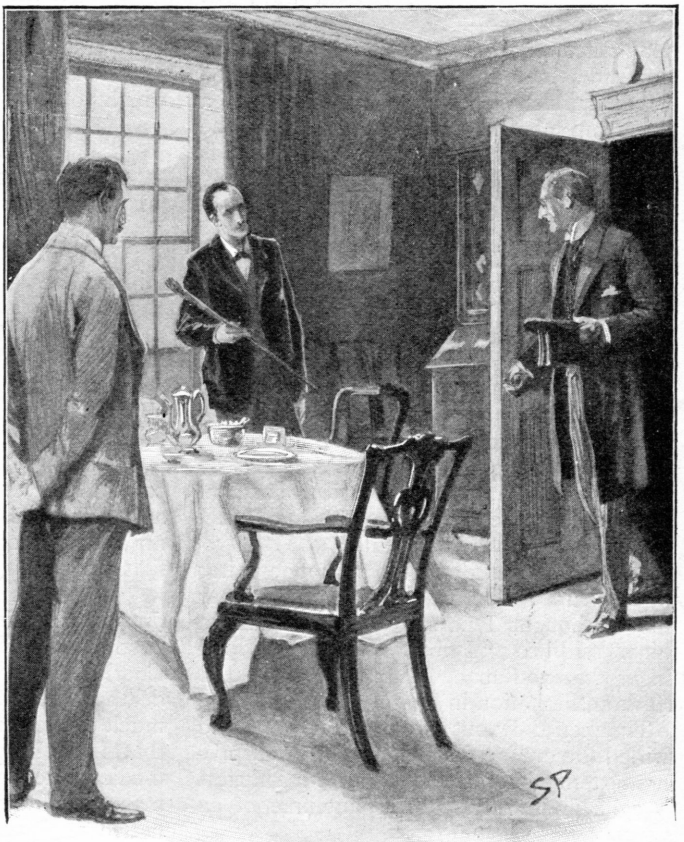
"Has been in the habit of carrying this stick behind his master. Being a heavy stick the dog has held it tightly by the middle, and the marks of his teeth are very plainly visible. The dog's jaw, as shown in the space between these marks, is too broad in my opinion for a terrier and not broad enough for a mastiff. It may have been—yes, by Jove, it *is* a curly-haired spaniel."

He had risen and paced the room as he spoke. Now he halted in the recess of the window. There was such a ring of conviction in his voice that I glanced up in surprise.

"My dear fellow, how can you possibly be so sure of that?"

"For the very simple reason that I see the dog himself on our very doorstep, and there is the ring of its owner. Don't move, I beg you, Watson. He is a professional brother of yours, and your presence may be of assistance to me. Now is the dramatic moment of fate, Watson, when you hear a step upon the stair which is walking into your life, and you know not whether for good or ill. What does Dr. James Mortimer, the man of science, ask of Sherlock Holmes, the specialist in crime? Come in!"

The appearance of our visitor was a surprise to me, since I had expected a typical country practitioner. He was a very tall, thin man, with a long nose like a beak, which jutted out between two keen, grey eyes, set closely together and sparkling brightly from behind a pair of gold-rimmed glasses. He was clad in a professional but rather slovenly fashion, for his frock-coat was dingy and his trousers frayed. Though young, his long back was already bowed, and he walked with a forward thrust of his head and a general air of peering benevolence. As he entered his eyes fell upon



"HIS EYES FELL UPON THE STICK IN HOLMES'S HAND."

the stick in Holmes's hand, and he ran towards it with an exclamation of joy. "I am so very glad," said he. "I was not sure whether I had left it here or in the Shipping Office. I would not lose that stick for the world."

"A presentation, I see," said Holmes.

"Yes, sir."

"From Charing Cross Hospital?"

"From one or two friends there on the occasion of my marriage."

"Dear, dear, that's bad!" said Holmes, shaking his head.

Dr. Mortimer blinked through his glasses in mild astonishment.

"Why was it bad?"

"Only that you have disarranged our little deductions. Your marriage, you say?"

"Yes, sir. I married, and so left the hospital, and with it all hopes of a consulting practice. It was necessary to make a home of my own."

"Come, come, we are not so far wrong after all," said Holmes. "And now, Dr. James Mortimer——"

"Mister, sir, Mister—a humble M.R.C.S."

"And a man of precise mind, evidently."

"A dabbler in science, Mr. Holmes, a picker up of shells on the shores of the great unknown ocean. I presume that it is Mr. Sherlock Holmes whom I am addressing and not——"

"No, this is my friend Dr. Watson."

"Glad to meet you, sir. I have heard your name mentioned in connection with that of your friend. You interest me very much, Mr. Holmes. I had hardly expected so dolichocephalic a skull or such well-marked supra-orbital development. Would you have any objection to my running my finger along your parietal fissure? A cast of your skull, sir, until the original is available, would be an ornament to any anthropological museum. It is not my intention to be fulsome, but I confess that I covet your skull."

Sherlock Holmes waved our strange visitor into a chair. "You are an enthusiast in your line of thought, I perceive, sir, as I am in mine," said he. "I observe from your forefinger that you make your own cigarettes. Have no hesitation in lighting one."

The man drew out paper and tobacco and twirled the one up in the other with surprising dexterity. He had long, quivering fingers as agile and restless as the antennæ of an insect.

Holmes was silent, but his little darting glances showed me the interest which he took in our curious companion.

"I presume, sir," said he at last, "that it was not merely for the purpose of examining my skull that you have done me the honour to call here last night and again to-day?"

"No, sir, no; though I am happy to have had the opportunity of doing that as well. I came to you, Mr. Holmes, because I recognise that I am myself an unpractical man, and because I am suddenly confronted with a most serious and extraordinary problem. Recognising, as I do, that you are the second highest expert in Europe——"

"Indeed, sir! May I inquire who has the honour to be the first?" asked Holmes, with some asperity.

"To the man of precisely scientific mind the work of Monsieur Bertillon must always appeal strongly."

"Then had you not better consult him?"

"I said, sir, to the precisely scientific mind. But as a practical man of affairs it is acknowledged that you stand alone. I trust, sir, that I have not inadvertently——"

"Just a little," said Holmes. "I think, Dr. Mortimer, you would do wisely if without more ado you would kindly tell me plainly what the exact nature of the problem is in which you demand my assistance."

CHAPTER II.

THE CURSE OF THE BASKERVILLES.

"I HAVE in my pocket a manuscript," said Dr. James Mortimer.

"I observed it as you entered the room," said Holmes.

"It is an old manuscript."

"Early eighteenth century, unless it is a forgery."

"How can you say that, sir?"

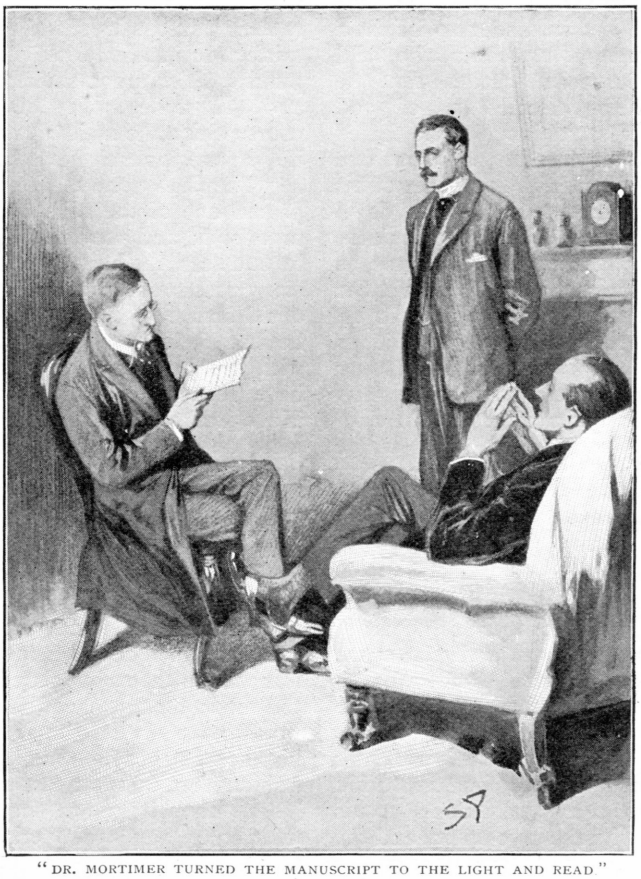
"You have presented an inch or two of it to my examination all the time that you have been talking. It would be a poor expert who could not give the date of a document within a decade or so. You may possibly have read my little monograph upon the subject. I put that at 1730."

"The exact date is 1742." Dr. Mortimer drew it from his breast-pocket. "This family paper was committed to my care by Sir Charles Baskerville, whose sudden and tragic death some three months ago created so much excitement in Devonshire. I may say that I was his personal friend as well as his medical attendant. He was a strong-minded man, sir, shrewd, practical, and as unimaginative as I am myself. Yet he took this document very seriously, and his mind was prepared for just such an end as did eventually overtake him."

Holmes stretched out his hand for the manuscript and flattened it upon his knee.

"You will observe, Watson, the alternative use of the long *s* and the short. It is one of several indications which enabled me to fix the date."

I looked over his shoulder at the yellow paper and the faded script. At the head was written: "Baskerville Hall," and below, in large, scrawling figures: "1742."



"DR. MORTIMER TURNED THE MANUSCRIPT TO THE LIGHT AND READ"

"It appears to be a statement of some sort."

"Yes, it is a statement of a certain legend which runs in the Baskerville family."

"But I understand that it is something more modern and practical upon which you wish to consult me?"

"Most modern. A most practical, pressing matter, which must be decided within twenty-four hours. But the manuscript is short and is intimately connected with the affair. With your permission I will read it to you."

Holmes leaned back in his chair, placed his finger-tips together, and closed his eyes, with an air of resignation. Dr. Mortimer turned the manuscript to the light and read in a high, crackling voice the following curious, old-world narrative:—

"Of the origin of the Hound of the Baskervilles there have been many statements, yet as I come in a direct line from Hugo Baskerville, and as I had the story from my father, who also had it from his, I have set it down with all belief that it occurred even as is here set forth. And I would have you believe, my sons, that the same Justice which punishes sin may also most graciously forgive it, and that no ban is so heavy but that by prayer and repentance it may be removed. Learn then from this story not to fear the fruits of the past, but rather to be circumspect in the future, that those foul passions whereby our family has suffered so grievously may not again be loosed to our undoing.

"Know then that in the time of the Great Rebellion (the history of which by the learned

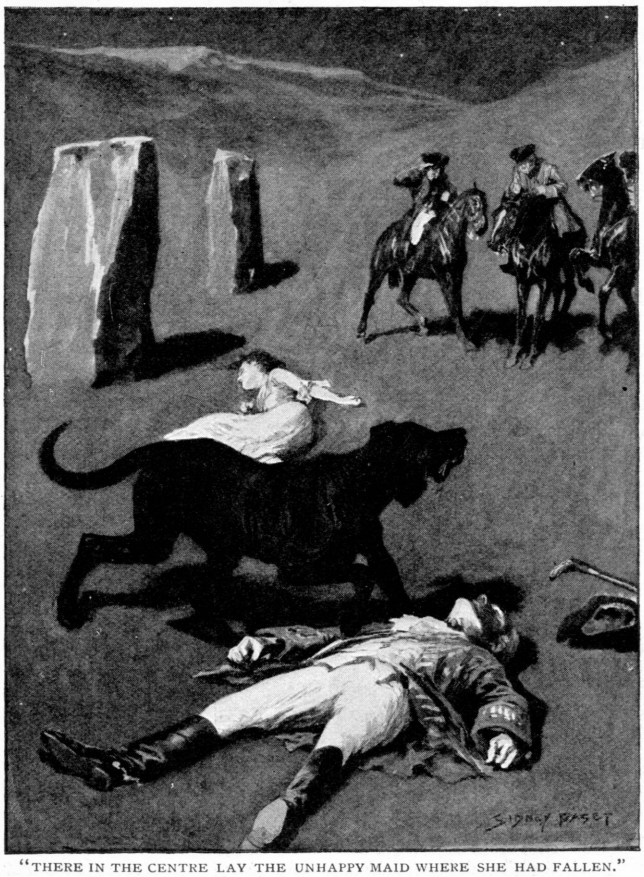
Lord Clarendon I most earnestly commend to your attention) this Manor of Baskerville was held by Hugo of that name, nor can it be gainsaid that he was a most wild, profane, and godless man. This, in truth, his neighbours might have pardoned, seeing that saints have never flourished in those parts, but there was in him a certain wanton and cruel humour which made his name a byword through the West. It chanced that this Hugo came to love (if, indeed, so dark a passion may be known under so bright a name) the daughter of a yeoman who held lands near the Baskerville estate. But the young maiden, being discreet and of good repute, would ever avoid him, for she feared his evil name. So it came to pass that one Michaelmas this Hugo, with five or six of his idle and wicked companions, stole down upon the farm and carried off the maiden, her father and brothers being from home, as he well knew. When they had brought her to the Hall the maiden was placed in an upper chamber, while Hugo and his friends sat down to a long carouse, as was their nightly custom. Now, the poor lass upstairs was like to have her wits turned at the singing and shouting and terrible oaths which came up to her from below, for they say that the words used by Hugo Baskerville, when he was in wine, were such as might blast the man who said them. At last in the stress of her fear she did that which might have daunted the bravest or most active man, for by the aid of the growth of ivy which covered (and still covers) the south wall she came down from under the eaves, and so homeward across the moor, there being three leagues betwixt the Hall and her father's farm.

"It chanced that some little time later Hugo left his guests to carry food and drink —with other worse things, perchance—to his captive, and so found the cage empty and the bird escaped. Then, as it would seem, he became as one that hath a devil, for, rushing down the stairs into the dining-hall, he sprang upon the great table, flagons and trenchers flying before him, and he cried aloud before all the company that he would that very night render his body and soul to the Powers of Evil if he might but overtake the wench. And while the revellers stood aghast at the fury of the man, one more wicked or, it may be, more drunken than the rest, cried out that they should put the hounds upon her. Whereat Hugo ran from the house, crying to his grooms that they should saddle his mare and unkennel the pack, and giving the hounds a kerchief of the maid's, he swung them to the line, and so off full cry in the moonlight over the moor.

"Now, for some space the revellers stood agape, unable to understand all that had been done in such haste. But anon their bemused wits awoke to the nature of the deed which was like to be done upon the moorlands. Everything was now in an uproar, some calling for their pistols, some for their horses, and some for another flask of wine. But at length some sense came back to their crazed minds, and the whole of them, thirteen in number, took horse and started in pursuit. The moon shone clear above them, and they rode swiftly abreast, taking that course which the maid must needs have taken if she were to reach her own home.

"They had gone a mile or two when they passed one of the night shepherds upon the moorlands, and they cried to him to know if he had seen the hunt. And the man, as the story goes, was so crazed with fear that he could scarce speak, but at last he said that he had indeed seen the unhappy maiden, with the hounds upon her track. 'But I have seen more than that,' said he, 'for Hugo Baskerville passed me upon his black mare, and there ran mute behind him such a hound of hell as God forbid should ever be at my heels.' So the drunken squires cursed the shepherd and rode onwards. But soon their skins turned cold, for there came a galloping across the moor, and the black mare, dabbled with white froth, went past with trailing bridle and empty saddle. Then the revellers rode close together, for a great fear was on them, but they still followed over the moor, though each, had he been alone, would have been right glad to have turned his horse's head. Riding slowly in this fashion they came at last upon the hounds. These, though known for their valour and their breed, were whimpering in a cluster at the head of a deep dip or goyal, as we call it, upon the moor, some slinking away and some, with starting hackles and staring eyes, gazing down the narrow valley before them.

"The company had come to a halt, more sober men, as you may guess, than when they started. The most of them would by no means advance, but three of them, the boldest, or it may be the most drunken, rode forward down the goyal. Now, it opened into a broad space in which stood two of those great stones, still to be seen there, which were set by certain forgotten peoples in the days of old. The moon was shining bright upon the clearing, and there in the centre lay the unhappy maid where she had



"THERE IN THE CENTRE LAY THE UNHAPPY MAID WHERE SHE HAD FALLEN."

fallen, dead of fear and of fatigue. But it was not the sight of her body, nor yet was it that of the body of Hugo Baskerville lying near her, which raised the hair upon the heads of these three dare-devil roysterers, but it was that, standing over Hugo, and plucking at his throat, there stood a foul thing, a great, black beast, shaped like a hound, yet larger than any hound that ever mortal eye has rested upon. And even as they looked the thing tore the throat out of Hugo Baskerville, on which, as it turned its blazing eyes and dripping jaws upon them, the three shrieked with fear and rode for dear life, still screaming, across the moor. One, it is said, died that very night of what he had seen, and the other twain were but broken men for the rest of their days.

"Such is the tale, my sons, of the coming of the hound which is said to have plagued the family so sorely ever since. If I have set it down it is because that which is clearly known hath less terror than that which is but hinted at and guessed. Nor can it be denied that many of the family have been unhappy in their deaths, which have been sudden, bloody, and mysterious. Yet may we shelter ourselves in the infinite goodness of Providence, which would not for ever punish the innocent beyond that third or fourth generation which is threatened in Holy Writ. To that Providence, my sons, I hereby commend you, and I counsel you by way of caution to forbear from crossing the moor in those dark hours when the powers of evil are exalted.

"[This from Hugo Baskerville to his sons Rodger and John, with instructions that they say nothing thereof to their sister Elizabeth.]"

When Dr. Mortimer had finished reading this singular narrative he pushed his spectacles up on his forehead and stared across at Mr. Sherlock Holmes. The latter yawned and tossed the end of his cigarette into the fire.

"Well?" said he.

"Do you not find it interesting?"

"To a collector of fairy tales."

Dr. Mortimer drew a folded newspaper out of his pocket.

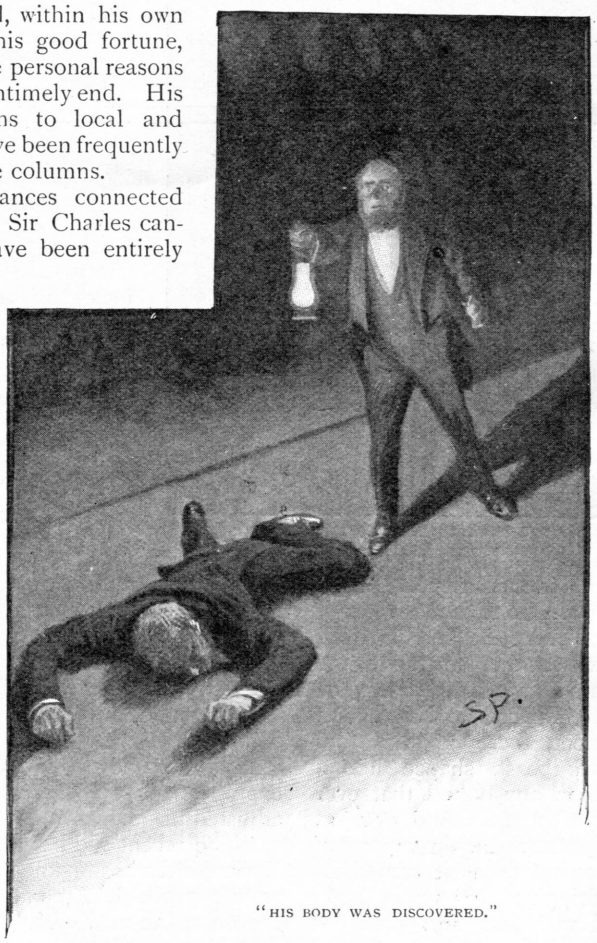
"Now, Mr. Holmes, we will give you something a little more recent. This is the *Devon County Chronicle* of May 14th of this year. It is a short account of the facts elicited at the death of Sir Charles Baskerville which occurred a few days before that date."

My friend leaned a little forward and his expression became intent. Our visitor readjusted his glasses and began:—

"The recent sudden death of Sir Charles Baskerville, whose name has been mentioned as the probable Liberal candidate for Mid-Devon at the next election, has cast a gloom over the county. Though Sir Charles had resided at Baskerville Hall for a comparatively short period his amiability of character and extreme generosity had won the affection and respect of all who had been brought into contact with him. In these days of *nouveaux riches* it is refreshing to find a case where the scion of an old county family which has fallen upon evil days is able to make his own fortune and to bring it back

with him to restore the fallen grandeur of his line. Sir Charles, as is well known, made large sums of money in South African speculation. More wise than those who go on until the wheel turns against them, he realized his gains and returned to England with them. It is only two years since he took up his residence at Baskerville Hall, and it is common talk how large were those schemes of reconstruction and improvement which have been interrupted by his death. Being himself childless, it was his openly-expressed desire that the whole countryside should, within his own lifetime, profit by his good fortune, and many will have personal reasons for bewailing his untimely end. His generous donations to local and county charities have been frequently chronicled in these columns.

"The circumstances connected with the death of Sir Charles cannot be said to have been entirely cleared up by the inquest, but at least enough has been done to dispose of those rumours to which local superstition has given rise. There is no reason whatever to suspect foul play, or to imagine that death could be from any but natural causes. Sir Charles was a widower, and a man who may be said to have been in some ways of an eccentric habit of mind. In spite of his considerable wealth he was simple in his personal tastes, and his indoor servants at Baskerville Hall consisted of a married couple named Barrymore, the husband acting as butler and the wife as housekeeper. Their evidence, corroborated by that of several friends, tends to show that Sir Charles's health has for some time been impaired, and points especially to some affection of the heart, manifesting itself in changes of colour, breathlessness, and acute attacks of nervous depression. Dr. James Mortimer, the friend and medical attendant of the deceased, has given evidence to the same effect.



"HIS BODY WAS DISCOVERED."

"The facts of the case are simple. Sir Charles Baskerville was in the habit every night before going to bed of walking down the famous Yew Alley of Baskerville Hall. The evidence of the Barrymores shows that this had been his custom. On the 4th of May Sir Charles had declared his intention of starting next day for London, and had ordered Barrymore to prepare his luggage. That night he went out as usual for his nocturnal walk, in the course of which he was in the habit of smoking a cigar. He never returned. At twelve o'clock Barrymore, finding the hall door still open, became alarmed, and, lighting a lantern, went in search of his master. The day had been wet, and Sir Charles's footmarks were easily traced down the Alley. Half-way down this walk there is a gate which leads out on to the moor. There were indications that Sir Charles had stood for some little time here. He then proceeded down the Alley, and it was at the far end of it that his body was discovered. One fact which has not been explained is the statement of Barrymore that his master's footprints altered their character from the time that he passed the moor-gate, and that he appeared from thence onwards to have been walking upon his toes. One Murphy, a gipsy horse-dealer, was on the moor at no great distance at the time, but

he appears by his own confession to have been the worse for drink. He declares that he heard cries, but is unable to state from what direction they came. No signs of violence were to be discovered upon Sir Charles's person, and though the doctor's evidence pointed to an almost incredible facial distortion—so great that Dr. Mortimer refused at first to believe that it was indeed his friend and patient who lay before him—it was explained that that is a symptom which is not unusual in cases of dyspnœa and death from cardiac exhaustion. This explanation was borne out by the post-mortem examination, which showed long-standing organic disease, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence. It is well that this is so, for it is obviously of the utmost importance that Sir Charles's heir should settle at the Hall and continue the good work which has been so sadly interrupted. Had the prosaic finding of the coroner not finally put an end to the romantic stories which have been whispered in connection with the affair it might have been difficult to find a tenant for Baskerville Hall. It is understood that the next-of-kin is Mr. Henry Baskerville, if he be still alive, the son of Sir Charles Baskerville's younger brother. The young man when last heard of was in America, and inquiries are being instituted with a view to informing him of his good fortune."

Dr. Mortimer refolded his paper and replaced it in his pocket.

"Those are the public facts, Mr. Holmes, in connection with the death of Sir Charles Baskerville."

"I must thank you," said Sherlock Holmes, "for calling my attention to a case which certainly presents some features of interest. I had observed some newspaper comment at the time, but I was exceedingly preoccupied by that little affair of the Vatican cameos, and in my anxiety to oblige the Pope I lost touch with several interesting English cases. This article, you say, contains all the public facts?"

"It does."

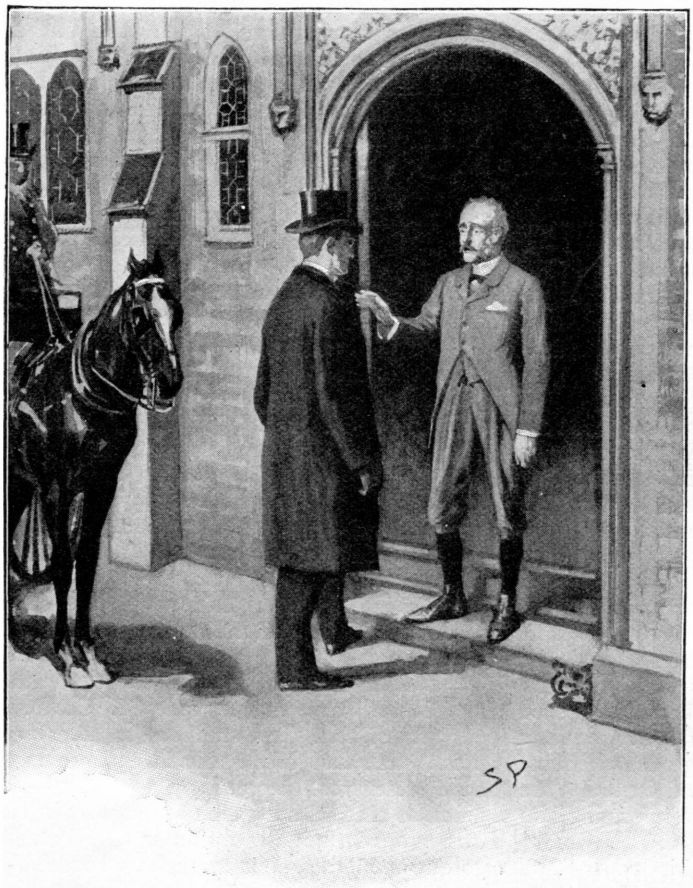
"Then let me have the private ones." He leaned back, put his finger-tips together, and assumed his most impassive and judicial expression.

"In doing so," said Dr. Mortimer, who had begun to show signs of some strong emotion, "I am telling that which I have not confided to anyone. My motive for withholding it from the coroner's inquiry is that a man of science shrinks from placing himself in the public position of seeming to indorse a popular superstition. I had the further motive that Baskerville Hall, as the paper says, would certainly remain untenanted if anything were done to increase its already rather grim reputation. For both these reasons I thought that I was justified in telling rather less than I knew, since no practical good could result from it, but with you there is no reason why I should not be perfectly frank.

"The moor is very sparsely inhabited, and those who live near each other are thrown very much together. For this reason I saw a good deal of Sir Charles Baskerville. With the exception of Mr. Frankland, of Lafter Hall, and Mr. Stapleton, the naturalist, there are no other men of education within many miles. Sir Charles was a retiring man, but the chance of his illness brought us together, and a community of interests in science kept us so. He had brought back much scientific information from South Africa, and many a charming evening we have spent together discussing the comparative anatomy of the Bushman and the Hottentot.

"Within the last few months it became increasingly plain to me that Sir Charles's nervous system was strained to breaking point. He had taken this legend which I have read you exceedingly to heart—so much so that, although he would walk in his own grounds, nothing would induce him to go out upon the moor at night. Incredible as it may appear to you, Mr. Holmes, he was honestly convinced that a dreadful fate overhung his family, and certainly the records which he was able to give of his ancestors were not encouraging. The idea of some ghastly presence constantly haunted him, and on more than one occasion he has asked me whether I had on my medical journeys at night ever seen any strange creature or heard the baying of a hound. The latter question he put to me several times, and always with a voice which vibrated with excitement.

"I can well remember driving up to his house in the evening, some three weeks before the fatal event. He chanced to be at his hall door. I had descended from my gig and was standing in front of him, when I saw his eyes fix themselves over my shoulder, and stare past me with an expression of the most dreadful horror. I whisked round and had just time to catch a glimpse of something which I took to be a large black calf passing at the head of the drive. So excited and alarmed was he that I was compelled to



"I SAW HIS EYES FIX THEMSELVES OVER MY SHOULDER."

go down to the spot where the animal had been and look around for it. It was gone, however, and the incident appeared to make the worst impression upon his mind. I stayed with him all the evening, and it was on that occasion, to explain the emotion which he had shown, that he confided to my keeping that narrative which I read to you when first I came. I mention this small episode because it assumes some importance in view of the tragedy which followed, but I was convinced at the time that the matter was entirely trivial and that his excitement had no justification.

"It was at my advice that Sir Charles was about to go to London. His heart was, I knew, affected, and the constant anxiety in which he lived, however chimerical the cause of it might be, was evidently having a serious effect upon his health. I thought that a few months among the distractions of town would send him back a new man. Mr. Stapleton, a mutual friend who was much concerned at his state of health, was of the same opinion. At the last instant came this terrible catastrophe.

"On the night of Sir Charles's death Barrymore the butler, who made the discovery, sent Perkins the groom on horseback to me, and as I was sitting up late I was able to reach Baskerville Hall within an hour of the event. I checked and corroborated all the facts which were mentioned at the inquest. I followed the footsteps down the Yew Alley, I saw the spot at the moor-gate where he seemed to have waited, I remarked the change in the shape of the prints after that point, I noted that there were no other footsteps save those of Barrymore on the soft gravel, and finally I carefully examined the body, which had not been touched until my arrival. Sir Charles lay on his face, his arms out, his fingers dug into the ground, and his features convulsed with some strong emotion to such an extent that I could hardly have sworn to his identity. There was certainly no physical injury of any kind. But one false statement was made by Barrymore at the inquest. He said that there were no traces upon the ground round the body. He did not observe any. But I did—some little distance off, but fresh and clear."

"Footprints?"

"Footprints."

"A man's or a woman's?"

Dr. Mortimer looked strangely at us for an instant, and his voice sank almost to a whisper as he answered:—

"Mr. Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound!"

(*To be continued.*)

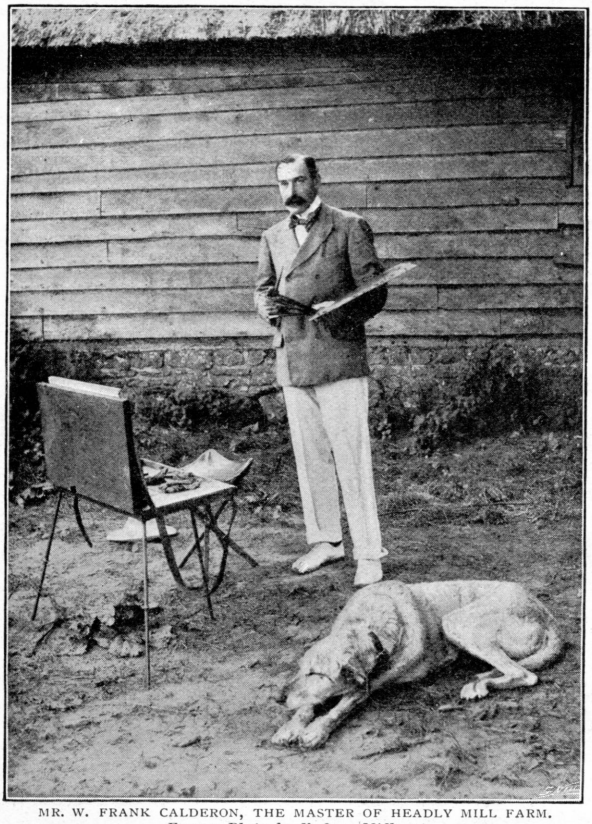
A School for Animal Painting.

By Lenore Van der Veer.

MR. FRANK CALDERON, the artist, enjoys the distinction of being at the head of the only school for animal painting in the world. Some six years or more ago this school was founded by Mr. Calderon in most primitive surroundings off Baker Street, but it so grew in popularity that in recent years the town school has found its way during the summer months into the most delightful country atmosphere, where models are of the real country-born variety and backgrounds as rustic as you please.

The spot chosen for the school is at Headly Mill Farm, three miles from Liphook, Hants, and while some few changes have been made in adapting it to the purposes of painting, the general effect is practically what it was when answering the requirements of farm life.

There are the quaintest of thatched-roofed barns and old ricks left standing, and it is in this rick-yard that the easels are pitched and work done. The place is well shaded by trees, and when the day is unusually warm there is shade also for the models, though the workers prefer always the effect of full sunlight. The old farm-house itself has been turned into a most delightful home for Mr. Calderon, while the students are given lodgings amongst the country cottagers thereabout.

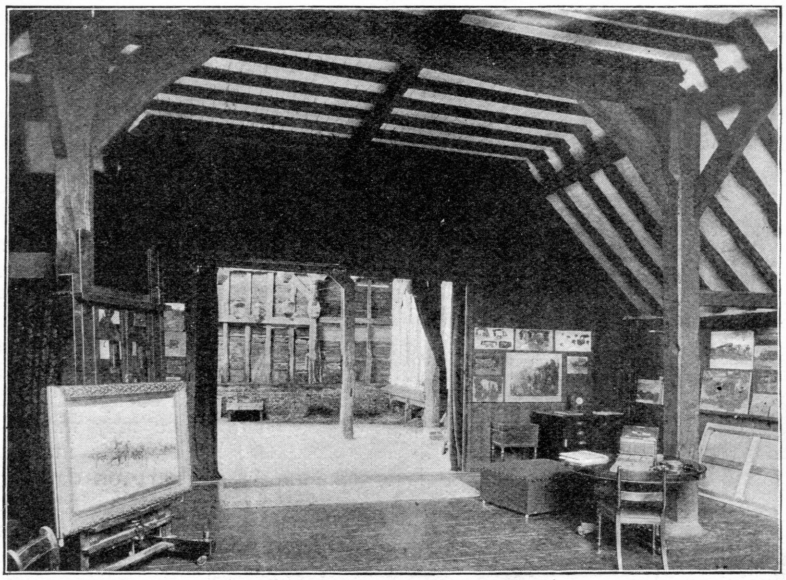


MR. W. FRANK CALDERON, THE MASTER OF HEADLY MILL FARM.
From a Photo. by F. Coze, Midhurst.

In one of the barns Mr. Calderon has fitted himself with a first-rate studio, which is quite roomy enough to afford background for horses, cows, or whatever he may wish to paint. There are two large rooms in fact, and last year one was used for dancing frequently, but this summer is seen only as a part of Mr. Calderon's studio.

In the larger barn the students work when the days are stormy and make merry when work-time is over and the dusk is on. Special lights have been arranged by way of great plate-glass windows, and there are first-rate places for the models inside also, so that, no matter what the weather may be outside, there is perfect comfort within, and students find it quite pleasing sometimes working away to the music of falling rain. The old barn proves not half bad as a ball-room, either, and there are plenty of banjos and fiddles that twang out jolly tunes o' evenings.

Cricket is as popular at Headly Mill Farm as at Lord's, and there are few days when the students do not take a turn at the bat.



INTERIOR OF THE BARN—SHOWING MR. CALDERON'S STUDIO.
From a Photo. by F. Coze, Midhurst.

To those who paint animals there is a great charm in being able to do so out in the open, *d'après Nature*, for it is quite unlike the sitting in a town workroom working at the selfsame model even, for there is always the question of local colour cropping up, and it is such a comfort to have a real true country setting to work from. No artist perhaps copies a background as it is afforded him by Nature; still, he is very awake to her possibilities, and is always happily pleased to accept her suggestions; and to get a glimpse at this little colony of student artists working diligently in the old rick-yard, with its rustic settings and distant fields, is something of an inspiration to even the most matter-of-fact mortal.

Models are called from nine to one and again from four to seven, and between these hours there is an absolute freedom to do and go as one pleases, and one may be sure that an art student knows as well how to enjoy leisure as happily as work-time, and the days are very bright ones for both master and student.

From a Photo. by] PAINTING A MARE AND FOAL IN THE OPEN. *[F. Coze, Midhurst.*

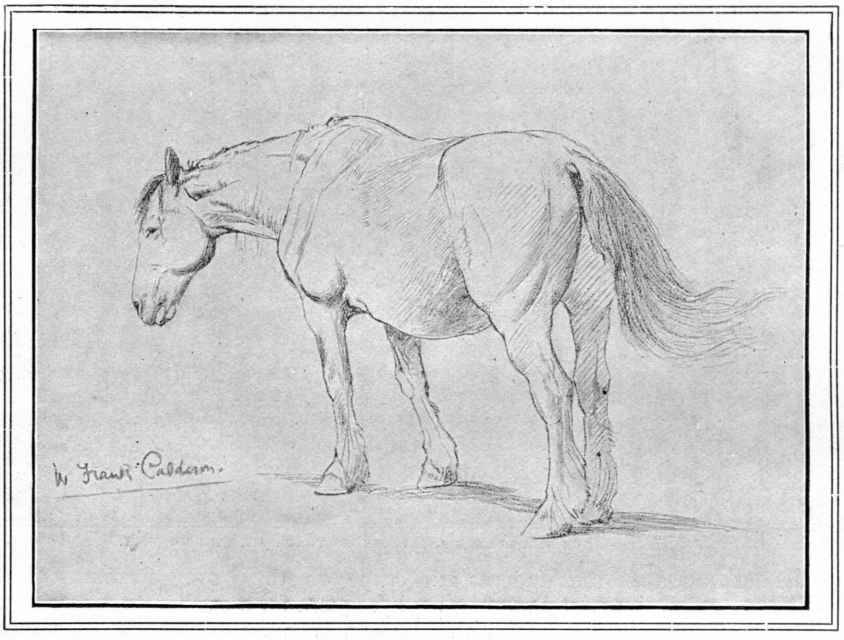
From a Photo. by] PAINTING COWS—NOTE THE STAKES AND ROPES TO TEACH ANIMALS TO "SIT." [*F. Coze, Midhurst.*

Among the illustrations of the students at work it will be seen that much of the charm lies in the rustic backgrounds afforded the sketchers, and it is interesting to know that these very sittings in our illustrations have figured in many Academy pictures of the past three years, both from the brush of the master and his pupils.

There are many delightful spots away from the grounds, immediately about the barns, where students pitch their easels and big sun umbrellas on Saturdays, or between the regular hours for work, and do a bit of landscape on their own account. It is not infrequent for a stroller to come upon some dozen or more solitary easels, pitched here and there among the daisy fields or beside a softly running stream; for Old England affords almost everything beautiful by way of trees and sky and water for her artists to work from.

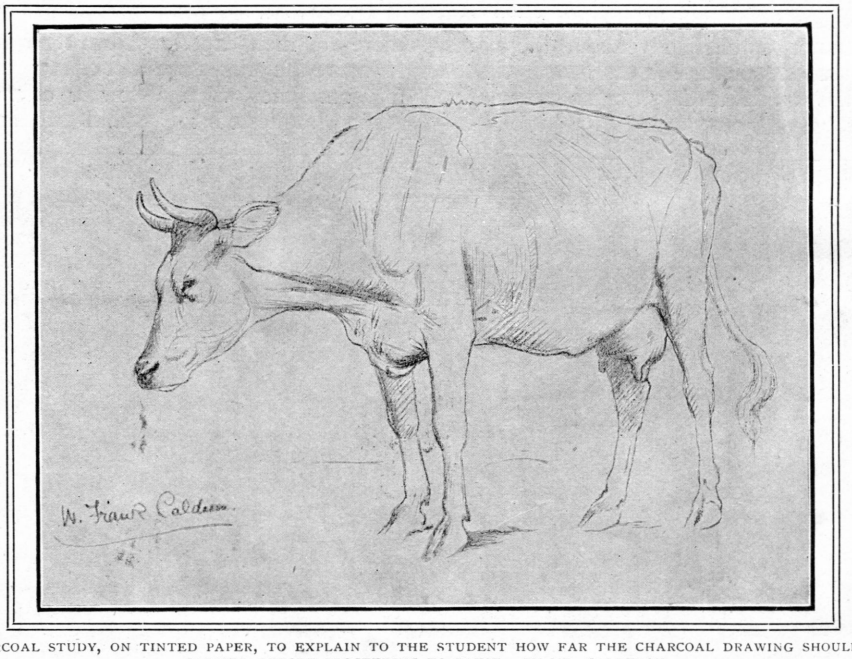
Models are got from the country folk, and there are men experienced in their handling to insure the proper conduct of the "critters"; for sometimes when a cow or other animal is first requested to "stand still and look

From a Photo. by] PAINTING AN EASY-GOING MARE AND CART. [*F. Coze, Midhurst.*



CHARCOAL STUDY, ON TINTED PAPER, TO SHOW THE STUDENT HOW TO BEGIN. BY MR. CALDERON.

pleasant" she shows distinct proclivities to do as she likes, to the discomfiture and often embarrassment of the painter.



CHARCOAL STUDY, ON TINTED PAPER, TO EXPLAIN TO THE STUDENT HOW FAR THE CHARCOAL DRAWING SHOULD BE CARRIED BEFORE PROCEEDING TO PAINT. BY MR. CALDERON.

A young foal that was being sketched with its mother, and was allowed to stand at liberty beside her, used to show an appreciative interest in the progress of the painting by making sudden and unexpected jumps into the midst of the paint-boxes and easels. This is not an infrequent desire on the part of dogs, either, especially as the work assumes to a pronounced likeness, when they attempt

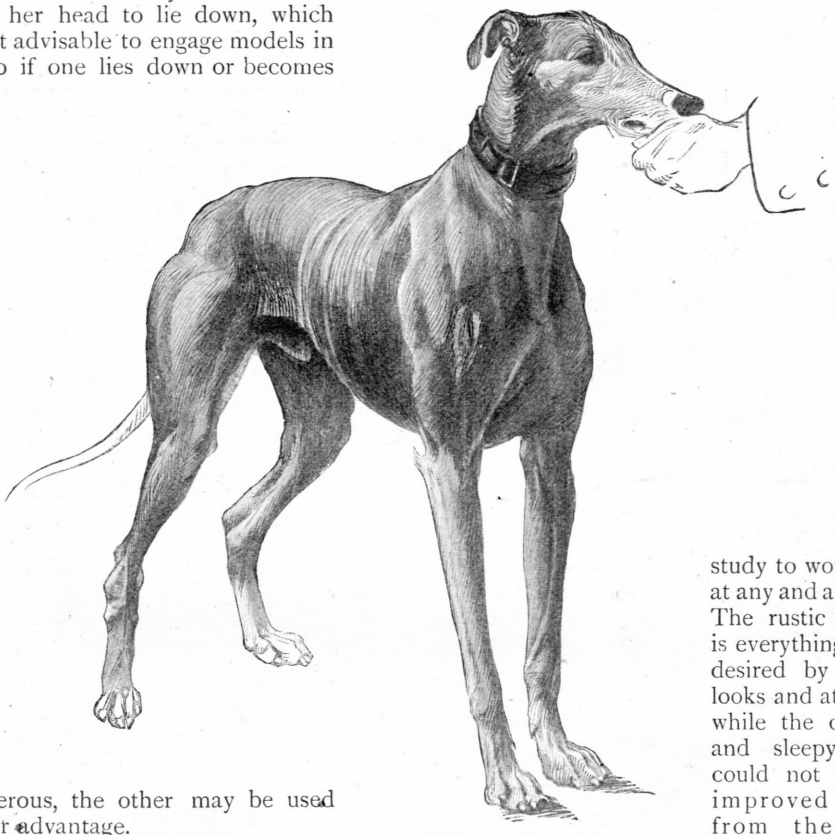
to pay the artist the tender compliment of wishing to "go" for the dog on canvas.

So it is easily understood that a man must always be in attendance, and few models are ever done at liberty, for it is seldom that any animal learns to "pose" in the real sense of the word, no matter how many times he may figure as a model. The cow is really the most patient of all animals to paint from, and if supplied with a comfortable armful of clover will stand and munch contentedly for hours at a time. Occasionally she will take it into her head to lie down, which makes it advisable to engage models in pairs, so if one lies down or becomes obstreperous, the other may be used to better advantage.

On very warm days a small boy is employed to stand near the models and wave off the flies with a green bough, and new models are usually tied to a stake driven into the earth; and if they show tendencies to move about much and are restless there are ropes stretched on either side of them from other stakes, so they quickly learn to keep their position.

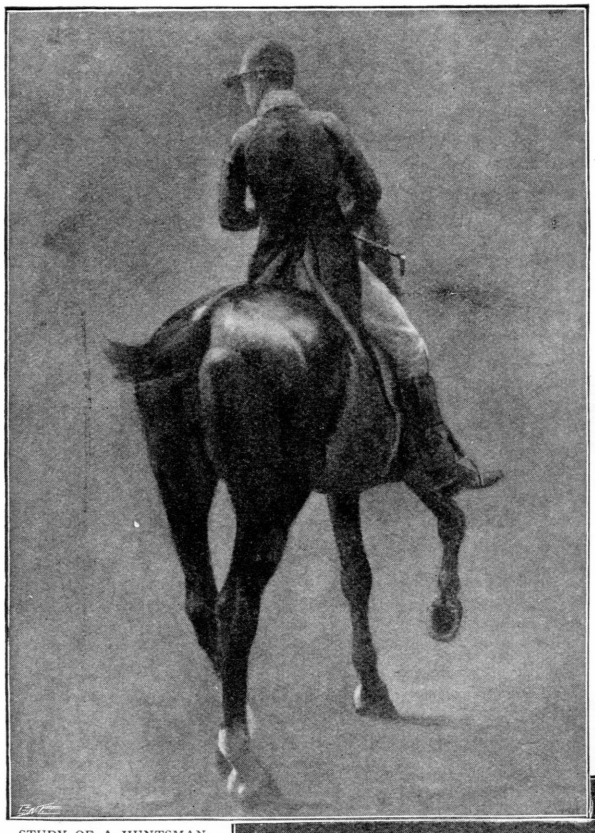
The two charcoal drawings which we show, by Mr. Calderon, were done by him to demonstrate to his pupils the amount of drawing which is required before the use of paint, and that it is necessary that a fairly good sketch of the animal should be upon the canvas before it is touched with the brush. Then should be shown the life and feeling which are to come out later in the finished work. All this is hard for a student to believe, for he is very apt to think that with *paint* he can accomplish his result, without giving time to the charcoal and pencil drawings.

A favourite study with the students is an old rustic with an easy-going mare and cart. This picturesque turn-out is, in fact, the staple study to work from at any and all times. The rustic himself is everything to be desired by way of looks and attitudes, while the old cart and sleepy horse could not well be improved upon from the artist view-point of sweet rusticity.



STUDY OF A GREYHOUND.
BY MISS H. C. APPLETON.

Sometimes an additional charm is added through one of the feminine students, or perhaps a half-dozen of them, climbing into the antique vehicle and taking a turn at posing for the benefit of the class. Mr. Calderon has a number of fine dogs, and it is needless to tell of their figuring to a great extent in the work of the school. One of them, a beautiful greyhound, is seen in Mr. Calderon's well-known picture, "The Cavalier's Return." Patrick, an Irish wolf-hound, served as the model in "Orphans," the most popular Academy picture Mr



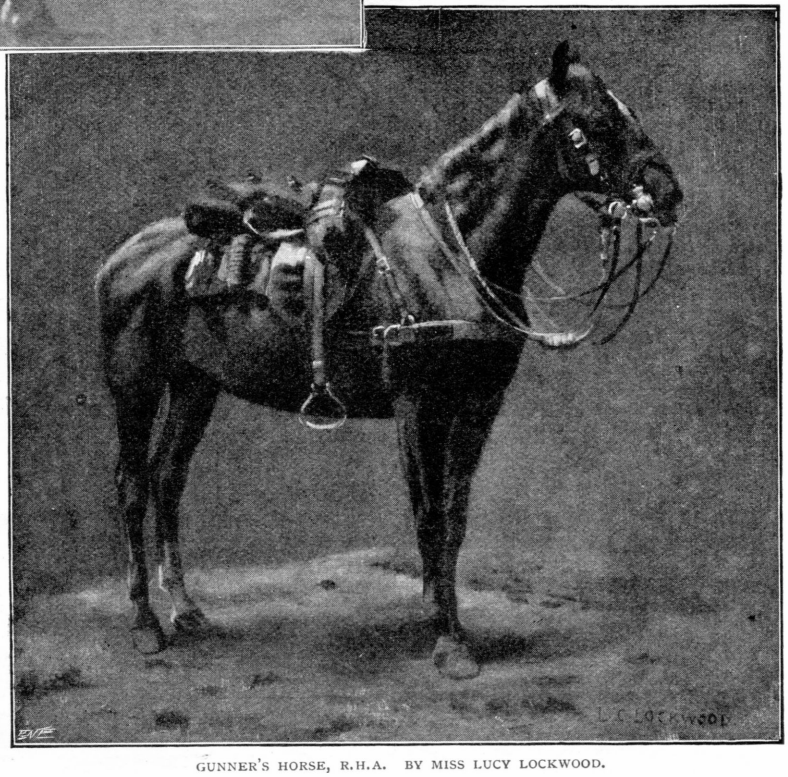
STUDY OF A HUNTSMAN. BY MISS V. SELLS.

Calderon has ever shown. He is seen with two very small and disconsolate-looking puppies tenderly held between his great paws, while his intelligent face is filled with sympathy and compassion.

Poor Patrick died a year ago, and there was much sorrowing amongst the students, as well as in the home, for he was almost human, and it speaks well for his merits as a model to know that a life-size cast of him, in bronze, occupies a conspicuous place in the class-room.

Sometimes, as a variety, there are goats worked in for models, and unless Billy is well fed every minute he makes frantic attempts to lunch off paint rags and colour tubes; this he has never accomplished as yet, though one pretty girl student has had occasion to lament the painful disappearance of a picture-hat, pins, roses, and all. At another time a bulldog of high degree, which had been kindly sent over from a neighbouring kennel for the students to paint, watched his chance when the attendant was napping and went tooth and nail for a canvas against a near-by tree, on which his trained eye caught sight of two demure-looking tabbies, apparently napping in the sunlight. He had torn out a goodly bit from both figures by the time the picture was rescued, and displayed the greatest ill-temper during the remainder of the sitting.

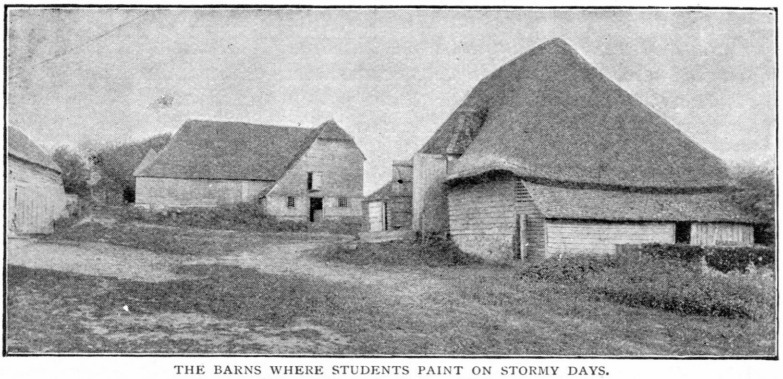
These are trifling incidents, to be sure, but go to show that there are



GUNNER'S HORSE, R.H.A. BY MISS LUCY LOCKWOOD.

many ways in which the monotony of work in a class for animal painting may be relieved most unexpectedly.

There is no little interest taken in the discovery of fresh subjects to paint, and both master and students are always on the look-out for something new. After work hours there is much of interest to be seen about the country which surrounds the old Mill Farm, and it is on these jaunts of pleasure that the models are come upon. Some horse or cow or donkey is discovered to possess some quality which the workers have found wanting in others. Perhaps the fascination will lie in some trick of colour or demureness of mien; at any rate, there is something "taking" in the creature from the point of an artist, and straightway the school begin to ply questions as to the owner, and when located the negotiations are gone through whereby that particular beast is to be immortalized on canvas. Sometimes the farmer-folk themselves are persuaded to sit: a man driving in a rickety waggon, perhaps, or a buxom girl feeding the calves, all help to make a variety of interesting studies and afford delightful ideas for outdoor sketching.



THE BARNS WHERE STUDENTS PAINT ON STORMY DAYS.
From a Photo. by F. Coze, Midhurst.

So pleasing is the life in these surroundings made possible for the artist that many of Mr. Calderon's friends, well-known painters, make a point of spending several days every summer at the farm, when they paint and rusticate to their best liking, and in fact there is some likelihood of a colony of studios being arranged by Mr. Calderon, where nearly fledged artists may spend the summer days and work with the same freedom as the students. This is merely an idea, of course, which Mr. Calderon has up his sleeve, but it is likely to develop into the real at any time.

In the barn where the students work on wet days are seen any number of casts and skeletons of different animals as well as anatomical charts, for to paint a dog requires a knowledge of canine anatomy; but one need not study the individual anatomy of each breed or even of each species, for if an artist know that of a horse, for instance, he

"THE CREST OF THE HILL." BY MR. W. FRANK CALDERON.
(By permission of Robinson & Co., Bristol, owners of the copyright. Picture purchased for National Gallery of Queensland.)

is pretty sure to hit upon the right ideas for a cow or dog. But know the anatomy of some animal he must, and then couple it with keen and quick observation, and he has it.

In studying horses for action the students are not supposed to spend the time in sketching as well, but are taught to observe closely, and when they come to work they find they have the memory of it to work from. One cannot well sketch a galloping horse with him galloping before one, though with the students it is often that the study is made to gallop toward and away from them now and again during the hours of work.

Mr. Calderon has been a painter of animals since a mere boy, and is happily fortunate in never having had a picture refused when sent to the Royal Academy. His first picture was shown there when but a boy of sixteen, and was bought by Queen Victoria. The subject was "Feeding the Hungry," and showed a small boy feeding some puppies on the deck of a ship. Since this success he has been a regular exhibitor.

His understanding of animals and unusual appreciation of their qualities as models make him thorough master of the art of teaching, and many of his pupils have worked their way into the Academy.

The whole atmosphere of the school at the old Mill Farm is so essentially natural and restful that it is a pleasure to work, for one is not only given the happiest opportunities for advancement in one's art, but a first-rate outing at the same time, and what art student would ask for more? The days are all too short for most of them, in truth, and when the weeks have slipped by, and it is time to return to the work in town, there are no end of regrets at leaving the old rick-yard, the cows, and the freedom of work in the country.

Both of the paintings by Mr. Calderon, shown in our illustrations, have been exhibited in the Royal Academy, and are among the most popular done by this artist. The one called "The Crest of the Hill" was purchased for the National Gallery of Queensland, while the other, "The Flood," belongs to a private collector. Both pictures were done from real life, the models for the former being the finest type of the "dray horse" variety, the sort of horse, by the way, which best delights a painter of animals. They possess much more character, they believe, than the trim, high-bred horse of long pedigree, and there is such strength and power to be brought out.

"THE FLOOD." BY MR. W. FRANK CALDERON.
(Exhibited in the Royal Academy.)

There is as much individuality shown in the study of a horse as in the portrait of a person, and the delight of the work lies in finding a model that simply bristles with his very own personality; and in these stolid, powerful, steady-going horses the artist eye sees much strength of character to individualize and stamp each one of them.

The First Men in the Moon.

By H. G. Wells.

CHAPTER XXV.

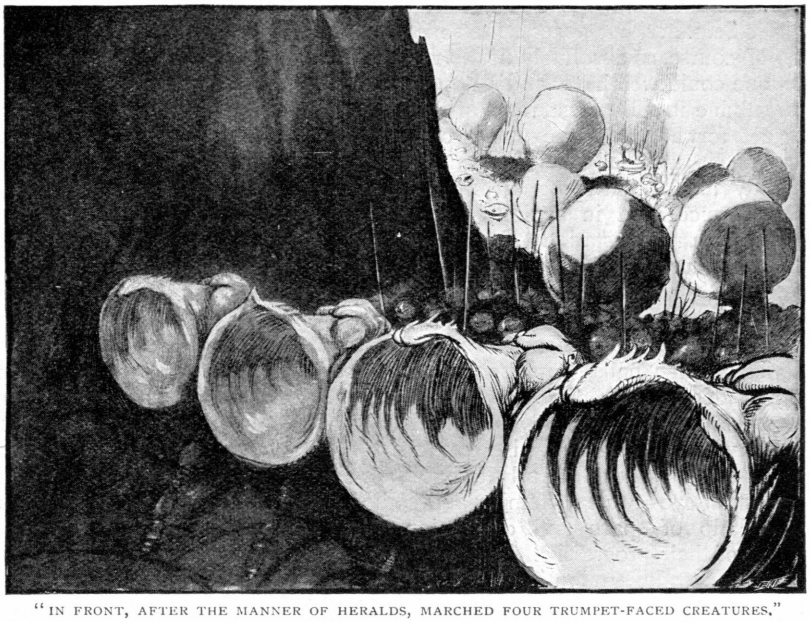
THE GRAND LUNAR.

THE penultimate message describes, with occasionally even elaborate detail, the encounter between Cavor and the Grand Lunar, who is the ruler or master of the moon. Cavor seems to have sent most of it without interference, but to have been interrupted in the concluding portion. The second came after an interval of a week.

The first message begins: "At last I am able to resume this ——"; it then becomes illegible for a space, and after a time resumes in mid-sentence.

The missing words of the following sentence are probably "the crowd." There follows quite clearly: "grew ever denser as we drew near the palace of the Grand Lunar — if I may call a series of excavations a palace. Everywhere faces stared at me—blank, chitinous gapes and masks, big eyes peering over tremendous nose tentacles, and little eyes beneath monstrous forehead plates; below an undergrowth of smaller creatures dodged and yelped, and grotesque heads poised on sinuous, swanlike, long-jointed necks appeared craning over shoulders and beneath armpits. Keeping a welcome space about me marched a cordon of stolid, scuttle-headed guards, who had joined us on our leaving the boat in which we had come along the channels of the Central Sea. The flea-like artist with the little brain joined us also, and a thick bunch of lean porter-ants swayed and struggled under the multitude of conveniences that were considered essential to my state. I was carried in a litter during the final stage of our journey. It was made of some very ductile metal that looked dark to me, meshed and woven and with bars of paler metal, and about me as I advanced there grouped itself a long and complicated procession.

"In front, after the manner of heralds, marched four trumpet-faced creatures making a devastating bray; and then came squat, almost beetle-like, ushers before and behind, and on either hand a galaxy of learned heads, a sort of animated encyclopædia, who were, Phi-oo explained, to stand about the Grand Lunar for purposes of reference. (Not a thing in lunar science, not a point of view or method of thinking, that these wonderful beings did not carry in their heads.) Followed guards and porters, and then Phi-oo's shivering brain borne also on a litter. Then came Tsi-puff in a slightly less important litter; then myself on a litter of greater elegance than any other and surrounded by my food and drink attendants. More trumpeters came next, splitting the ear with vehement outcries, and then several big brains, special correspondents one might well call them or histori-



"IN FRONT, AFTER THE MANNER OF HERALDS, MARCHED FOUR TRUMPET-FACED CREATURES."

Copyright, by H. G. Wells, in the United States of America, 1900.

ographers, charged with the task of observing and remembering every detail of this epoch-making interview. A company of attendants, bearing and dragging banners and masses of scented fungus and curious symbols, completed the procession. The way was lined by ushers and officers in caparisons that gleamed like steel, and beyond their line the heads and tentacles of that enormous crowd surged on either hand.

"I will own that I am still by no means indurated to the peculiar effect of the Selenite appearance, and to find myself as it were adrift on this broad sea of excited entomology was by no means agreeable. Just for a space I had something like I should imagine people mean when they speak of the 'horrors.' It had come to me before in these lunar caverns, when on occasion I have found myself weaponless and with an undefended back, amidst a crowd of these Selenites, but never quite so vividly. It is, of course, as absolutely irrational a feeling as one could well have, and I hope gradually to subdue it. But just for a moment, as I swept forward into the welter of the vast crowd, it was only by gripping my litter tightly and summoning all my will-power that I succeeded in avoiding an outcry or some such manifestation. It lasted perhaps three minutes; then I had myself in hand again.

"We ascended the spiral of a vertical way for some time and then passed through a series of huge halls, dome-roofed and gloriously decorated. The approach to the Grand Lunar was certainly contrived to give one a vivid impression of his greatness. The halls—all happily sufficiently luminous for my terrestrial eye—were a cunning and elaborate crescendo of space and decoration. The effect of their progressive size was enhanced by the steady diminution in the lighting, and by a thin haze of incense that thickened as one advanced. In the earlier ones the vivid, clear light made everything finite and concrete to me. I seemed to advance continually to something larger, dimmer, and less material.

"I must confess that all this splendour made me feel extremely shabby and unworthy. I was unshaven and unkempt; I had brought no razor; I had a coarse beard over my mouth. On earth I have always been inclined to despise any attention to my person beyond a proper care for cleanliness; but under the exceptional circumstances in which I found myself, representing, as I did, my planet and my kind, and depending very largely upon the attractiveness of my appearance for a proper reception, I could have given much for something a little more artistic and dignified than the husks I wore. I had been so serene in the belief that the moon was uninhabited as to overlook such precautions altogether. As it was I was dressed in a flannel jacket, knickerbockers, and golfing stockings, stained with every sort of dirt the moon offered; slippers (of which the left heel was wanting), and a blanket, through a hole in which I thrust my head. (These clothes, indeed, I still wear.) Sharp bristles are anything but an improvement to my cast of features, and there was an unmended tear at the knee of my knickerbockers that showed conspicuously as I squatted in my litter; my right stocking, too, persisted in getting about my ankle. I am fully alive to the injustice my appearance did humanity, and if by any expedient I could have improvised something a little out of the way and imposing I would have done so. But I could hit upon nothing. I did what I could with my blanket—folding it somewhat after the fashion of a toga, and for the rest I sat as upright as the swaying of my litter permitted.

"Imagine the largest hall you have ever been in, elaborately decorated with blue and whitish-blue Majolica, lit by blue light, you know not how, and surging with metallic or livid-white creatures of such a mad diversity as I have hinted. Imagine this hall to end in an open archway beyond which is a still larger hall, and beyond this yet another and still larger one, and so on. At the end of the vista a flight of steps, like the steps of Ara Cœli at Rome, ascend out of sight. Higher and higher these steps appear to go as one draws nearer their base. But at last I came under a huge archway and beheld the summit of these steps, and upon it the Grand Lunar exalted on his throne.

"He was seated in a blaze of incandescent blue. A hazy atmosphere filled the place so that its walls seemed invisibly remote. This gave him an effect of floating in a blue-black void. He seemed a small, self-luminous cloud at first, brooding on his glaucous throne; his brain-case must have measured many yards in diameter. For some reason that I cannot fathom a number of blue search-lights radiated from behind the throne on which he sat, as though he were a star, and immediately encircling him was a halo. About him, and little and indistinct in this glow, a number of body-servants sustained and supported him, and overshadowed and standing in a

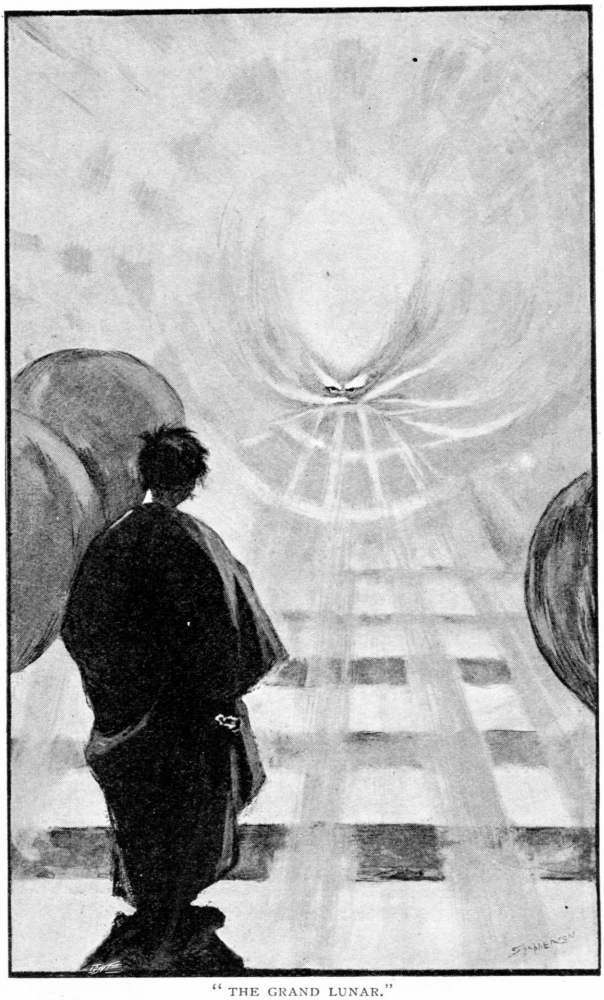
huge semicircle beneath him were his intellectual subordinates, his remembrancers and computators and searchers, his flatterers and servants, and all the distinguished insects of the court of the moon. Still lower stood ushers and messengers, and then all down the countless steps of the throne were guards, and at the base, enormous, various, indistinct, a vast swaying multitude of the minor dignitaries of the moon. Their feet made a perpetual scraping whisper on the rocky floor, their limbs moved with a rustling murmur.

"As I entered the penultimate hall the music rose and expanded into an imperial magnificence of sound, and the shrieks of the news-bearers died away. . . .

"I entered the last and greatest hall. . . .

"My procession opened out like a fan. My ushers and guards went right and left, and the three litters bearing myself and Phi-oo and Tsi-puff marched across a shiny waste of floor to the foot of the giant stairs. Then began a vast throbbing hum, that mingled with the music. The two Selenites dismounted, but I was bidden remain seated—I imagine as a special honour. The music ceased, but not that humming, and by a simultaneous movement of ten thousand respectful eyes my attention was directed to the enhaloed supreme intelligence that hovered above us.

"At first as I peered into the radiating blaze this quintessential brain looked very much like an opaque, featureless bladder with dim, undulating ghosts of convolutions writhing visibly within. Then beneath its enormity and just above the edge of the throne one saw with a start minute elfin eyes peering out of the blaze. No face, but eyes, as if they peered through holes. At first I could see no more than these two staring little eyes, and then below I distinguished the little dwarfed body and its insect-jointed limbs shrivelled and white. The eyes stared down at me with a strange intensity, and the lower part of the swollen globe was wrinkled. Ineffectual-looking little hand-tentacles steadied this shape on the throne. . . .



"THE GRAND LUNAR."

"It was great. It was pitiful. One forgot the hall and the crowd.

"I ascended the staircase by jerks. It seemed to me that the purple glowing brain-case above us spread over me, and took more and more of the whole effect into itself as I drew nearer. The tiers of attendants and helpers grouped about their master seemed to dwindle and fade into the glare. I saw that the shadowy attendants were busy spraying that great brain with a cooling spray, and patting and sustaining it. For my own part I sat gripping my swaying litter and staring at the Grand Lunar, unable to turn my gaze aside. And at last, as I reached a little landing that was separated only by ten steps or so from the supreme seat, the woven splendour of the music reached a climax and

ceased, and I was left naked, as it were, in that vastness, beneath the still scrutiny of the Grand Lunar's eyes.

"He was scrutinizing the first man he had ever seen. . . . .

"My eyes dropped at last from his greatness to the faint figures in the blue mist about him, and then down the steps to the massed Selenites, still and expectant in their thousands, packed on the floor below. Once again an unreasonable horror reached out towards me. . . . . And passed.

"After the pause came the salutation. I was assisted from my litter, and stood awkwardly while a number of curious and no doubt deeply symbolical gestures were vicariously performed for me by two slender officials. The encyclopædic galaxy of the learned that had accompanied me to the entrance of the last hall appeared two steps above me and left and right of me, in readiness for the Grand Lunar's need, and Phi-oo's white brain placed itself about half-way up to the throne in such a position as to communicate easily between us without turning his back on either the Grand Lunar or myself. Tsi-puff took up a position behind him. Dexterous ushers sidled sideways towards me, keeping a full face to the Presence. I seated myself Turkish fashion, and Phi-oo and Tsi-puff also knelt down above me. There came a pause. The eyes of the nearer court went from me to the Grand Lunar and came back to me, and a hissing and piping of expectation passed across the hidden multitudes below and ceased.

"That humming ceased.

"For the first and last time in my experience the moon was silent.

"I became aware of a faint wheezy noise. The Grand Lunar was addressing me. It was like the rubbing of a finger upon a pane of glass.

"I watched him attentively for a time and then glanced at the alert Phi-oo. I felt amidst these filmy beings ridiculously thick and fleshy and solid; my head all jaw and black hair. My eyes went back to the Grand Lunar. He had ceased; his attendants were busy, and his shining superfices was glistening and running with cooling spray.

"I BECAME AWARE OF A FAINT WHEEZY NOISE."

"Phi-oo meditated through an interval. He consulted Tsi-puff. Then he began piping his recognisable English—at first a little nervously, so that he was not very clear.

"'M'm—the Grand Lunar—wishes to say—wishes to say—he gathers you are—m'm—men—that you are a man from the planet earth. He wishes to say that he welcomes you—welcomes you—and wishes to learn——learn, if I may use the word—the state of your world, and the reason why you came to this.'

"He paused. I was about to reply when he resumed. He proceeded to remarks of which the drift was not very clear, though I am inclined to think they were intended to be complimentary. He told me that the

earth was to the moon what the sun is to the earth, and that the Selenites desired very greatly to learn about the earth and men. He then told me, no doubt in compliment also, the relative magnitude and diameter of earth and moon, and the perpetual wonder and speculation with which the Selenites had regarded our planet. I meditated with downcast eyes and decided to reply that men too had wondered what might lie in the moon, and had judged it dead, little recking of such magnificence as I had seen that day. The Grand Lunar, in token of recognition, caused his blue search-light to rotate in a very confusing manner, and all about the great hall ran the pipings and whisperings and rustlings of the report of what I had said. He then proceeded to put to Phi-oo a number of inquiries which were easier to answer.

"He understood, he explained, that we lived on the surface of the earth, that our air and sea were outside the globe; the latter part, indeed, he already knew from his astronomical specialists. He was very anxious to have more detailed information of what he called this extraordinary state of affairs, for from the solidity of the earth there had always been a disposition to regard it as uninhabitable. He endeavoured first to ascertain the extremes of temperature to which we earth beings were exposed, and he was deeply interested by my descriptive treatment of clouds and rain. His imagination was assisted by the fact that the lunar atmosphere in the outer galleries of the night side is not infrequently very foggy. He seemed inclined to marvel that we did not find the sunlight too intense for our eyes, and was interested in my attempt to explain that the sky was tempered to a bluish colour through the refraction of the air, though I doubt if he clearly understood that. I explained how the iris of the human eyes can contract the pupil and save the delicate internal structure from the excess of sunlight, and was allowed to approach within a few feet of the Presence in order that this structure might be seen. This led to a comparison of the lunar and terrestrial eyes. The former is not only excessively sensitive to such light as men can see, but it can also *see* heat, and every difference in temperature within the moon renders objects visible to it.

"I WAS DAZZLED AND BLINDED FOR SOME LITTLE TIME."

"The iris was quite a new organ to the Grand Lunar. For a time he amused himself by flashing his rays into my face and watching my pupils contract. As a consequence, I was dazzled and blinded for some little time. . . . .

"But in spite of that discomfort I found something reassuring by insensible degrees in the rationality of this business of question and answer. I could shut my eyes, think of my answer, and almost forget that the Grand Lunar has no face. . . . .

"When I had descended again to my proper place the Grand Lunar asked how we sheltered ourselves from heat and storms, and I expounded to him the arts of building and furnishing. Here we wandered into misunderstandings and cross-purposes, due largely, I must admit, to the looseness of my expressions. For a long time I had great difficulty in making him understand the nature of a house. To him and his attendant Selenites it seemed no doubt the most whimsical thing in the world that men should build houses when they might descend into excavations, and an additional complication was introduced by the attempt I made to explain that men had originally begun their homes in caves, and that they were now taking their railways and many establishments beneath the surface. Here I think a desire for intellectual completeness betrayed me. There was also a considerable tangle due to an equally unwise attempt on my part to explain about mines. Dismissing this topic at last in an incomplete state, the

Grand Lunar inquired what we did with the interior of our globe.

"A tide of twittering and piping swept into the remotest corners of that great assembly when it was at last made clear that we men know absolutely nothing of the contents of the world upon which the immemorial generations of our ancestors had been evolved. Three times had I to repeat that of all the 4,000 miles of substance between the earth and its centre men knew only to the depth of a mile, and that very vaguely. I understood the Grand Lunar to ask why had I come to the moon seeing we had scarcely touched our own planet yet, but he did not trouble me at that time to proceed to an explanation, being too anxious to pursue the details of this mad inversion of all his ideas.

"He reverted to the question of weather, and I tried to describe the perpetually changing sky, and snow, and frost and hurricanes. 'But when the night comes,' he asked, 'is it not cold?'

"I told him it was colder than by day.

"'And does not your atmosphere freeze?'

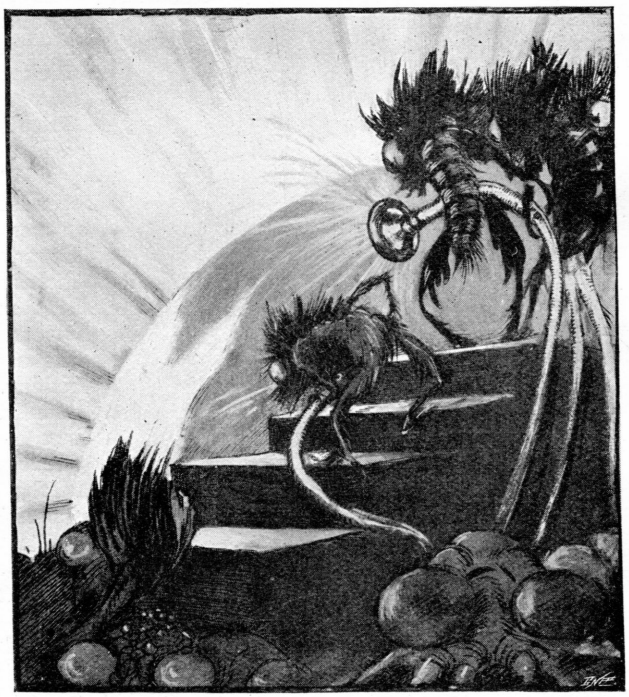
"I told him not; that it was never cold enough for that, because our nights were so short.

"'Not even liquefy?'

"I was about to say 'No,' but then it occurred to me that one part at least of our atmosphere, the water vapour of it, does sometimes liquefy and form dew and sometimes freeze and form frost—a process perfectly analogous to the freezing of all the external atmosphere of the moon during its longer night. I made myself clear on this point, and from that the Grand Lunar went on to speak with me of sleep. For the need of sleep that comes so regularly every twenty-four hours to all things is part also of our earthly inheritance. On the moon they rest only at rare intervals and after exceptional exertions. Then I tried to describe to him the soft splendours of a summer night, and from that I passed to a description of those animals that prowl by night and sleep by day. I told him of lions and tigers, and here it seemed as though we had come to a deadlock. For, save in their waters, there are no creatures in the moon not absolutely domestic and subject to his will, and so it has been for immemorial years. They have monstrous water creatures, but no evil beasts, and the idea of anything strong and large existing 'outside' in the night is very difficult for them. . . .

[The record is here too broken to transcribe for the space of perhaps twenty words or more.]

"He talked with his attendants, as I suppose, upon the strange superficiality and unreasonableness of (man), who lives on the mere surface of a world, a creature of waves and winds and all the chances of space, who cannot even unite to overcome the beasts that prey upon his kind, and yet who dares to invade another planet. During this aside I sat thinking, and then at his desire I told him of the different sorts of men. He searched me with questions. 'And for all sorts of work you have the same sort of men. But who thinks? Who governs?'



"HE ORDERED COOLING SPRAYS UPON HIS BROW."

"I gave him an outline of the democratic method.

"When I had done he ordered cooling sprays upon his brow, and then requested me to repeat my explanation, conceiving something had miscarried.

"'Do they not do different things, then?' said Phi-oo.

"Some I admitted were thinkers and some

officials; some hunted, some were mechanics, some artists, some toilers. 'But *all* rule,' I said.

"'And have they not different shapes to fit them to their different duties?'

"'None that you can see,' I said, 'except perhaps for clothes. Their minds perhaps differ a little,' I reflected.

"'Their minds must differ a great deal,' said the Grand Lunar, 'or they would all want to do the same things.'

"In order to bring myself into a closer harmony with his preconceptions I said that his surmise was right. 'It was all hidden in the brain,' I said; 'but the difference was there. Perhaps if one could see the minds and souls of men they would be as varied and unequal as the Selenites. There were great men and small men, men who could reach out far and wide, and men who could go swiftly; noisy, trumpet-minded men, and men who could remember without thinking. . . . [The record is indistinct for three words.]

"He interrupted me to recall me to my previous statement. 'But you said all men rule?' he pressed.

"'To a certain extent,' I said, and made, I fear, a denser fog with my explanation.

"He reached out to a salient fact. 'Do you mean,' he asked, 'that there is no Grand Earthly?'

"I thought of several people, but assured him finally there was none. I explained that such autocrats and emperors as we had tried upon earth had usually ended in drink, or vice, or violence, and that the large and influential section of the people of the earth to which I belonged, the Anglo-Saxons, did not mean to try that sort of thing again. At which the Grand Lunar was even more amazed.

"'But how do you keep even such wisdom as you have?' he asked; and I explained to him the way we helped our limited [a word omitted here, probably "brains."] with libraries of books. I explained to him how our science was growing by the united labours of innumerable little men, and on that he made no comment save that it was evident we had mastered much in spite of our social savagery, or we could not have come to the moon. Yet the contrast was very marked. With knowledge the Selenites grew and changed; mankind stored their knowledge about them and remained brutes—equipped. He said this . . . [Here there is a short piece of the record indistinct.]

"He then caused me to describe how we went about this earth of ours, and I described to him our railways and ships. For a time he could not understand that we had had the use of steam only one hundred years, but when he did he was clearly amazed. (I may mention as a singular thing that the Selenites use years to count by, just as we do on earth, though I can make nothing of their numeral system. That however does not matter, because Phi-oo understands ours.) From that I went on to tell him that mankind had dwelt in cities only for nine or ten thousand years, and that we were still not united in one brotherhood, but under many different forms of government. This astonished the Grand Lunar very much, when it was made clear to him. At first he thought we referred merely to administrative areas.

"'Our States and Empires are still the rawest sketches of what order will some day be,' I said, and so I came to tell him. . . .

[At this point a length of record that probably represents thirty or forty words is totally illegible.]

"The Grand Lunar was greatly impressed by the folly of men in clinging to the inconvenience of diverse tongues. 'They want to communicate, and yet not to communicate,' he said, and then for a long time he questioned me closely concerning war.

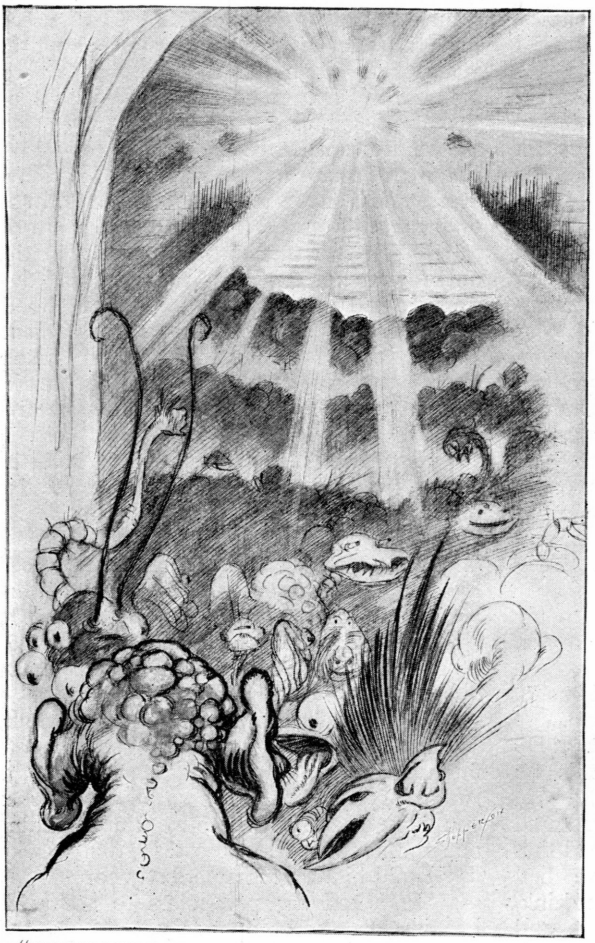
"He was at first perplexed and incredulous. 'You mean to say,' he asked, seeking confirmation, 'that you run about over the surface of your world—this world, whose riches you have scarcely begun to scrape—killing one another for beasts to eat?'

"I told him that was perfectly correct.

"He asked for particulars to assist his imagination. 'But do not your ships and your poor little cities get injured?' he asked, and I found the waste of property and conveniences seemed to impress him almost as much as the killing. 'Tell me more,' said the Grand Lunar; 'make me see pictures. I cannot conceive these things.'

"And so, for a space, though something loth, I told him the story of earthly War.

"I told him of the first orders and ceremonies of war, of warnings and ultimatums, and the marshalling and marching of troops. I gave him an idea of manœuvres and positions and battle joined. I told him of sieges and assaults, of starvation and hardship in trenches, and of sentinels freezing in the snow. I told him of routs and surprises, and desperate last stands and faint hopes, and the pitiless pursuit of fugitives and the dead upon the field. I told, too, of the past, of invasions and massacres, of the Huns and Tartars, and the wars of Mahomet and the Caliphs and of the Crusades. And as I went on, and Phi-oo translated, the Selen-



"THE SELENITES COOED AND MURMURED IN A STEADILY INTENSIFIED EMOTION."

ites cooed and murmured in a steadily intensified emotion.

"I told them an ironclad could fire a shot of a ton twelve miles, and go through 20ft. of iron—and how we could steer torpedoes under water. I went on to describe a Maxim gun in action and what I could imagine of the Battle of Colenso. The Grand Lunar was so incredulous that he interrupted the translation of what I had said in order to have my verification of my account. They particularly doubted my description of the men cheering and rejoicing as they went into (? battle).

"'But surely they do not like it!' translated Phi-oo.

"I assured them men of my race considered battle the most glorious experience of life, at which the whole assembly was stricken with amazement.

"'But what good is this war?' asked the Grand Lunar, sticking to his theme.

"'Oh! as for *good!*' said I; 'it thins the population!'

"'But why should there be a need——?' . . . .

"There came a pause, the cooling sprays impinged upon his brow, and then he spoke again."

At this point there suddenly becomes predominant in the record a series of undulations that have been apparent as a perplexing complication as far back as Cavor's description of the silence that fell before the first speaking of the Grand Lunar. These undulations are evidently the result of radiations proceeding from a lunar source, and their persistent approximation to the alternating signals of Cavor is curiously suggestive of some operator deliberately seeking to mix them in with his message and render it illegible. At first they are small and regular, so that with a little care and the loss of very few words we have been able to disentangle Cavor's message; then they become broad and larger, then suddenly they are irregular, with an irregularity that gives the effect at last of someone scribbling through a line of writing. For a long time nothing can be made of this madly zigzagging trace; then quite abruptly the interruption ceases, leaves a few words clear, and then resumes and continues for all the rest of the message, completely obliterating whatever Cavor was attempting to transmit. Why, if this is indeed a deliberate intervention, the Selenites should have preferred to let Cavor go on transmitting his message in happy ignorance of their obliteration of its record, when it was clearly quite in their power and much more easy and convenient for them to stop his proceedings at any time, is a problem to which I can contribute nothing. The thing seems to have happened so, and that is all I can say. This last rag of his description of the Grand Lunar begins, in mid-sentence:—

"interrogated me very closely upon my secret. I was able in a little while to get to an understanding with them, and at last to elucidate what has been a puzzle to me ever since I realized the vastness of their science, namely, how it is they themselves have never discovered 'Cavorite.' I find they know of it as a theoretical substance, but they have always regarded it as a practical impossibility, because for some reason there is no helium in the moon, and helium——"

Across the last letters of helium slashes the resumption of that obliterating trace. Note that word "secret," for on that, and that alone, I base my interpretation of the last message, as both Mr. Wendigee and myself now believe it to be, that he is ever likely to send us,

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE LAST MESSAGE CAVOR SENT TO THE EARTH.

In this unsatisfactory manner the penultimate message of Cavor dies out. One seems to see him away there amidst his blue-lit apparatus intently signalling us to the last, all unaware of the curtain of confusion that drops between us; all unaware, too, of the final dangers that even then must have been creeping upon him. His disastrous want of vulgar common-sense had utterly betrayed him. He had talked of war, he had talked of all the strength and irrational violence of men, of their insatiable aggressions, their tireless futility of conflict. He had filled the whole moon-world with this impression of our race, and then I think it is plain that he admitted upon himself alone hung the possibility—at least for a long time — of any further men reaching the moon. The line the cold, inhuman reason of the moon would take seems plain enough to me, and a suspicion of it, and then perhaps some sudden sharp realization of it, must have come to him. One imagines him going about the moon with the remorse of this fatal indiscretion growing in his mind. During a certain time most assuredly the Grand Lunar was deliberating the new situation, and for all that time Cavor went as free as ever he had gone. We imagine obstacles of some sort prevented Cavor getting to his electro-magnetic apparatus again after that last message I have given. For some days we received nothing. Perhaps he was having fresh audiences, and trying to evade his previous admissions. Who can hope to guess?

And then suddenly, like a cry in the night, like a cry that is followed by a stillness, came the last message. It is the briefest fragment, the broken beginnings of two sentences.

The first was: "I was mad to let the Grand Lunar know——"

There was an interval of perhaps a minute. One imagines some interruption from without. A departure from the instrument—a dreadful hesitation among the looming masses of apparatus in that dim, blue-lit cavern—a sudden rush back to it, full of a resolve that came too late. Then, as if it were hastily transmitted, came: "Cavorite made as follows: take——"

There followed one word, a quite unmeaning word as it stands: "uless."

And that is all.

It may be he made a hasty attempt to spell "useless" when his fate was close upon him. Whatever it was that was happening about that apparatus, we cannot tell. Whatever it was we shall never, I know, receive another message from the moon. For my own part a vivid dream has come to my help, and I see, almost as plainly as though I had seen it in actual fact, a blue-lit dishevelled Cavor struggling in the grip of a great multitude of those insect Selenites, struggling ever more desperately and hopelessly as they swarm upon him, shouting, expostulating, perhaps even at last fighting, and being forced backward step by step out of all speech or sign of his fellows, for evermore into the Unknown — into the dark, into that silence that has no end . . . .

"STRUGGLING EVER MORE DESPERATELY AND HOPELESSLY."

THE END.

The Japanese Jack the Giant Killer.

By Leonard Larkin.

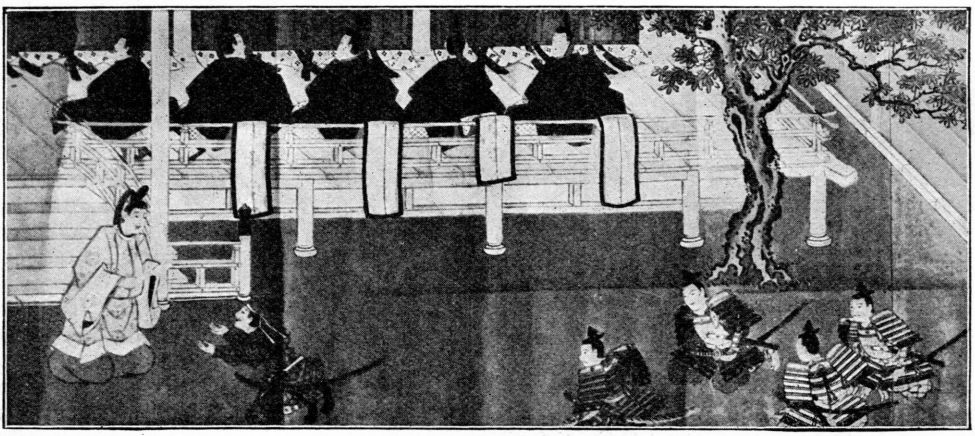
With Illustrations from an ancient Japanese illuminated roll.

A THOUSAND years ago Japan was a land as full of giants and fairies and ogres and dragons as this country (or, indeed, any other country) at about the same time. That is to say, stories are told in Japan to-day of the fairies and giants of those times just as they are in our own nurseries; and the Japanese tales, like the English, the French, and the rest, have usually some groundwork of historical fact. Indeed, it is far more certain that the hero of the story I am now to tell was an actual historical personage than that our own King Arthur was; though his adventures, like the King's, have been enlarged and improved by the imaginations of many generations. Listen, then, to the story of the terrible Shiuten Doji, the man-eating ogre of Japan, and his final destruction by the valiant knight Raiko, aided by his five faithful esquires.

A thousand years ago, in the days of the good Emperor Murakami, there lived in a secure fastness among the mountains and woods a fearful ogre, who, with his bodyguard of demons, laid waste the country round about, killing, plundering, enslaving, and devouring the people. This ogre was not originally an ogre by nature, as are those of most other countries, but a human being whose frightful impieties and flagrant crimes, long persisted in, wholly changed his nature and transformed him into a giant of cannibal tastes, and made him the scourge of the peaceful country-side. He had the faculty of changing his appearance, like other supernatural creatures, but, no matter what form he might take in his waking hours, he could not keep it in sleep, and the moment that slumber overtook him he lay revealed in all his hideousness for what he was—a horned, red, ugly giant. His almost constant form during day was that of a great, clumsy, smooth-faced boy, 7ft. or 8ft. high; and as he passed all his inactive days in orgies of drunkenness, he was given the name of the Shiuten Doji, or the great drunkard boy. But always, as I have said, so soon as he was overcome by sleep, the smooth, boyish face was changed into that of a great, hairy, flaming, red demon, and in place of a great boy there lay an even greater horned and terrible giant.

This fearful creature lived wholly on human flesh, and to supply his larder he and his terrible retainers swept the country, killing and robbing and carrying off men, women, and children captives, of whom the most beautiful of the women and children were devoured by the ogre himself. And always he was waited on by his most beautiful prisoners, gentle ladies dragged from the nobles' castles, which he and his demons took and destroyed, till it became the turn of each of the unfortunate captives to be killed and eaten.

The news of these atrocities being brought to the good old Emperor Murakami, he was greatly afflicted and angry, and he asked if there were no valiant knights in his country who would face the Shiuten Doji and deliver the land from his oppressions. Now, at this time the greatest of the knights of Japan



RAIKO RECEIVES THE EMPEROR'S COMMISSION TO DESTROY THE OGRE.

was one Yorimitsu, chief of the great Minamoto clan, who for his great deeds of valour had been given the surname Raiko —the name by which he was known in future ages. He had travelled for years in Japan as knight-errant, attended by his faithful squire Tsuna, righting wrongs, fighting demons, and succouring the oppressed. It was on one of these expeditions that he vanquished the great Demon Spider, of which I may perhaps tell you another time. Well, the Emperor's appeal was no sooner uttered than Raiko sprang forward and eagerly begged to be permitted to undertake the task. The aged monarch gladly accepted the offer, assuring the knight that when he spoke he knew that he could depend on the devotion of Raiko, and asked what aid he would need. But Raiko would have none but that of his trusty squires, and expressed himself ready to face the demon and all his retainers with these at his back; and so he was given the Imperial commission, inscribed in golden letters, to go forth and destroy the Shiuten Doji and all who aided him.

First, like a devout warrior, Raiko repaired to the temples, offering up orisons before setting out on his adventure, and receiving purification at the hands of the priests. Then he took his squires into council, and while the arms were being prepared, and the great two-handed swords sharpened, they resolved on their plans.

It was decided that the little band should travel disguised as travelling priests—Yamabushi—who wander about the mountains and woods. In this guise they might travel anywhere without causing suspicion as to their real objects. And so, all being ready, they set out, each carrying on his back the wooden box, or pack, that the wandering priests used. But in this box was no mere change of garments and scraps of alms, but the adventurer's suit of armour.

So they went their way laboriously on foot, through the woods and streams and over the mountains for many miles, slowly journeying toward Sumiyoshi, beyond which place lay the ogre's castle. And even as they went they heard rumours of the Shiuten Doji and terrible stories of his crimes, increasing in number and enormity every day. Many urged them to turn back or take another direction, else assuredly they would be taken and eaten by the demons. But for all these entreaties they pressed on the harder, resolved that they would strike at the giant as soon as they might, and so put an end to the destruction that devastated the land, or die themselves in their daring attempt. And so they went, till they came to a part all bleak and bare, where no living thing remained; for now they were nearing the ogre's country, and

RAIKO AND HIS FOLLOWERS MEET WITH THE GOOD SPIRIT.

all about had been devastated. That night they slept in the ruins of a noble castle, burnt and blood-stained, from which every person not killed on the spot had been carried off.

The next day, as they pressed forward in a rocky, barbarous place, where only pines grew, they spied before them, standing on a rock, an aged, white-bearded elder, who greeted them courteously and asked them whither they were bound.

"We are travelling priests, honourable father, as you see," answered Raiko; "and being come into this desolate place in our journey, we are going as well as we may toward a castle that is hereabout, that we may rest and eat."

Now, this white-bearded elder was no man, but a good spirit, the guardian spirit of that province which the wicked ogre had laid waste. So he answered and said, "O Raiko, well I know thou art a valiant knight, and no priest, and these are thy brave squires; and well I know the castle thou seekest, the castle of the wicked ogre that slays and eats the people of the country. Truly I welcome thee and give my blessing. Come now, with thy good squires, and eat, drink, and rest in my retreat ere thou goest forth to slay the Shiuten Doji." And he made himself known to them.

When Raiko and his squires knew that this was the Spirit of Sumiyoshi they bowed before him and gave humble salutation. And they went very joyously with him and rested in his retreat among the mountains, and ate and drank and were refreshed; and Raiko served the Spirit very dutifully with his own hands. And as they sat the good Spirit gave them much counsel as to the place they were going to and the ways and manners of the ogre and his demons, so that they should see nothing that should surprise them or disconcert their actions. And to Raiko the Spirit gave a magic golden cap to wear under his helmet—a cap that nothing could pierce: neither sword, nor axe, nor tooth, nor claw, no matter what spells of magic should be upon the weapon; for he warned him that all the expedients of black magic were used by the giant, and that the most valiant warriors would find themselves bewildered and helpless in the midst of his fiendish enchantments. Also, he gave the gallant companions a mighty drug that should overcome the spirits of the ogre and make him sleep.

THE GOOD SPIRIT GIVES RAIKO THE MAGIC CAP.

And now, as Raiko and his little band went forward once more, the Spirit of Sumiyoshi

RAIKO FINDS THE WEEPING LADY.

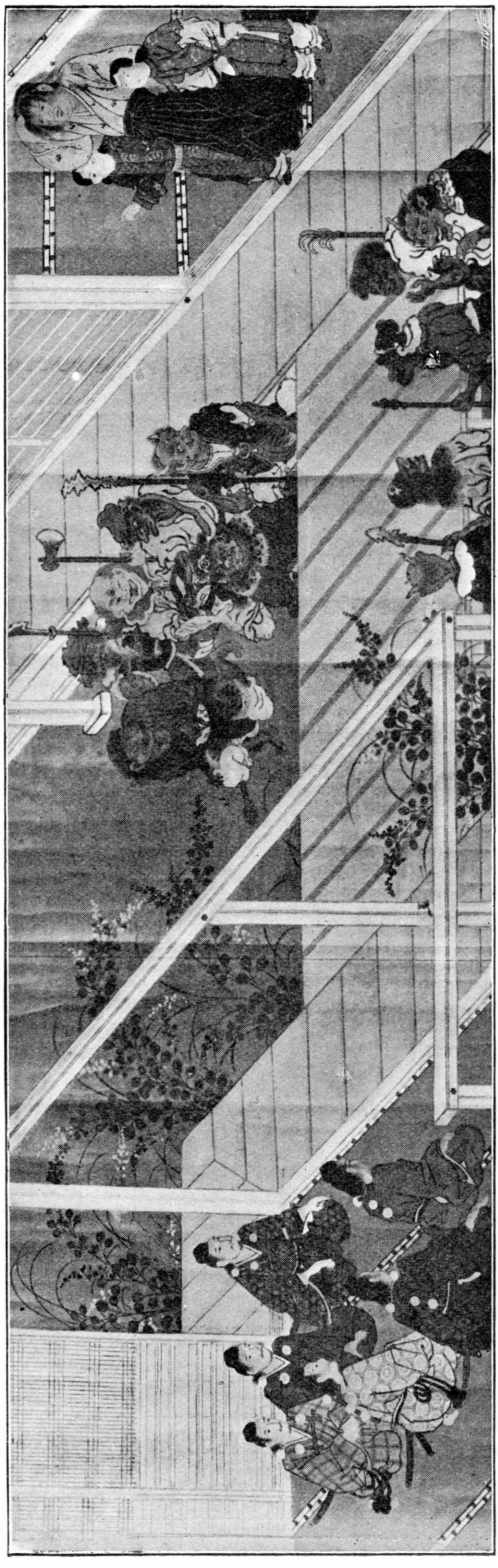
was always with them, leading them safely over the rocky mountains through the black woods and dangerous passes and giving them words of encouragement. And so they went through a wilder and rockier country than ever, and at last arrived by the side of a lake where the Spirit bade them farewell, assuring them that he would be with them though invisible, and that presently they should see him again.

They kept by the shore of the lake till they came to a stream, and here they heard a sound of weeping. So they turned and followed the stream till they came upon a noble lady, who was weeping bitterly and washing a blood-stained garment as she wept. Of her they asked the whereabouts of the ogre's castle, but she entreated them to turn and fly, for if they were seen they would be taken, and their doom was certain. Finding them resolved, however, with a last warning as to what they might expect, she indicated a path through a little wood. This path they took. It was a short one, and no sooner had the adventurers emerged from among the trees than they found themselves before the great gate of the giant's castle, about which stood groups of demons of the bodyguard.

The demons—hairy, tusked, grotesque, blue, red, and green, and armed with fantastically cruel weapons—were amazed at the intrusion of this helpless handful of wandering priests. They received them with many mocking reverences, and assured them of a very hearty hospitality. But Raiko and his men kept impassive countenances, and, appearing to take the welcome quite seriously, prayed to be brought into the presence of the lord of the castle. The demons, anticipating a pleasant meal from these adventurous priests, led them to an ante-room while the news of their arrival was conveyed to the ogre.

It had been agreed that, until the time for action arrived, the adventurers should strictly avoid any appearance of surprise, no matter what might happen; and that they should behave precisely as they would in seeking the shelter of any nobleman's castle which they might come upon on their journey, conforming to the customs of the place, and

THE DEMONS AT THE GATE OF THE OGRE'S CASTLE.



RAIKO AND HIS FOLLOWERS RECEIVED BY THE OGRE.

betraying no signs that what they saw and heard was anything out of the ordinary. So they sat stolidly in the ante-room, apparently regardless of the sardonic grins of the demon guard, till presently they were told to follow the messenger, and at last found themselves in the presence of the dreaded Shiuten Doji.

He stood upon a daïs at the upper end of a great apartment, and on the lower floor at each side was ranged his personal guard of demons. He appeared in his usual waking guise of a great boy, clad in Chinese garb, and he rested upon the shoulders of two pages, also in Chinese costume. His smooth countenance was nevertheless very terrible as he demanded angrily to know the reason of the priests' visit.

Raiko and his men, sitting respectfully at the lower end of the room, bowed low, with their foreheads to the ground. "We are a small company of pilgrims, O Prince," answered Raiko, "and for many days have we wandered in unknown ways about this country, seeing no man, and much oppressed by the toil of travel. By good fortune have we come upon the gate of this your castle and palace, and we throw ourselves upon your worship's honourable hospitality, begging the rest and refreshment that are never refused to the poor Yama-bushi, more especially by so great a Prince as yourself."

"Truly you shall have our hospitality," answered the Shiuten Doji, in a great voice. "Truly you shall have the hospitality you deserve, every man of you—the hospitality that has been given every man, woman, or child that has come within my gates since they were built." And being minded to divert himself with the poor priests ere he added them to his list of victims, he called aloud that a feast should be prepared, and that the best the castle could produce should be laid before the guests, to whom he would do honour by eating and drinking with them.

So the seeming priests, having removed their packs and placed them within easy reach, took their seats to receive such entertainment as the ogre might give them. First he caused to be placed before Raiko a dish which he announced as the choicest to be procured in that country, and his own favourite. And behold, when the cover was removed there lay before the knight a human leg, bleeding and ghastly! But neither Raiko nor one of his squires gave any sign of disgust or horror, and the ogre, waiting to enjoy the panic which he had expected to see among them, was surprised to observe the apparent relish with which the chief of

the priests feigned to devour his portion of the loathsome food. "Come," cried the giant, "I see you are better men than I thought, you priests, and not so squeamish as I expected. We will drink together."

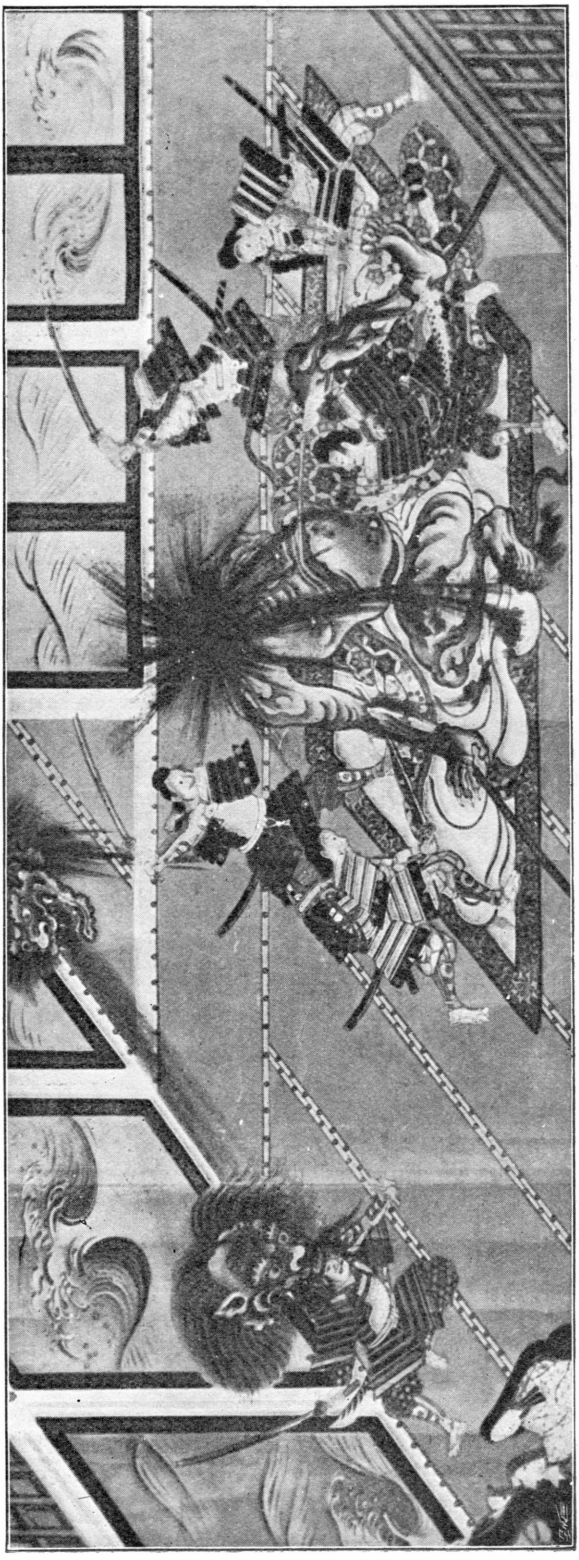
THE OGRE DRINKS THE DRUGGED WINE.

The horrible feast went on, the demon attendants waiting on the Shiuten Doji and his guests, and the warriors, showing no signs of astonishment or fear, still making pretence to eat and drink, till at last Raiko, bowing low before the ogre, said, "O Prince, your humble servants and guests have had such a feast as never before was set before them. We are poor, and can never make an adequate return, but we have a secret in the preparation of hot wine that makes it a drink truly fit for a great Prince, and we beg to be allowed to show our skill."

Now, there was nothing in the world that the Shiuten Doji loved beyond strong drink, and he called aloud for saké, the Japanese wine made from rice. And as the fragments of the feast were cleared away the saké was brought, and the ogre, dismissing his pages, was waited on by two beautiful captives, two of the many noble ladies whom he had taken in his forays. The adventurers made hot the saké, pouring into it the powerful drug given them by the good Spirit of Sumiyoshi, and when he had tasted it the ogre pronounced it the best drink that had ever been offered him.

So began an orgie in which the Shiuten Doji and his demon retainers drank copiously and recklessly, while Raiko and his companions cautiously kept themselves sober, and drank none of the saké that was drugged. Dances were called for, and after one of the demons had exhibited his skill, the Squire Sadamichi performed a brilliant measure, amid great applause. But all this while the drug was working, and presently the Shiuten Doji was hopelessly drunk, and was carried away by his attendant demons. The adven-

THE OGRE ASLEEP.



THE SLAYING OF THE OGRE.

turers still plied the remaining retainers, till at last every demon in the place was completely overcome, and fell helpless.

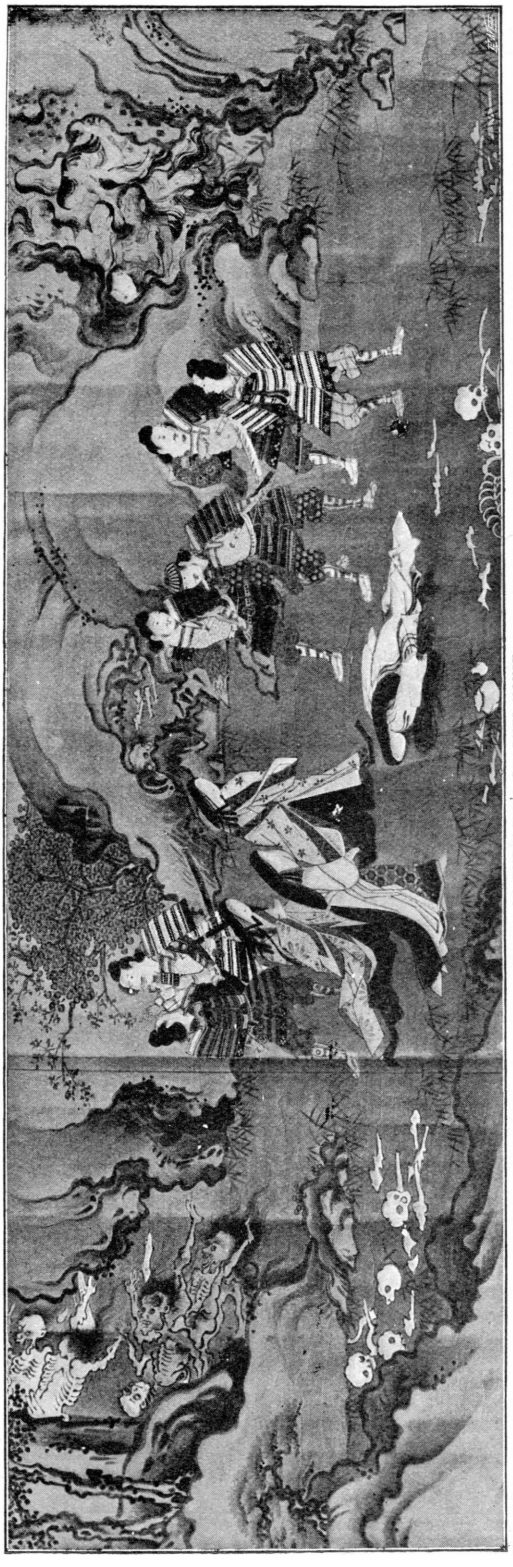
All this the heroes had done because they knew not what magical enchantments were at the hand of the ogre, and they were resolved that he should have no opportunity of so exercising them as to be able ever to continue his career of murder. And now they revealed themselves to the captive ladies, and, opening the packs they had been carrying, armed themselves completely.

The ladies, rejoiced to know that deliverers were at hand, led the little band past the sleeping guards and pointed out the chamber in which the ogre lay asleep. And here, as they approached the sliding-door, they saw before them once again the white-haired elder, the tutelary Spirit of Sumiyoshi.

"Greeting once more, O Raiko!" said the Spirit. "Truly thou hast done well, and I give thee my blessing now that thou goest to accomplish the end of thy purpose. But thou must know that the Shiuten Doji has a body of magical strength, and full of venom like a snake. So that though he be mortally hurt yet shall he live active and evil for a little while and poisonous to all he may wound. Wherefore take this my third gift—an enchanted cord. Tie him well with this while yet he sleeps and he shall be helpless."

So Raiko made obeisance to the Spirit and took the enchanted cord, and with his squires entered the monster's chamber. And now they saw the Shiuten Doji as he lay asleep, most wonderful to behold. For he was a great, hairy giant, far greater than he had seemed in his waking guise, tusked and horned and terrible, all of the colour of burning flame, and with the head of a demon. And round about him were many fair ladies, noble captives who saw with joy the coming of the adventurers in their armour, with their two-handed swords, heavy as lead and sharp as razors.

First, remembering the warning of the tutelary Spirit, the squires, under Raiko's direction, secured the ogre with cords, fastening him to the pillars



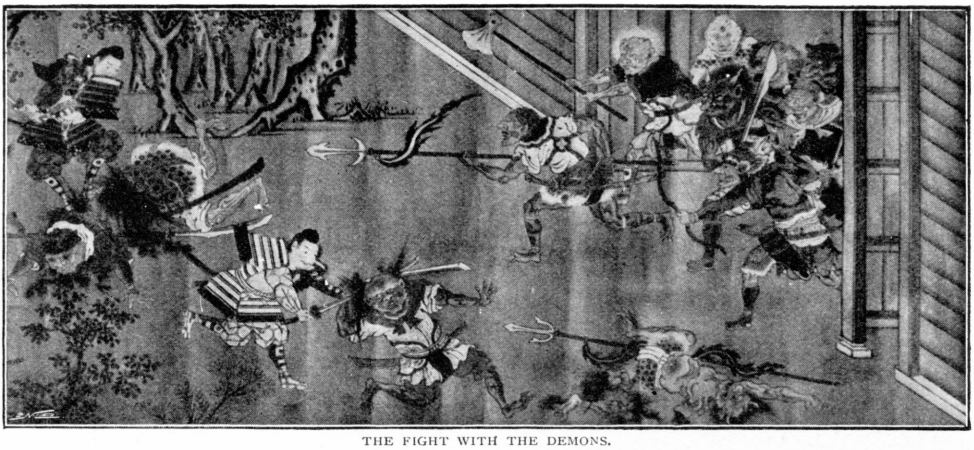
IN THE OGRE'S CHARNEL-HOUSE.

of the apartment. And, this being done, Raiko with one slash of his great sword struck off the horrible head. Then it was seen that the words of the Spirit of Sumiyoshi were true. For the great head sprang into the air, gnashing its teeth and spouting blood, and flew down upon the head of Raiko,* burying its terrible tusks in his helmet, and for the moment bearing the hero to his knee. But though the fangs pierced the hardened steel of the helmet the magic cap beneath was impenetrable, and so the gift of the good Spirit saved Raiko. More, as the head was struck off, the whole gigantic body turned and writhed, snapping every cord except the enchanted rope given by the good Spirit. But that held fast, and instantly the squires sprang upon the body, slashing it to pieces with their sharp swords, while the poor ladies ran in horror from the terrible scene. So was the Shiuten Doji slain, and the body so cut and dismembered that it could do no mischief.

Now, the terrible noise of this struggle awakened the demon guards, who rushed in helter-skelter upon Raiko and his men. But Raiko, flinging away his broken helmet, though still wearing his magic cap, met the captain of the demons as he came, and clove his head to the chin with a stroke of his sword; and the squires made great play with their long swords among the rest. Watanabe no Tsuna, Raiko's first and best-beloved squire, who had helped him kill the Demon Spider years before, cut one hideous devil in two across the waist, while Suyetaké and Sadamichi the dancer each brought down a demon with the terrible stroke that falls between neck and shoulder and cleaves the body to the opposite side; and the others, with similar feats of swordsmanship, overthrew the enemies opposed to them. And so the fight raged furiously, the half-dozen warriors maintaining their ground unflinchingly, and striking down the demons one after another as they came running into the fray. Till, after a long struggle and many wounds, the whole demoniac guard lay dead.

Then the heroes sought the dungeons where the ogre had kept his captives, and after a long search they came upon a fearful place where there were caves round about, and where the ground was strewed with skulls and bones. Guarding this place they found the last two of the demons, greater and more formidable than the rest. But

* In the illustration the head is shown twice, once in the air, and once biting at Raiko's head; the expedient is adopted by the artist to tell the story completely.



THE FIGHT WITH THE DEMONS.

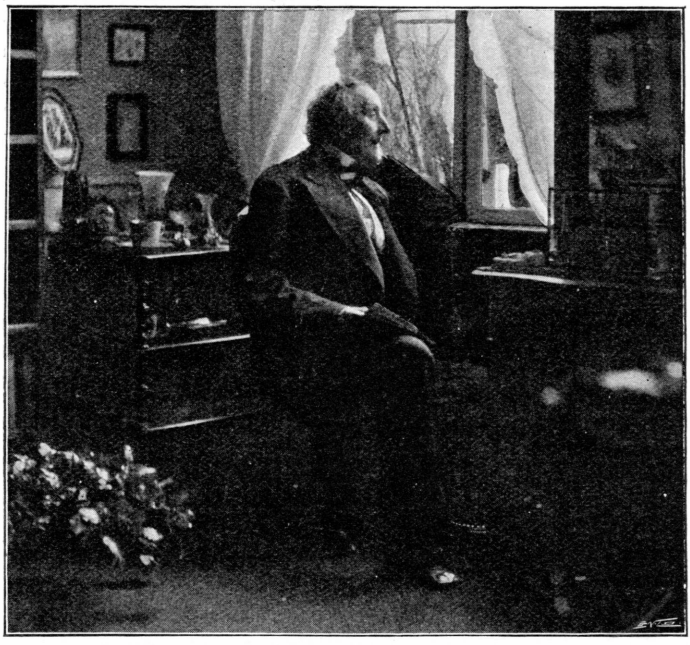
these they captured alive and bound securely, thinking to use them as guides to such dungeons as might otherwise lie undiscovered. But now some of the captive ladies, seeing the last of the demons rendered harmless, came forward and conducted the gallant band through the caves, which were places more horrible than ever human eyes had beheld before, piled high with the bodies of hundreds of murdered people and littered everywhere with bones. So horrified were the adventurers at what they saw that they were impatient to return and kill the two remaining demons, that none should live a minute longer who had been concerned in crimes so fearful. And so at last, when every place had been explored and every wretched prisoner still alive released, they went and struck off the two demons' heads.

And this was the end of the ogre and his band. Taking the head of the Shiuten Doji with them, and the heads also of the chief among his demons, Raiko and his squires returned in triumph to the Imperial city, bringing with them the noble ladies who had been rescued; and everywhere on the mountainous road where the passes were difficult or dangerous the Spirit of Sumiyoshi walked before them, leading them in the safest paths.

Of the Emperor's gratitude and of the rewards with which he loaded Raiko and his men there is little need to tell. The illuminated roll from which the illustrations have been taken describes a triumphal procession, and sets forth the honours at great length. The valiant Raiko lived to a great age—over a hundred—and died in peace, honoured through all Japan. The actual date of his death was the year 1021 of our era, and the slaying of the Shiuten Doji is said to have taken place in 947. It is probable that in reality the ogre was merely some powerful and cruel robber chief whom Raiko overcame, and the story has gained its supernatural embroidery in course of tradition.

THE EXECUTION OF THE TWO CHIEF DEMONS.

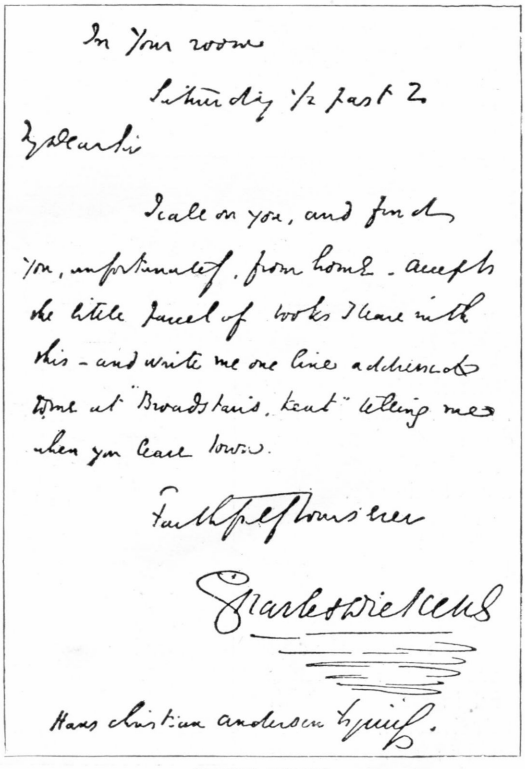
The Scrap-Book of Hans Christian Andersen.



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN IN HIS STUDY.
From a Photo. by Hansen & Walker.

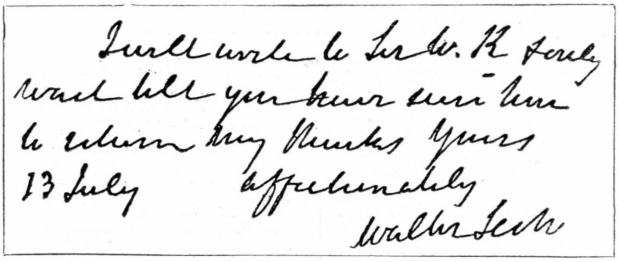
DOES it not seem the most natural thing in the world that Hans Christian Andersen should leave behind him a scrap-book of unique charm and interest? This scrap-book is a very large folio, bound in a much-worn green cover, with, I think, about 112 leaves in various colours, white, pink, grey, blue, green, mauve, full of autographs, letters, portraits, drawings in pen and pencil, coloured pictures, printed matter, dried flowers, elaborate cuttings in paper, cartes de visite, etc., mementos of the most illustrious men and women of the century.

The words which Andersen has written under the accompanying photograph of himself, taken in his study, "Life itself is the most beautiful fairy tale," could not have been more felicitously chosen—for to him, at least, life did prove a wonderful and delightful fairy tale. Born at Odense, in the Island of Fuhnen, on April 2nd, 1805, in a poor and humble home, he died, having reached the threescore years and ten, the possessor of the highest Danish title, decorated with orders innumerable, his works known and treasured all over the world, and he himself on terms of friendship with almost every distinguished person of his time. His father was a poor shoemaker, who, however, had not been without his craving for adventure, inasmuch as he had enlisted and fought in the wars of the great Napoleon, returning with blighted hopes and broken health to die when Hans was only a little boy. His widow earned a livelihood by washing for people. But Hans did not want to become an artisan; he felt he was meant for something better and greater; he wrote poetry and was fond of acting. After his confirmation he



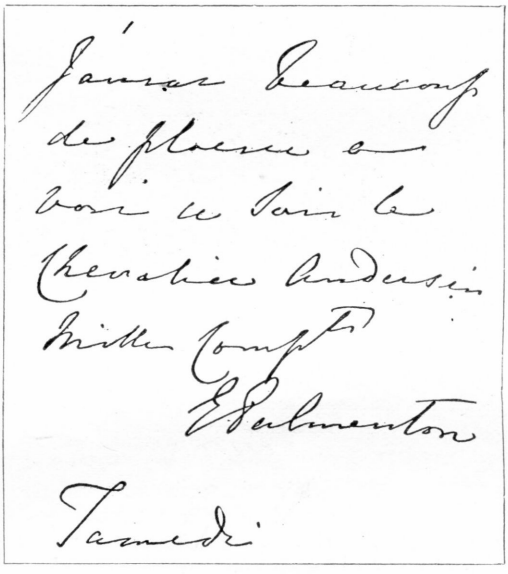
In your room
Saturday ½ past 2
My dear Sir
I call on you, and find you, unfortunately, from home. Accept the little parcel of books I leave with this — and write me one line addressed to me at "Broadstairs, Kent" telling me when you leave town.
Faithfully yours ever
Charles Dickens
Hans Christian Andersen Esqr.

CHARLES DICKENS.

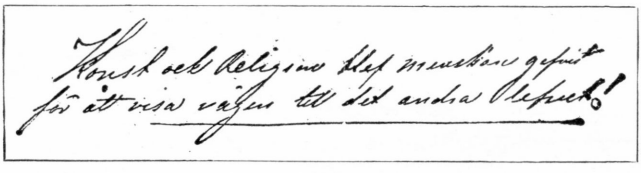

I will write to Sir W. R. & only
wait till you have seen him
to return my thanks yours
13 July affectionately
Walter Scott

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

left the maternal home to try his luck in Copenhagen, an awkward, gawky, and lanky lad. He must, however, have had wonderful faith in himself, for he called upon a number of literary and dramatic celebrities, before whom he, generally unasked, recited his verses or performed some of his dancing. People as a rule were inclined to think him a little off his head, but there were a few who formed a more correct conception of the strange young fellow. He succeeded in being accepted as a pupil at the Royal Theatre, appeared in a few minor parts, but soon found out that he and the stage were hardly suited to each other. Through the assistance of friends he now began to go to school, eventually passing the students' examination in 1828. Five years later he was allowed to have his first peep at the great world, visiting Germany, France,


J'aurai beaucoup
de plaisir à
voir ce soir le
Chevalier Andersen
Mille Compts
E Palmerston
Samedi

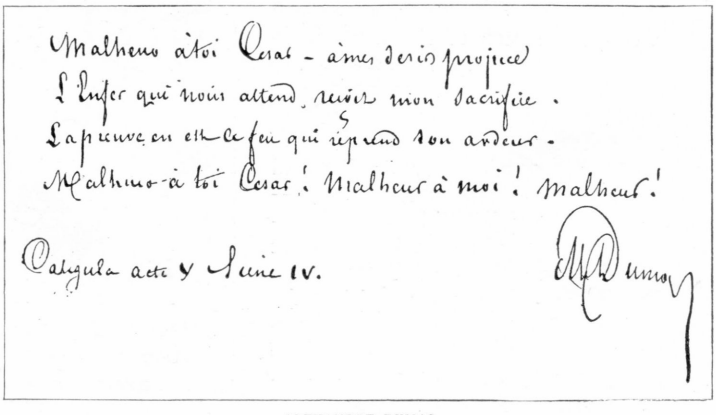
LORD PALMERSTON.


Konst och Religion blef menskan gifvit
för att visa vägen till det andra lefvet!

JENNY LIND.

Switzerland, and Italy. In after years he became a great traveller, of which his scrap-book bears testimony.

There are several letters from Charles Dickens, who calls him "Dear Hans Andersen," signing himself "Affectionately and cordially" in one letter and in another "With admiration and regard"; also one from Wilkie Collins, which has reference to an amateur performance, of which the scrap-book likewise contains the programme. It was a "strictly private representation" given at the Gallery of Instruction, Regent Street, Saturday evening, July 4th, 1857, at nine o'clock. The performance, "under the management of Mr. Charles Dickens," comprised "an entirely new romantic drama, 'The Frozen Deep,' by Wilkie Collins"—Charles Dickens, Alfred Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Shirley Brooks being amongst the actors, the ladies


Malheur à toi César - à mes désirs propice
L'Enfer qui nous attend, reçoit mon sacrifice.
La preuve en est le feu qui reprend son ardeur.
Malheur à toi César! Malheur à moi! Malheur!
Caligula acte V Scène IV.
M Dumas

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

A DRAWING IN THE SCRAP-BOOK TO ILLUSTRATE ONE OF HANS ANDERSEN'S STORIES—BY KARLBACH, THE CELEBRATED GERMAN PAINTER.

performing being only down with their Christian names—and "Two o'Clock in the Morning," in which Charles Dickens played Mr. Snobbington's part.

Eleven years later Wilkie Collins writes to his "dear Andersen," saying that with reference to producing "The Frozen Deep" there is only one copy in existence; it had never been published for fear that it might get on to the public stage and do harm with the public by bad acting. He writes: "In the present deplorable state of our stage there is neither actor nor actress for the two principal parts in 'The Frozen Deep.'"

The entry by Sir Walter Scott is interesting from the fact that he signs himself "affectionately"—a striking proof of the warm feeling which existed between the two great writers.

Jenny Lind has written under her portrait two lines in German, here given, which mean, being interpreted: "Art and Religion were given to men to show them the way to another life." One letter, in which she asks him to come and dine with her and her husband, she has signed "With true friendship, yours sincerely," and another, "Your sincere sister, Jenny." The great Rachel writes in April, 1843: "L'Art, c'est le Vrai!" and Georges Sand, "Venez a 2 h.—, cher ami."

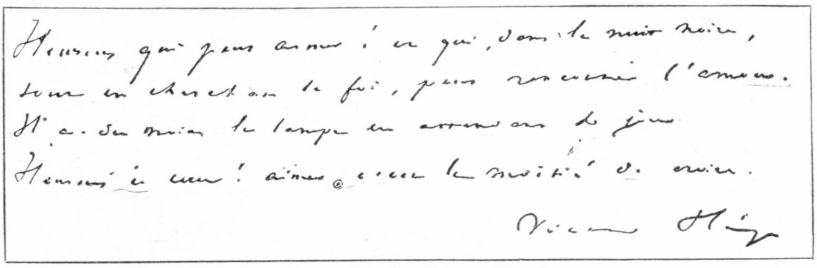
Lord Palmerston writes in French: "I shall have much pleasure in seeing the Chevalier Andersen this evening. A thousand compliments."

The contribution of Alexandre Dumas consists of a fiery quotation

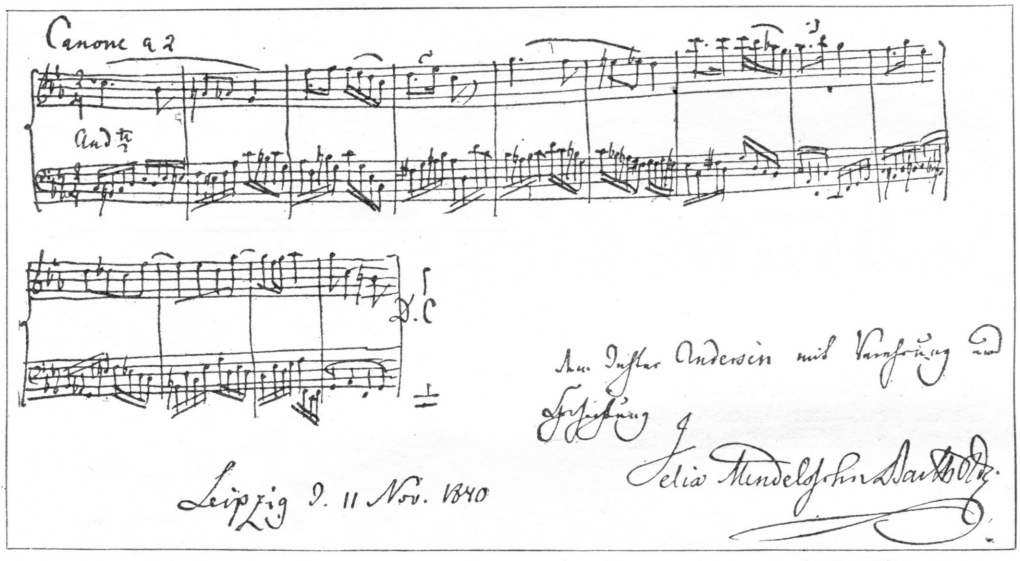
A DRAWING BY THORVALDSEN.

from one of his tragedies.

The drawing by the famous German artist Karlbach illustrates Andersen's story of "The Frogs and the Cranes."



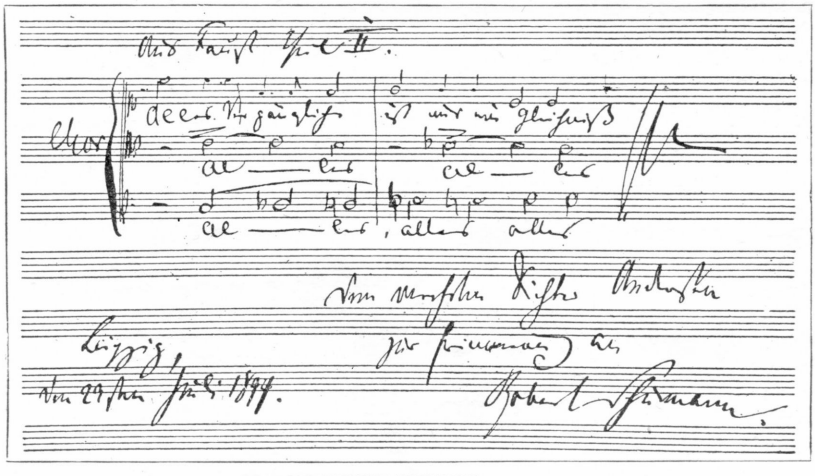
VICTOR HUGO.



MENDELSSOHN.

Thorvaldsen, from whom there are some charming drawings, one of which, an excellent example, is here reproduced, urges his "dear Andersen," in a letter of October 17th, 1840, to cheer up and not to leave Denmark. From Heinrich Heine there are several letters and verses, amongst them a motto written at Leipsic in 1846 :—

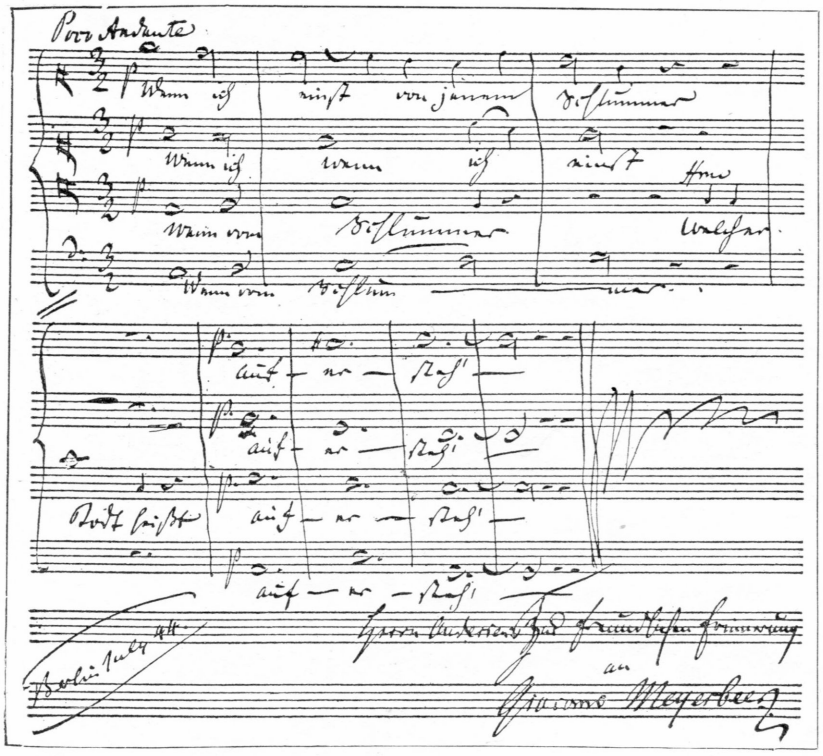
Alter Mährchen neuer Sinn,
Neuer Mährchen alter Wahrheit.



ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Victor Hugo's entry, a quotation from one of his own poems, is a marvel of illegibility and might be set as a puzzle. It deciphers as follows :—

Heureux qui peut aimer ! — on qui, dans la nuit noire,
Tout en cherchant la foi, peut rencontrer l'amour.
Il a du moins la lampe en attendant le jour.
Heureux en cœur ! Aimer, c'est le moitié de croire.



MEYERBEER.

Many famous composers have contributed music, amongst them being Schumann, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, and others.

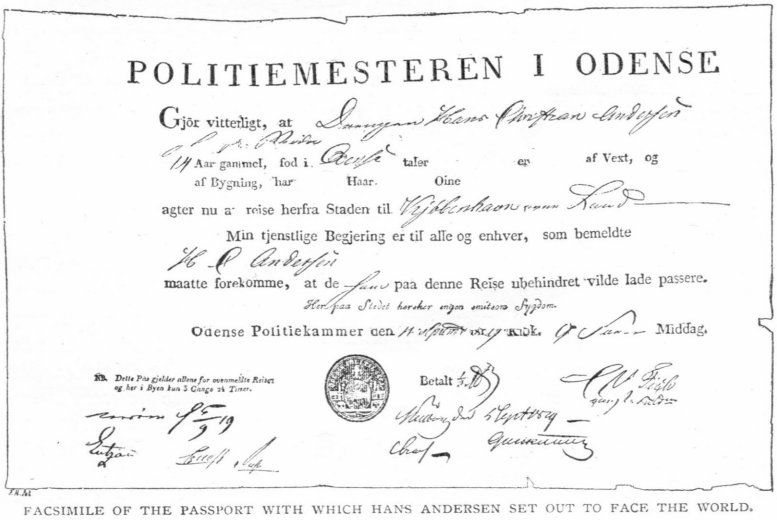
Schumann's music, which is here reproduced, is a setting of a song from the second part of Goethe's "Faust," of which the English version is: "All that is transient is but a smile."

Mendelssohn has written in German upon the piece of music shown in the accompanying facsimile: "To the Poet Andersen, with veneration and esteem."

Meyerbeer contributes a setting of the song the words of which signify in English: "When I rise from the slumber whose name is Death," followed by his signature with the inscription: "To Herr Andersen, in friendly remembrance."

There are innumerable portraits with autographs, many views of places dear to Andersen, many quaint relics, and touching signs of admiration and affection from almost every part of Europe. An amusing document is a Bulletin de Santé for Andersen, issued at Constantinople, 3 Avi, 1841, forming a strange sequel to the passport armed with which he set out in the world some twenty-two years previously, and of which we reproduce a facsimile.

Verily, for Andersen life became a beautiful fairy tale.



POLITIEMESTEREN I ODENSE

Gjör vitterligt, at Dansken Hans Christian Andersen

14 Aar gammel, fod i Odense taler er af Vext, og af Bygning, har Haar. Oine

agter nu at reise herfra Staden til Kjøbenhavn

Min tjenstlige Begjering er til alle og enhver, som bemeldte H. C. Andersen maatte forekomme, at de ham paa denne Reise ubehindret vilde lade passere.

Her paa Stedet herskar engen smitsom Sygdom.

Odense Politiekammer den 11 Septbr 1819 Kiøk. 17 Sanc Middag.

NB. Dette Pas gjelder allene for ovenmeldte Reisen og her i Byen kun 3 Gange 24 Timer.

Betalt 1 Rd

FACSIMILE OF THE PASSPORT WITH WHICH HANS ANDERSEN SET OUT TO FACE THE WORLD.

"MR. STAFFORD wishes to speak with you for a moment, sir."

The Editor of the *Thunderer* raised his eyebrows. Having reflected for a moment, he said that Mr. Stafford might be shown in.

Sixty seconds later a young man entered the room. He was a tall, thin young man, with a remarkably well-shaped forehead, a determined chin, and an introspective look in his eyes. It was this look, and what it meant, that the Editor disapproved. He was also alive to the fact—not unconnected, in his opinion, with the other—that Mr. Stafford's frock-coat, though carefully preserved, had been worn through several seasons.

"Good day," said the great man. "I am sorry for this, Mr. Stafford; but really it could not be helped, in the circumstances."

The man who was not great appeared surprised. "I beg your pardon?" said he, inquiringly.

"I supposed that you had come to speak with me about the—er—the change in your position. But——"

"No, sir. For the moment I had forgotten that I had been dismissed. You see, I was thinking in any event of resigning my berth on the *Thunderer*. I didn't suit it; it didn't suit me, though I have much kindness and consideration from you and all the members of the staff to be grateful for. What I came to see you about this evening was quite another matter, though also personal."

Perhaps the Editor of the most important newspaper in England was to be pardoned if he did not entirely believe that the young man had intended of his own accord to throw away the enviable position which had been his. Still, almost anything eccentric might be credited of Robert Stafford. The great man glanced at his watch. "I have still five minutes, which I can spare you with pleasure," he said. "After that, I am afraid——"

"Five minutes will do, sir," said the young man. "It is a mere question of 'yes' or 'no.' I want to marry your daughter."

"Good heavens, you must be out of your senses!" exclaimed the Editor.

"If to be very much in love is to be out of one's senses, I plead guilty."

"Good heavens!" remarked the Editor again. "What confounded business is this? I had no idea that you had met my daughter except at the one evening party I believe you were invited to, at my house."

"That was the first time I saw her. I knew what I wanted from that moment, but I didn't see much chance of getting it."

"Ah! And now you do? Having just been discharged on account of incompetency from the post you held on my paper, and having no other prospects so far as I know, you take the opportunity of coming to me and proposing to marry my daughter, whom you seem to have continued to meet in some underhand way."

"You hardly state the case fairly, sir—certainly not from her side. She visits rather often at the house of an aunt of mine, Mrs. D'Arcy, where I also have been in the habit of going when I could get away from work. As for your accusation that I have acted in an underhand way, I deny it, and assert the contrary. I came to you before speaking to your daughter. I wished to tell you something about myself which might make you look at my future differently. I——"

"Have you come into a fortune?" The question was asked drily.

"No, sir."

"You expect to do so?"

"Not quite that."

"What then? Some mad scheme of yours?"

"You might call it mad, sir."

"If you think I might, I am certain I should, so we won't waste time in discussing it, if you please. I shall regard it as a most dishonourable act if you attempt to disturb my daughter's mind with this nonsense, and I depend upon you not to do so."

"Not without your consent. May I ask whether your objection is only to my lack of prospects, or is it also personal?"

The Editor looked at the young man critically through his *pince-nez*. "My sole objection to you personally is that you are mad," he replied.

"A number of persons who eventually proved successful were called mad in their time," returned Mr. Stafford.

"*They* happened to be geniuses."

The young man smiled at the emphasis.

"If you were not mad, and if you had an income of ten thousand a year, you might come to me again and ask for my daughter," said the Editor of the *Thunderer*. "Then, I should be inclined to give you a different answer. You cannot cite such an income?"

"Not to-day," admitted Mr. Stafford.

"Then, for to-day, shall we consider the subject closed? Another day, when you can re-open it on the basis I suggest—my daughter being at that time still unmarried—call on me again and remind me of this interview."

"Thank you; I will." Mr. Stafford rose, took the large white hand which his former "chief," with returning good nature in the twinkle of his eye, patronizingly held out, and departed.

The interview had occupied very little more than the allotted five minutes; nevertheless, it filled the Editor's thoughts more than once during his working hours. Several times he ejaculated "By Jove!" without any apparent relevance. Once or twice he frowned and once or twice he laughed.

Next morning at breakfast he gazed at his exceedingly pretty daughter with reflective eyes. She would be a considerable heiress, but was so popular and charming that no man need be suspected of wanting her for what she would have rather than for what she was. A number of men had wanted her, and were probably wanting her at the present time. Almost any one among these applicants, selected at random, would be more eligible than Robert Stafford. The Editor did not think that there was a man in England, under Royal rank, who need look down upon this lovely and lovable young creature.

He marvelled at Stafford's impudence, but failed to admire it. For a moment he meditated speaking to the motherless girl about what had occurred, and putting one or two questions; but on second thoughts he decided to hold his peace and to watch. He did watch—as much as so busy and important a man was able—but saw nothing to excite alarm. One day he heard at the office that young Stafford had gone abroad, and gradually he forgot all about him.

So, more than a year passed. On a very hot night in early September, when things were just beginning to happen after the lull of the "Silly Season," the Editor was hard at work. There was still a great deal to do for which he was responsible; he was tired, irritable, and anxious to get home. Into the midst of this mood came a messenger with a card. The Editor looked at it impatiently. "Stafford, Stafford," he repeated twice before the name took a particular meaning for him. When it did, he flung the card aside with an uncomplimentary exclamation.

"Confound his impudence," he muttered. "Like the fellow's cheek to come at all, especially at this time of night when he knows I'm busiest. Go, tell this gentleman"—to the messenger—"that I can't see him."

"Yes, sir," responded the messenger. "He said his business was very urgent, sir, or I wouldn't have——"

"Hang his business; it's nothing to me," was the answer, extorted by impatience; and the messenger waited for no more.

After some moments of work the Editor hurriedly opened his door and strode out, with a long proof fluttering from his hand. He had taken a step or two down the corridor off which opened the rooms used by sub-editors, leader-writers, and reporters, when a voice—once familiar, now all but forgotten—hailed him.

There was Stafford, as quiet, as pale, the lower part of his face as determined, the upper part as dreamy as ever. The poor man had put himself in the great man's path, and the chief, too angry, too completely dumfounded to speak or move, was taken at a momentary disadvantage.

Stafford had his watch in his hand. It was a cheap Waterbury watch; and his frock-coat looked as if it might have been the frock-coat of last year. "Good evening, sir," he said to the Editor. "Pardon my lying in wait for you like this, but it's a matter of grave importance. Will you tell me the exact time by your watch?"

"Let me pass, sir," commanded the Editor of the *Thunderer*, "or it will be time to have you shown the way downstairs."

"I inquired because just half an hour ago the Sultan died in Yildiz Kiosk — very suddenly. Poison is suspected, but it will probably be given out that death was the result of a stroke. The news will be kept from the people in Constantinople for some hours, and it won't get over the wires to London until the *Thunderer* and all the other papers have gone to press. No morning paper—except yours, now that I've told you—can print the news, though of course to-morrow's evening papers will have it. Now, if you put it in, with the biography you of course have standing in type, you'll have about the biggest 'scoop' that's ever been done."

"I always thought you were mad," said the Editor. "Now I know it. Mr. Stafford, this is my busiest time. I'm in no mood for practical jokes. Have the kindness to leave this office, where you had no right to force yourself in."

"Allow me to point out that you are making a grave mistake, sir," persisted Stafford, provokingly unruffled. "But I have done my best to give you a good thing. You won't tell me the time by your watch? Then pray look at mine. Half-past eleven, English. That's nine-thirty in Constantinople. You will have cause to remember that to-morrow." He bowed and, turning, walked away.

"Of all the lunatics!" ejaculated the great man, glaring after the erect figure, departing with the air of a banished prince. And as the Editor was putting on his hat to go home, after seeing the paper to press, he mentioned to the assistant-editor, who remembered the discharged "sub" very well, the unexpected call and the absurd nature of Stafford's errand.

"'Much learning hath made him mad,'" quoted the assistant. He also said that in his opinion if Stafford came again it would

"THEN PRAY LOOK AT MINE."

be well to send for the police, as such fellows really ought not to be at large.

Next day the Editor of the *Thunderer* slept late. As he was walking to keep a luncheon engagement at the Carlton Club he stared with astonishment at the contents bill of an evening journal just out, which in huge lines announced: "Sudden Death of the Sultan."

He bought the paper and hastily opened it.

"Died of an apoplectic stroke," he read, "at half past-nine at night. Unavailing efforts to restore animation. Poison suggested, but official announcement that the cause of death was apoplexy. News not made known publicly until this morning."

The Editor whistled to himself as he folded up the paper. At the Carlton everybody was talking of the event, and he was condoled with because the news had come too late to appear in the *Thunderer* as well as the lesser morning journals.

About five o'clock the Editor met his assistant at the office for the usual daily consultation. The two looked at each other queerly.

"I've told the printer to put the Sultan's obituary in page," said the younger man.

"Certainly; quite right," returned the chief.

"A little odd about that madman, Stafford," began the assistant, hesitating.

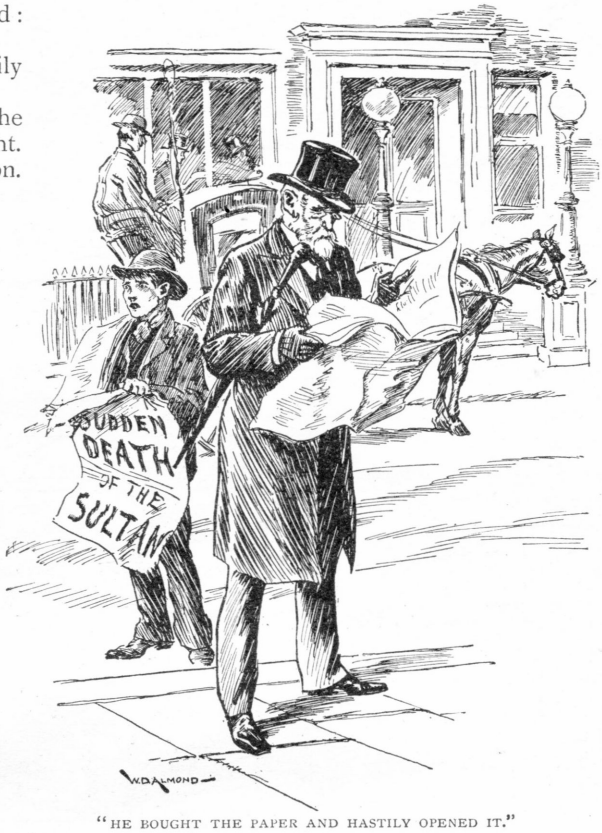
"Coincidence; mere coincidence. A lucky guess, that's all." The Editor waved the affair away with a sweep of the hand, though he thought of it all the same, and wondered in his heart what the world would have been saying to-day if the great *Thunderer*, alone among the dailies, had printed the news.

At midnight Stafford's card was handed to the Editor while his assistant was in the room. The "chief" passed it to the latter with a short, perplexed cough. "See him and hear what he has to say. It can't be in the least important, still——"

In five minutes the assistant-editor came back and closed the door carefully. "The Czarina has had a child, prematurely—a boy this time," he announced, "born half an hour ago in Gatschina." He smiled a little uneasily. The Editor stared.

"*He* says that?" he asked.

The assistant nodded. "Yes; and he asked me particularly to note the time."



"HE BOUGHT THE PAPER AND HASTILY OPENED IT."

The Editor pushed back his chair and took a hasty turn up and down the room. "Why, it's pure bosh," he exclaimed, petulantly. "We should make ourselves the laughing-stock of Europe to print news like that if it wasn't true. And how can it be true? It's too absurd. This fellow wants to take us in and play a trick upon us for being dismissed. How can he possibly know what happened in Russia half an hour ago, when our own correspondent hasn't wired, when there's nothing from any of the news agencies? He made a lucky guess last night, and is playing on that."

The paper was sent to press as usual; the Editor went home, and the foreign editor who stayed an hour later in case anything of great importance should happen was about to follow him, when there came a telegram

announcing the birth of an heir to the Russian Throne. The machines were stopped, a page altered, and part of the issue of next morning's *Thunderer* contained the tidings. All the other morning papers had it also.

It was the Editor's custom to have a copy of the *Thunderer* brought to his bedside every morning with the other leading dailies. Before he got up he used to run through them all. Opening his own paper first, he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw the announcement with large headlines of the birth of the Russian heir.

"What on earth's the meaning of this?" he said to himself. "Can my people have been fools enough to believe that impostor and put this stuff in as soon as my back was turned?" Then he hastily opened the other papers, and was startled to see that they also contained the same important item of news. "Can he have hoaxed the lot of them?" thought the Editor, as he tubbed and dressed with more than his usual haste. "Can he have run round to all the offices in a cab, and induced them to believe his story? And have they all been fools enough to trust him?"

"THE EDITOR'S DAUGHTER WAS VASTLY ASTONISHED."

The Editor's beautiful daughter was vastly astonished when her father hurriedly left home without breakfast. He took a swift cab, drove direct to Marlborough House, and was astonished into speechlessness on being assured that the happy event had undoubtedly happened, in the course of the preceding night, at about the hour of half-past eleven, English time, adding that the King had been waked soon after one in the morning to have the telegram handed to him. The Editor walked to his club, thinking deeply, and it was with some embarrassment that he exchanged greetings with his assistant about five o'clock at the office.

"Have we the address of that young man, Stafford?" asked the "chief." "It—er—might, perhaps, be worth while to send for and question him."

"I have tried already to find him," said the assistant, "but without success. He left no address when he called, and they know nothing at the lodgings he occupied more than a year ago when he was on the paper."

Something before midnight, when the pages would soon be passed finally for press, the great Editor was amazed at himself to find that he was becoming unaccountably fidgety. It was with a distinct sense of relief that he took from the hand of a messenger a card bearing the name, "Mr. Robert Stafford." "Show him in," said the Editor, promptly, and the young man entered with a grave bow and a courteous "Good evening, sir."

"You bring me, no doubt, some wonderful piece of news, Mr. Stafford?" questioned the "chief," with an air of condescending jocularity. "What is it to-night? The death of a great man, the discovery of the North Pole——"

"My news to-night is certainly serious," replied the young man. "There is a rising *en masse* of the negroes of the Southern States against the whites. It has been secretly planned for months. A horrible massacre has begun; great parts of Alabama and Georgia are in the hands of the blacks. They first seized the telegraph offices and cut the wires——"

"Then, if the wires were cut to begin with, how can *you* know anything of what has

taken place?" The Editor leaned forward and glared severely at the young man as he launched his crushing question. "Come, come, sir; this won't do! You go too fast! That twice already you have successfully tampered with telegraph clerks, bribing them to give you early information, I can understand—such things have been done before, though it's a risky game and a felony; but that you should come here pretending to know what is happening three thousand miles away, in the Southern States of America, when by your own confession you admit the wires are cut and the districts isolated——" He broke off abruptly and pressed an electric bell upon his table. A messenger came at once. "I wish to cable to New Orleans; telephone immediately to see if the wire's open." The Editor sat frowning and drumming with a paper-knife on the table, casting now and then a suspicious glance at his visitor, who stood calmly examining the pattern of the wall-paper. With a quick knock the messenger returned. "They can only take the cable at your risk, sir," he announced. "There's some unexplained interruption at the other end." The Editor dismissed him with a nod, rose to the full height of his imposing figure, and faced his visitor.

"Your extraordinary story seems so far confirmed," he said. "Kindly give me some further particulars."

"I do not know many details yet," was the quiet answer, "though further information will reach me soon. I can only tell you that the blacks are well armed, that there has been fighting in the streets in many places; that a gigantic negro named Joe Paterson, formerly a railway-shunter, seems to be the leading spirit; that whites have been mercilessly butchered in the remoter districts, to the number of many hundreds."

"I should be mad to print all this without the least indication as to how you received the intelligence."

The hint fell on stony ground. "As you will, sir." Stafford moved towards the door with the calm bearing of a Galileo before the council. The Editor had a deep knowledge of human nature, and the confident fire in the introspective eyes caused him a certain discomfort.

"Stay!" Stafford turned on the threshold. "I *will* publish something of this wonderful story," relented the chief; then, his scepticism re-awakening, he wagged a threatening forefinger. "But if you are deceiving me, mind, I shall have no mercy on you—none!" The young man smiled serenely, bowed to the forefinger, and departed.

Next morning the Editor waked at an unusually early hour with all his faculties on the stretch. Sitting up in bed, he opened the *Thunderer* and read the few cautious words in a conspicuous position of the middle page: "As we go to press a rumour reaches us of a rising of negroes in some of the Southern States of the Union, accompanied by sanguinary acts of violence. It is said that the rebellion has been long planned and has already attained alarming dimensions. The rumour is unconfirmed, and we publish it with all reserve." Not one of the other morning papers had any reference to the event.

All day the Editor went about in a mood of apprehension. At his club he was bombarded with questions; the contents bills of an evening paper bore in large letters the words: "Alarming statement in the *Thunderer*. Is it a hoax?" and when he reached his office he found that the American Ambassador and a messenger from the Foreign Office had been among the many callers to inquire into the extraordinary rumour. As the night wore on, to the selfish but infinite relief of the Editor, telegrams began to arrive confirming in the fullest particulars the details which Stafford had supplied the night before. Refugees fleeing to the sea-coast and into neighbouring States carried with them wild tales of a savage uprising of the oppressed blacks, of an awful revenge that was being taken for bloody acts of Lynch-law. United States troops were moving with all speed to the scene; but precise facts were difficult to obtain owing to the continued interruption of the wires. The Editor wiped his forehead, with a sigh of divided emotions. The *Thunderer* had had its "scoop"; but how much more dramatically complete would have been its success if he had dared to give in full, and with assurance, all the particulars with which Stafford had furnished him. In short, the Editor wished that he had "gone nap."

He found himself longing for midnight. For the last three nights midnight and a visit from Stafford had been synonymous. But this time the rule was broken. Midnight came and no Stafford. The "chief" made excuses for stopping late at the office, but at length he had to go home with a vague sense of flatness and disappointment. He was annoyed with himself for his neglect in not having secured the mysterious young

man's address when he called last, though, of course, it would not have done to seem anxious; and he visited his annoyance on the assistant-editor.

Another day passed and still Stafford made no sign. A halfpenny daily published a bit of exclusive news, and the great man asked himself if the finger of his discharged "sub" was in it.

"I wonder if we've lost Stafford?" casually remarked the assistant on the third night. The Editor shrugged his shoulders as if the matter were of no importance, but he had never liked his subordinate less; and, at home and in bed, he dreamed of missing Stafford and a piece of news of world-wide importance. With this dream in his mind he somewhat shamefacedly gave orders that if Mr. Stafford should call that night he was to be at once shown in. Expecting the call he grew quite nervous, and attributed his condition to dyspepsia, but he expected in vain.

On the fifth night, however, he started at the sound of a rap on his door as the clocks had finished striking twelve. Stafford answered his "Come in," and he was only just able to restrain an exclamation of "At last!"

He changed it into a "How do you do?" of marked cordiality, and genially added, "I'm glad to see you again."

"Thank you, sir," replied Stafford. "I saw the advertisement in the *Daily Record*, requesting me to call at the office of the *Thunderer*."

"Oh, indeed—er—I wasn't aware—my assistant perhaps may have thought——" The great man was well-nigh reduced to stammering.

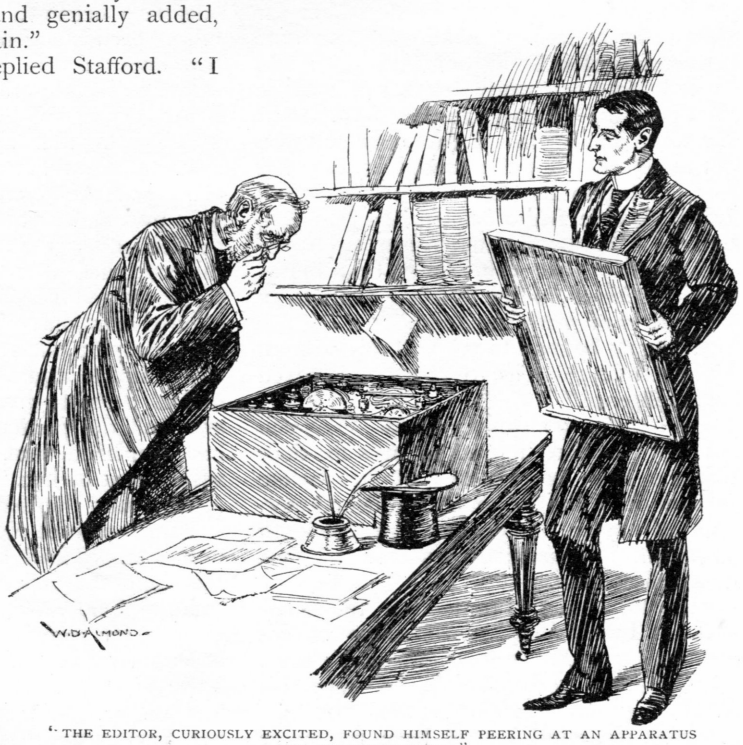
"I beg your pardon," said Stafford; "I supposed it possible that you wished to see me here again, and, not having my address, had adopted that means. Since you don't ——" he took a step towards the door, but the Editor, half rising, arrested him with a gesture.

"I do," he admitted. "I do. Come, Mr. Stafford, the time for mystery has gone by. You have proved your point beyond a doubt. Do you want me to believe you a magician, or are you ready to explain by what method you are able to obtain earlier information than newspapers and Governments can command?"

"I've brought it with me in a cab," said Stafford, "in case you would like to see it."

"In a cab?" The echo was almost a gasp, so extraordinary seemed the announcement. But the Editor controlled himself, emulating Stafford's coolness. "Oh, bring it in by all means," he murmured, and sank back in his chair.

Stafford went out and was gone for some minutes. Presently sounds of heavy footsteps, as of men carrying a burden, reached the ears of the "chief," and an instant later Stafford reappeared with a commissionaire. Between them they bore a large rosewood box, which they placed upon a table. When the commissionaire had left them alone Stafford asked permission to lock the door, which was granted. "You know all about Marconi?" he said, with his hand on the box. "Well, I've gone one better, that's all."



"THE EDITOR, CURIOUSLY EXCITED, FOUND HIMSELF PEERING AT AN APPARATUS OF INTRICATE PARTS."

He lifted the lid from the box, and the Editor, curiously excited, found himself peering at an apparatus of intricate parts, with coiled wires, springs, and an automatic printing-machine like that of the familiar "ticker."

"Marconi's difficulty," Stafford went quietly on, "was in his coherer and relay. He used metallic filings in his coherer, which was a little tube, you know. He thought that the coherence was a sort of absolute quantity that was produced in all its completeness by the electric impulse. That was wrong. I have invented a new coherer" (he touched a small upright brass case, with an elaborate net-work of vibrating wires), "and with this I can receive, practically instantaneously, electric impulses transmitted from no matter what distance. The conversion of the electric impulses into visible writing is, of course, simplicity itself."

"Still, I don't understand," said the Editor. "The electric impulses don't reach you by chance. Someone must transmit them, and by a machine similar to this. Am I not right?"

"Perfectly. I patented this machine in every European country and in the States something less than a year ago, a little while after I left the *Thunderer*. I made no public announcement of it at the time, for I wanted to give tests that even *you* could not withstand. I have an aunt, Mrs. D'Arcy —your daughter's friend—who believes in me; she was the only person who did—and she gave me money. I made half-a-dozen transmitters, and took them to half-a-dozen foreign countries. They are in St. Petersburg, in Constantinople, in Berlin, in Paris, in New York, in Yokohama, in the hands of trustworthy persons all in a position to receive early news of important events. These persons are paid by me—they are my correspondents."

"That must cost you something!" murmured the Editor.

"It does, but thanks to the machine itself, I am able to afford it. The first test I made was to take advantage of a piece of early information I got from Wall Street, to go in for a little deal on the Stock Exchange. I cleared £20,000 in a couple of days."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the great man, meditatively, a marvellous vista opening before him.

"Yes. You can quite understand that the field there is practically unlimited; but that isn't much in my line, except in special cases. I leave it to those who care for it."

"And the news of the negro rising! How did you get that?"

"Chance favoured me there. My New York correspondent's a Southerner; he was called South by family business, took his transmitter with him, and sent me early news. You see this lever? It disconnects the machine. I press it down thus, and the apparatus is ready to receive messages." At the instant the "ticker" began to work. Eagerly the Editor watched the words that appeared, transmitted by invisible waves of electric energy straight from the Japanese capital, passing by the shortest path through a great portion of the solid earth itself, penetrating unnoticed, unsuspected, through brick walls or human bodies, able to record themselves on this machine, and on this machine only in the whole world, for it alone was tuned to vibrate sympathetically with the transmitting instrument.

"Yokohama," the message began. "Grave news has just arrived that the Russians have landed in force in Korea and have captured the capital by a *coup de main*. Intense indignation here. Frenzied crowds in the streets. The Japanese Government has declared war, and orders for mobilization of the entire forces of the country have been issued." Then, suddenly, the ticker was still.

When the business of sending the momentous news to press was over, and an enormous "scoop" assured for next morning's *Thunderer* (there were to be no doubts, no reservations this time), the Editor turned to Stafford, who stood thoughtfully beside his closed rosewood box.

"You're a wonderful fellow—a valuable man for England!" he enthusiastically exclaimed. "Now, how much will you take to give the *Thunderer* the exclusive use of this instrument? Shall we say ten thousand a year?"

"Money does not tempt me as it once might — a year ago, for instance," said Stafford.

"Twenty thousand, my dear fellow."

"You see, I can easily make five times that sum."

"But, look here, you *came* to me. You gave me news worth thousands. You must have had some object in doing that."

"I had."

"Well?"

"I wanted to remind you, if I got the chance, that you had asked me to call again when I could prove that I wasn't mad and could make an income of ten thousand a year. You said then that when that was the case I might refer to a subject you wished closed for that day. It has been nearer to my heart ever since than anything else. Do you remember what it was, sir?"

"Good gracious, you wanted to marry my daughter!"

"And do want it, more than ever."

"Are you driving a bargain with me, my boy?"

"That would be about it, sir, if only I were at all sure of her. She—I think she liked me once. But I promised you to say nothing without your consent. And that's a year ago."

The Editor stroked his beard.

"H'm!" he ejaculated. "I—er—I've had you a good deal in my mind these last five days. I'd never spoken to my daughter about you before, but I did mention your name yesterday, quite—er—incidentally. I told her you were back in town and had called at the office."

"What did she say?" asked Stafford, a flash of eagerness escaping his calm eyelids.

"She didn't say much, but—she got rather red. I never saw her look so pretty. When I went out she—kissed me twice, and ran upstairs singing, some love song or other. I wondered what made her so demonstrative; she isn't like that as a rule. But—er—if one puts two and two together, it strikes me there mightn't be any great difficulty in our coming to terms. And, by Jove, I should be proud, Mr. Stafford, to have you for my son-in-law."

Stafford held out his hand. The Editor shook it.

"I TOLD HER YOU WERE BACK IN TOWN."

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LXIX.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

FAIR TRADE.

ACCORDING to present appearances the next General Election is afar off. But, as experience in 1874 and 1880 testifies, General Elections sometimes come like a thief in the night. What will be the main plank of the platform on which the present Government will stand to claim a renewal of office? In 1895 they came in as defenders of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland. Last year they were returned to office on the crest of the wave of war in South Africa. What next?

MR. FLAVIN IN AN ORATORICAL MOOD.

Aware of the risk of prophesying "onless you know," I, putting it less assertively, will say I should not be surprised to see His Majesty's present Government go to the country under the flag of Fair Trade. It is probable that in such case his colleagues must be prepared to part with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Even that is not an absolute necessity. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is a stout Free-Trader, but the exigencies of the hour have compelled him to put a shilling duty on export of coal. That, as Mr. Flavin in an oratorical moment would say, is opening the door to the thin end of the wedge. For the rest His Majesty's Ministers, one and all, are open to conviction on the question of Fair Trade.

The basis of my own suspicion in the matter is knowledge of the fact that one of the most powerful and persuasive of them is already converted. Remembering his history and his early personal associations, a very startling conversion it is. But in the present Cabinet there have been others to equal it.

FLEECING THE CHOSEN OF THE FLOCK.

On his installation the new Bishop of London had his experience enlarged in the field of fees. It is a high honour to be selected for a seat on the Episcopal Bench. The honour bestowed, it seems the most natural thing in the world to take the seat and there an end on't. But that is only the beginning of it. As everyone knows, whilst the gift of a Bishopric rests with the Prime Minister, the nominee is elected by the Bench of Bishops. Virtually by command of the Sovereign, the Crown Office issues a *congé d'élire*. This means money, which has to come out of the Bishop's pocket. The warrant costs £10; the certificate, £16 10s.; letters patent, £30; the docquet, 2s. The Episcopal Bench, having duly elected the nominee of the Prime Minister, return the name to the Crown Office and the Royal Assent is signified. This involves duplication of the charges, with the difference that the cost of the certificate is increased by 10s. to make it even money.

Next follows a process known as restitution of temporalities. In pursuance of this duty the new Bishop is fined £10 for the warrant, £31 10s. 6d. for the certificate, £30 for letters patent, and the inevitable 2s. for the docquet, a hardship only partially lightened by spelling the word with a "q" and a "u." These sums disbursed, the new Bishop reasonably thinks he may retire to his palace, if the See provides one. But the Home Office next steps on the scene and demands Exchequer fees. The *congé d'élire*, already handsomely paid for, means another £7 13s. 6d. Equal sums are demanded for letters recommendatory, Royal Assent, and restitution of temporalities. The oath of homage is thrown in for £6 6s. 6d., which the Biblical knowledge of the Bishop will

THE BISHOP'S BILL—"DEAR ME! LONDON'S A DREADFULLY EXPENSIVE PLACE."

remind him is the number of the Beast. Next comes the Board of Green Cloth demanding £15 0s. 2d. (what was it Mr. Mantalini said about the coppers?), being homage fees to be distributed among the heralds and the Earl Marshal.

On the Bishop taking his seat in the House of Lords, gentlemen in the Lord Great Chamberlain's Office fob £5. The Cathedral bellringers get £10 10s. for jubilation on the ceremony of enthronization, the choir being paid £6 17s. 4d. On the same happy occasion the Precentor draws £10 10s. and the chapter clerk £9 14s. 8d., this last in addition to £21 6s. 8d., his fees on the Bishop's election. The Archbishop's officers are not backward in coming forward to congratulate the new Bishop. The Secretary bringing the Archbishop's fiat for confirmation collars £17 10s. The Vicar-General draws fees on confirmation amounting to £31 0s. 10d., with £10 5s. to spend on the church where the ceremony takes place. Nine guineas go to the Deputy-Registrar as fees on mandate of induction, the customary fee to the Bishop's secretaries payable on such occasion being £36 5s.

The clerk at the Crown Office is fain to be satisfied with a humble gratuity of half a guinea, less than you would tip your boy at Eton or Harrow. But this moderation is only apparent. He pockets two guineas for what he calls petty expenses, and when the Bishop takes his seat in the House of Lords he claims no less than £14.

The total amount of fees payable on entering a bishopric, made up of these quaint details, is £423 19s. 2d. Curates for whom the Episcopal Bench is on the distant, peradventure unapproachable, horizon will recognise, with secret pleasure, that the high estate has its drawbacks. In parish annals there is a well-known story of a gifted clerk on the occasion of the visit of the Bishop giving out a paraphrased version of the hymn:—

Why skip ye so, ye little hills, and wherefore do ye hop?
Is it because you're glad to see His Grace the Lord Bi-shop?

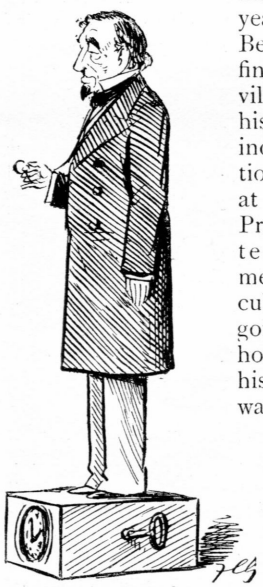
That is questionable. There can be no doubt skipping and hopping (figuratively, of course) go on at the Crown Office, the Home Office, the Office of the Lord Great Chamberlain, in the Archbishop's offices, in the precincts of the Dean and Chapter, and eke at the Board of Green Cloth, when a new Bishop is nominated. The exercise is more vigorous when an Archbishop comes to the throne, since in his case the fees are doubled.

CHAOS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The casual procedure in the House of Lords contrasts sharply with the well-ordered and strictly-obeyed precepts of the House of Commons. Practically there is no discipline of debate in the House of Lords. Though the Lord Chancellor is called the Speaker, and draws £4,000 a year as emolument of the office, he has no authority over members even remotely akin to that wielded in the House of Commons from the Chair. He cannot call to order a member wandering from the chorus of debate; he may not call upon one peer to succeed another. If, as has occasionally happened, two peers rise together, each declining to give way, motion is made that one or other shall take precedence, and thereupon the House divides.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S DILEMMA.

In one of Lord Beaconsfield's last appearances in the House of Lords it seemed for a while that such collision was imminent. Towards the close of an important debate Lord Granville presented himself at the table to fulfil the appointed duty of Leader of the Opposition, winding up debate from his side of the House, to be followed in due course by the Premier. At the same moment Lord Beaconsfield rose, and began a speech. Lord Granville, gentlest and most courteous of men, found this more than he could stand. He angrily protested, seemed for a while inclined to insist on his right, but finally gave way. A year later, when Lord Beaconsfield was at final rest, Lord Granville told the secret history of the strange incident. In anticipation of making a speech at a particular hour the Premier had administered to himself a medical stimulant calculated to keep him going for the necessary hour he would be on his legs. The debate was unexpectedly prolonged. The time had come when he must speak, and speak he did. Lord Granville took the opportunity of expressing



WOUND UP AND TIMED.

his profound regret that, ignorant of the tragic necessity that environed the aged Premier, he had even for a moment stood in his way.

RATHER MIXED.

The most striking illustration of the absolute helplessness of the House of Lords in the absence of Standing Orders such as govern debate in the Commons is within the memory of many now seated in the Chamber. The second reading of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill being put down for a certain Monday, a noble lord resident in Scotland prepared an elaborate speech and set out for London. Timing his journey so as to reach Euston shortly after noon, he missed connection with the London train, and found it impossible to be at Westminster till the next day. On arriving at the House of Lords he found that the first business was a resolution on the subject of opening museums on a Sunday. He had with him the manuscript of his precious speech on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. It was too good to be lost. He might, of course, save it till next year, when the hardy annual would reappear. But life is uncertain ; there is no time like the present.

Accordingly, when the noble lord in charge of the resolution on the Opening Museums on Sundays had made an end of speaking, the noble baron, who holds historic rank in the peerage of Scotland, followed, and delivered his speech on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. The Lord Chancellor sat aghast on the Woolsack. The few peers present moved restlessly in their seats and deprecatingly coughed. No one had power to stop the bold baron, who went on to the uttermost sentence.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND DOWNING STREET.

To the difficult and delicate question of the private occupations and public appointments of His Majesty's Ministers, Lord Salisbury, with his accustomed freshness, contributed the appointment of Lord Hardwicke to the India Office. The Under-Secretary of State for India was, at the time of his appointment, a working member of a London Stock Exchange firm. Heretofore it had been regarded as a moot point whether a member of the Ministry might properly hold connection with a business firm. To have one roaming all over the Stock Exchange was an arrangement that nearly took away the breath of so imperturbable a body as the House of Lords. The question being formally raised, Lord Hardwicke frankly explained that he could not afford, for the prize of the temporary emolument of a Minister of the Crown, to abandon his business in the City. All he could promise was that he would cut his connection with his firm as long as he was Secretary of State for India.

There the amazing matter ended, a new and startling precedent having been created in one of Lord Salisbury's wanton moments. Some of the Premier's predecessors have taken another view of the matter. Lord Rosebery seized the occasion unreservedly to express his during the debate that arose on the Hardwicke incident. Mr. Gladstone was exigent in insistence on the wholesome rule that precludes possibility of conflict between personal financial considerations and the interests of the State. I remember Mr. Mundella telling me at the time he accepted office in 1892 that he did so at actual pecuniary sacrifice. The salary of President of the Board of Trade did not cover the aggregate amount of income derived by him from various directorships. He resigned a considerable number. Unfortunately he retained his seat on the Board of a New Zealand loan company, whose affairs coming into Court were made the subject of drastic comment by the presiding judge. The consequence was Mr. Mundella's abrupt retirement from public life honourably pursued through many years.

THE LATE MR. STANSFELD AND MAZZINI.

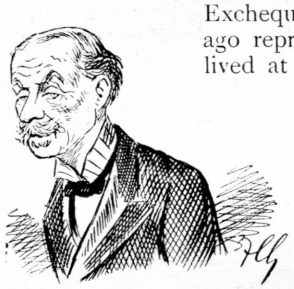
A DEBIT AND CREDIT ACCOUNT.

Mr. Childers, more fortunate in the conclusion of the matter, was, like Mr. Mundella, a sufferer in pocket when he first joined a Ministry. When, in 1864, Mr. Stansfeld was driven out of office in connection with the Mazzini incident, Lord Palmerston offered Mr. Childers office as Junior Lord of the Admiralty. Always a business man, the young member for Pomfret, undazzled by the opening, consulted his ledger, and found that, consequent upon necessary resignations of company directorships, acceptance of the post would involve a sacrifice of £2,100 a

year. After some hesitation, finding it would be permissible to retain some of his salaried directorships, he accepted the post. This last concession was communicated in a letter from Mr. Brand, then Whip of the Liberal Party, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons. It is valuable as an authority upon an ever-recurring question.

"Lord Palmerston," Mr. Brand wrote, "desires me to say he sees no objection to a member of the Government retaining other employment, provided that employment can be carried on without prejudice to the Queen's Service, which has the paramount claim. Subject to that rule, he leaves it to you to determine what class of business you may, as a member of the Government, properly retain. He thinks that the rule should be applied with strictness to foreign undertakings."

This is a pretty generous construction of the problem, quite in keeping with Pam's easy-going disposition. It will be remembered it was by a breach of the one imperative condition that poor Lord Henry Lennox came to grief. If, in spite of all temptation, he had never become a director of the Lisbon Tramways Co. he might have shared to the end the spoils of his friend Mr. Disraeli's victory at the polls of 1874.



THE LATE LORD HENRY LENNOX.

DOD'S GRANDFATHER.

An appreciative reader of these pages has sent me a little volume of rare interest. To give it its full title it is: "The Royal Calendar or Complete and Correct Annual Register for England, Scotland, Ireland, and America for the year 1801." A principal feature is a list of members of the eighteenth Parliament of Great Britain summoned to meet for their first Session in September, 1796. "Printed for J. Debrett, Piccadilly," it is the progenitor of the volume known to later generations as Dod.

Looking down the list of members sitting in the House of Commons exactly a hundred years ago I am struck by recurrence of names familiar in the House sitting to-day and in others that have immediately preceded it. There is Nisbet Balfour, a Lieutenant-General in the Army, Colonel of the 39th Regiment. He shared the representation of Arundel with a member of the family name of the member for Shrewsbury, and of an even better known Mr. Greene who had a seat in the Parliament of 1874. There is a Samuel Whitbread and a Robert John Buxton, who both had kinsmen sitting in the last Parliament, one still on the Front Opposition Bench.

When George III. was King there was in the House of Commons a John Lubbock, banker, in London, as there was through many years of the reign of Queen Victoria. Also there was a Benjamin Hobhouse and a James Stuart Wortley, Recorder of the borough of Boffiney, Cornwall, for which he sat at Westminster. We have a Stuart Wortley in the House to-day. But where is the borough of Boffiney, which a hundred years ago returned two members to Parliament? There is a John Whitmore, a Charles Sturt, a Robert Manners, a Michael Hicks-Beach, forebear of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who a hundred years ago represented Cirencester, and lived at Williamstrip Park, Gloucestershire. There is a Cavendish Bentinck, whereas a recent Parliament had two, familiarly known as "Big Ben" and "Little Ben," both gone over to the majority. There is a Robert Curzon, not of the family of the Viceroy of India, but a progenitor of the popular Ministerial Whip, Lord Randolph Churchill's brother-in-law, who last Session left the Commons to take his seat in the Upper House.

The earlier days of the century saw a Sir Henry Fletcher in the House of Commons, as did its closing term. There was John Lowther, Charles Villiers, of course Sir Watkin Williams Wynn; Lord George Cavendish, only brother of the Duke of Devonshire; Cropley Ashley, brother of Lord Shaftesbury; Edward Bouverie, Thomas Wyndham, Sir Edward Knatchbull, a Sam Smith unfamiliar with modern music-halls, knowing nothing of Piccadilly at midnight; William Montagu Scott, who never dreamed a lineal descendant among members of the House of Commons would call himself Scott Montagu and drive a motor-car; Charles Long, of Trinton Hall, Suffolk; Thomas Manners Sutton, later Speaker of the House; Sir Matthew White Ridley, representing Newcastle-on-Tyne; Charles Shaw-Lefevre, another name later on connected with the Speaker's Chair; Lionel Damer, to whom sixty years after succeeded Dawson Damer, whose eccentricities occasionally disturbed the Parliament of 1874; Edward Stanley; Leveson Gower; Lord

William Russell, youngest brother of the Duke of Bedford; Simon Harcourt; William Brodrick, Secretary to the East India Board; John Henry Petty, son of the Marquis of Lansdowne; Lord John Douglas Campbell, second son of the Duke of Argyll.

Amongst members of this Parliament whose names live in history was Spencer Perceval, who at that time held no higher post than the extinct one, doubtless carrying a good salary, of Surveyor of the Meltings and Clerk of the Irons in the Mint. In 1809 he became Prime Minister, and was done to death by Bellingham, who shot him as he entered the Lobby of the House on 11th May, 1812. The spot where he fell is marked to this day by a brass plate let into the floor of what is now the corridor leading from the Houses of Parliament into Old Palace Yard.

George Canning, member for Wendover, Bucks, was Joint Paymaster of the Forces, a Commissioner for the Affairs of India, and Receiver-General of the Alienation Office, a post long ago alienated from connection with the Exchequer in the way of salary. Charles Fox was seated for the City of Westminster; whilst the Right Hon. Henry Temple Viscount Palmerston, LL.D., sat for Winchester, living during the Session at East Sheen; through the recess at his later more famous country seat, Broadlands. William Wilberforce, not yet having tackled the slavery question, sat for Yorkshire, a broad area, whose representation he shared with Henry Lascelles, son of Lord Harewood.

"PAM" AS A WINCHESTER BOY.

MINISTERIAL SALARIES.

Considerable variation in the amount of Ministerial salaries has taken place in the past century. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a hundred years ago Lord Grenville, was paid at the rate of £2,500 a year, against the £5,000 Lord Lansdowne to-day receives. Mr. Dundas, Secretary of State for War, had £2,000 a year, against Mr. Brodrick's £5,000. On the other hand, the Duke of Portland, Home Secretary, drew £6,000 against Mr. Ritchie's five. There was then no Secretary of State for India, but Mr. Dundas, President of the Board of Commissioners for the Affairs of India, received £2,000. William Pitt did exceedingly well in the matter of salaries. As First Lord of the Treasury he received £4,000. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he had another £1,800, whilst as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports he had not only Walmer Castle for a residence, but a payment of £3,000 a year to maintain it.

THE MACE AND THE SOVEREIGN.

The following interesting note, which reaches me from a well-known member of the House of Commons, further illustrates two points dealt with in the May Number: "I have been reading THE STRAND MAGAZINE, and there are in relation to your remarks two incidents which perhaps may be worth your notice. At the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's which took place shortly after my father was first elected to the Chair of the House of Commons many and earnest discussions took place as what was to be done with the Mace when the Queen entered the Cathedral. One person suggested that the Serjeant and Mace should pop behind a pillar when Her Majesty entered. Eventually it was arranged that a velvet covering should be thrown over it as the Queen entered.

"The second matter is, that I was Treasurer in Her Majesty's Household in Lord Rosebery's Government, and when one dined with the Speaker the funniest operation had to be gone through. By the antiquated table of precedence I ought to have gone in first. In order to obviate this Sir W. Harcourt walked in boldly first, and my name was then halloaed by the Secretary. I was forewarned as to all this; but it was very funny."

MRS. MAYBRICK.

Since the appearance in the November Number of THE STRAND of some remarks therein made in connection with the late Lord Chief Justice and Mrs. Maybrick, I have received many evidences of the interest the case still excites on the other side of the Atlantic. I have refrained from recurring to the matter, my part in the controversy being to contribute to its guidance some statements made to me by Lord Russell of Killowen, Mrs. Maybrick's advocate, and Lord Llandaff, the first Home Secretary whose duty it was to revise the judgment arrived at in the Criminal

Court in Liverpool, presided over by Mr. Justice Stephen.

I have, however, been much struck by a passage in one of the newspapers forwarded to me. "When," it is written, "Mr. Lucy holds up his hands in astonishment at the marvellous consensus of opinion of various Home Secretaries he seems to us to manifest remarkable blindness—for one so long Behind the Speaker's Chair—as to the vicarious nature of that opinion. It is more possible that the conclusions of Mr. Matthews, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Matthew White Ridley were all drawn for them by the same gentleman, or at least that the same gentleman helped these various Home Secretaries to come to the same conclusion."

THEY ALL SAID "NO."

HOME OFFICE DOCUMENTS.

I confess that this touches an important point. The papers which at his request were furnished to Lord Llandaff when he was at the Home Office were doubtless selected and submitted under the direction of the judge whose evil opinion of the prisoner was unconcealed. The Home Secretary of the day having dealt with the documents, they would be pigeon-holed for future reference. Unless some important fresh evidence in the meantime turned up, Mr. Asquith would have precisely the same data on which to form a judgment. Sir Matthew White Ridley would in turn be similarly limited, and so with Mr. Ritchie.

Assuming the possibility of animus being shown in the selection of the papers, of which there is no proof, this state of things, to a certain extent, diminishes the effect of the opinion in which a succession of Home Secretaries have shown themselves united.

HOW THE HOME SECRETARIES PROCEEDED.

Lord Llandaff's precise position is set forth in his public statement of the reason that induced him to commute the capital sentence to penal servitude for life. "Although," he said, "the evidence leads clearly to the conclusion that the prisoner administered and attempted to administer arsenic to her husband with intent to murder, yet it does not wholly exclude reasonable doubt whether his death was in fact caused by the administration of arsenic."

That sentence coldly and accurately conveys the impression Lord Llandaff enlarged upon in private conversation some time after he quitted the Home Office. He, indeed, went so far as to declare his belief that Mrs. Maybrick, having deliberately planned and systematically carried out murderous design, she ought to have been hanged. But, eagerly catching at doubt of the efficacy of her efforts, he advised the Queen to respite the wretched woman.

In that view, arrived at, I believe, by the same pathways, two successive Home Secretaries have concurred. Mr. Asquith, challenged on the subject, protested that "As in every criminal case coming before me, I carefully examined the case of Mrs. Maybrick. I did not feel bound by the decision of my predecessor in office. I brought to bear upon it such judgment as I possess, and I decided honestly, conscientiously, with absolute impartiality."

Everyone who knows Mr. Asquith will accept that assurance to its fullest extent.

A Lightning Modeller.

By Frank Holmfield.

Illustrations from Photographs.

THERE are tremendous possibilities in a lump of modelling clay—when manipulated by a skilled artist.

Such will be the conclusion that must be arrived at by anyone who has witnessed, at the London Pavilion, the remarkable performance of Mr. De Bessell, before whose lissom fingers an unshapely mass of brown mud-mixture assumes, in an almost incredibly short space of time, forms and features as true to life as may be.

There is a slap-dash and "go-ahead" style about Mr. De Bessell's work which adds to his artistic performance a drollness irresistible to most people. Whilst he is always thoroughly in earnest, he manages—I will not say unconsciously — to make the most hardened cynic chuckle with mirth.

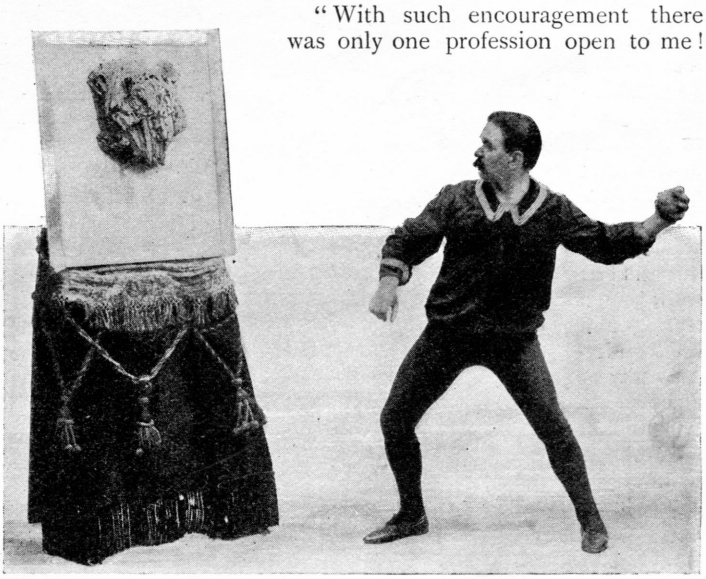
His is a truly unique entertainment. With an oblong slab of wood fitted upon an ordinary easel, and supplemented by a big lump of the necessary material and ten deftly artistic fingers, he can produce effects simply marvellous in detail, considering the wonderfully short time occupied.

The smart variety theatre "turn" known as "lightning modelling" originated with Mr. De Bessell. And he may be said to have retained a monopoly of the interesting and amusing entertainment. Of course, there are the usual crop of imitation "acts." The writer has seen some of these. But in skill, artistic effect, and humour they are simply not in the running with the original. To produce a first-class caricature in clay of, say, Mr. Kruger within a space of 100sec. is a feat not to be tackled by any save the smartest modellers. And certainly Mr. De Bessell is smart, ahead of all others.

One can't become a successful lightning modeller at a moment's notice — nor at a year's, for the matter of that! It has taken the subject of this article the greater portion of his lifetime to reach the standard of smartness and artistic completeness.

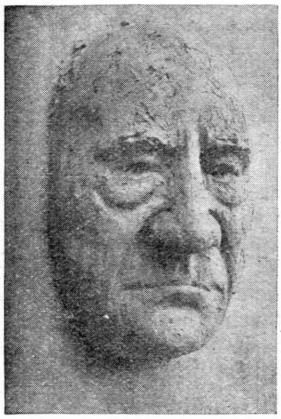
"From my very earliest schooldays," said Mr. De Bessell to me, "I always had a liking for such work. They told me, too, that my mud pies and sand castles were always eminently superior to the efforts of my most enthusiastic playfellows! I have even been complimented," went on the clay king humorously, "by one of my school teachers on the excellence of what I'm afraid was a rather rude caricature model of his own face!

"With such encouragement there was only one profession open to me!



HURLING THE CLAY AT THE MODELLING SLAB.

I went on the stage! Yes; after a great deal of study under some of the best masters in the States"—Mr. De Bessell hails therefrom—"I saw that there was an opening for such an original 'turn.' There was absolutely nothing like it. It was quite new. And you know what managers want. They are always crying out for novelty—and not often with success, so scarce has become the material to be drawn upon.



KRUGER BEFORE GETTING HIS HAT AND WHISKERS.

"It was not long before I found myself in England — by the way, what an extraordinary theatre-going nation England is! The enormous patronage given to the 'halls' particularly astonishes us Americans, even accustomed as we have been to big audiences."

Clay modelling on the stage would be rather slow under ordinary methods of manipulation. In fact, it would not "go" were there not plenty of life and dash introduced.

Mr. De Bessell's methods "fill the bill." As soon as he has made his bow to the audience he catches up a great chunk of clay in his hands. Standing a yard or two away from the modelling slab he hurls lump after lump, with unerring aim and wonderful rapidity, at its centre, to the sound of lively orchestral tunes.

THE HAT AND WHISKERS ARE ADDED.

Every lump is thrown with a particular purpose, and even before the artist's fingers touch it the outline of a face is plainly discernible. As soon as he has hurled the last lump at the slab, with a rush he has crossed to the easel and with extraordinary swiftness his fingers are darting hither and thither. A dab here, a pinch there, a rub yonder, a punch below—those deft fingers get in their work. Not a tool is used from beginning to end, only the fingers. In and out, out and in, they twist and twirl in a truly bewildering fashion.

"DE WET'S SLIPPED THROUGH!"

In something like fifteen seconds that mass of brown clay has been pinched, punched, rubbed, and shoved into features which the spectator begins to recognise as having come within his vision somewhere at some time—he can't exactly say. Fingers and thumbs raise both eyebrows in a certain peculiar twist only known to be characteristic of one man—"the whole discovery is now found out," as they say in the melodramas. Those eyebrows have given the necessary expression to the incomplete features. It is our old friend Kruger! But where are his famous whiskers? Wait a moment.

A few little lumps of clay are flung from the lightning modeller's hands. They form a fringe to the face—and are Kruger's whiskers in embryo. A few quick dashes of the artist's fingers, and the hirsute

"DE WET'S CAUGHT!"

ornamentation is complete!

Kruger's hat has played as big a part in caricature as did the collar of a famous statesman. Without his hat Kruger would be a mere nonentity. Shall this particular Kruger remain hatless? Never! Grabbing up one more lump of the pliable clay, Mr. De Bessell's fingers soon model it into the typical old "topper" of renown. Another second and it is reposing, somewhat jauntily perhaps, on the well-worn cranium. Kruger is all there. The entire operation has taken up 1min. 43 2-5sec. by Benson's chronograph.

MODELLING AN OLD WOMAN.

Who has ever seen a picture of Kruger otherwise than depicting a very worried state of mind? Well, Mr. De Bessell shows us what Oom Paul would look like if he were ever persuaded to smile. The effect, however, is not particularly complimentary. Even though adorned with a smile, Kruger refuses to be beautiful. The model is now supposed to represent Kruger on hearing for the tenth time that De Wet has "slipped through."

SHE LAUGHS.

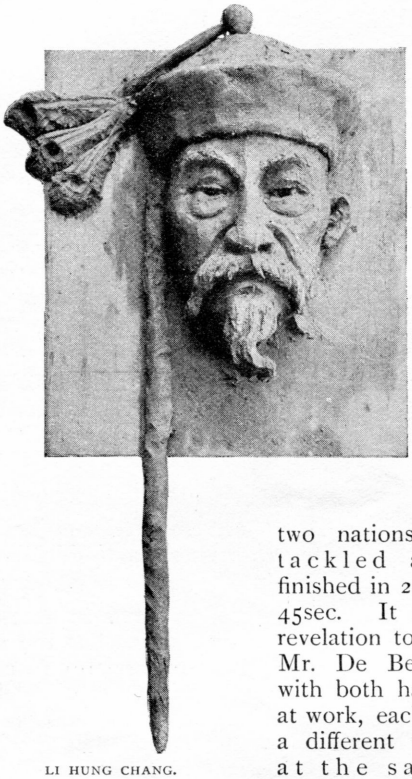
Another movement or two of the artist's deft hands, and lo! we see Kruger as he will be when the sad but inevitable news arrives at last that "De Wet is captured."

The next operation of the clay shows that the venerable Boer is to be made good use of. His whiskers are whisked away; his hat decapitated and turned into an old woman's bonnet. The features are still Kruger's, but the change in accessories has transmogrified him into an old woman in a state of intense grief. This presently changes to a different frame of mind, until a punch below the chin from the modeller's clenched fist produces a lugubrious effect on the old lady's features.

Next we are treated to another lightning production of a present-day celebrity. This is no less a personage than Li Hung Chang, who, with pig-tail, peacock's feathers and all, turns from a mass of clay to an excellent model of the wily Chinese statesman in the course of 1min. 25$\frac{3}{5}$sec. A truly wonderful feat.

A PUNCH UNDER THE CHIN AND SHE WEEPS.

"John Bull and Jonathan," a tribute to the excellent feeling existing between the



LI HUNG CHANG.

two nations, is tackled and finished in 2min. 45sec. It is a revelation to see Mr. De Bessell with both hands at work, each on a different face, at the same time!

Such an entertainment does not run for any length of time without meeting with some odd little experiences. I have referred to the hurling of the clay from Mr. De Bessell's hands on to the modelling slab. This has led to more than one little humorous episode, as the following anecdote proves—the victim might differ as to the point of the humour.

In Vienna last year the lightning modeller had begun as usual to hurl the clay upon the slab preparatory to forming a caricature. He stood about two yards away. He had barely begun to throw when the electric light throughout the theatre was accidentally turned off. Thinking that it would be a good hit if, during the temporary darkness, he could get the caricature partly done, the modeller continued hurling the clay. Suddenly he heard an awful howl of agony. At the same

LI HUNG CHANG IS THROWN AWAY.

moment the electric light was switched on discovering the stage manager (who had rushed across the dark stage to see what had happened to the lights) endeavouring to remove from his features a huge lump of the clay, which, coming with full force from the modeller's hand, had struck him across the eyes, which were black for days afterwards.

JOHN BULL AND JONATHAN—MODELLED SIMULTANEOUSLY, ONE WITH EACH HAND.

[The writer desires to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Frank Glenister, the manager of the Pavilion, in enabling the accompanying photographs to be secured under difficult circumstances.—F. H.]

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. Jacobs

CHAPTER VI.

FOR the first few days after his return Sunwich was full of surprises to Jem Hardy. The town itself had changed but little, and the older inhabitants were for the most part easily recognisable, but time had wrought wonders among the younger members of the population : small boys had attained to whiskered manhood, and small girls passing into well-grown young women had in some cases changed even their names.

The most astonishing and gratifying instance of the wonders effected by time was that of Miss Nugent. He saw her first at the window, and with a ready recognition of the enchantment lent by distance took the first possible opportunity of a closer observation. He then realized the enchantment afforded by proximity. The second opportunity led him impetuously into a draper's shop, where a magnificent shop-walker, after first ceremoniously handing him a high cane chair, passed on his order for pins in a deep and thrilling baritone, and retired in good order.

By the end of a week his observations were completed, and Kate Nugent, securely enthroned in his mind as the incarnation of feminine grace and beauty, left but little room for other matters. On his second Sunday at home, to his father's great surprise, he attended church, and after contemplating Miss Nugent's back hair for an hour and a half came home and spoke eloquently and nobly on "burying hatchets," "healing old sores," "letting bygones be bygones," and kindred topics.

"I never take much notice of sermons myself," said the captain, misunderstanding.

"Sermon ?" said his son. "I wasn't thinking of the sermon, but I saw Captain Nugent there, and I remembered the stupid quarrel between you. It's absurd that it should go on indefinitely."

"Why, what does it matter ?" inquired the other, staring. "Why shouldn't it ? Perhaps it's the music that's affected you ; some of those old hymns——"

"It wasn't the sermon and it wasn't the hymns," said his son, disdainfully ; "it's just common sense. It seems to me that the enmity between you has lasted long enough."

"I don't see that it matters," said the captain ; "it doesn't hurt me. Nugent goes his way and I go mine, but if I ever get a chance at the old man, he'd better look out. He wants a little of the starch taken out of him."

"Mere mannerism," said his son.

"He's as proud as Lucifer, and his girl takes after him," said the innocent captain. "By the way, she's grown up a very good-looking girl. You take a look at her the next time you see her."

His son stared at him.

"She'll get married soon, I should think," continued the other. "Young Murchison, the new doctor here, seems to be the favourite. Nugent is backing him, so they say ; I wish him joy of his father-in-law."

"THE MOST ASTONISHING AND GRATIFYING INSTANCE OF THE WONDERS EFFECTED BY TIME WAS THAT OF MISS NUGENT."

Jem Hardy took his pipe into the garden, and, pacing slowly up and down the narrow paths, determined, at any costs, to save Dr. Murchison from such a father-in-law and Kate Nugent from any husband except of his choosing. He took a seat under an old apple tree and, musing in the twilight, tried in vain to think of ways and means of making her acquaintance.

Meantime they passed each other as strangers, and the difficulty of approaching her only made the task more alluring. In the second week he reckoned up that he had seen her nine times. It was a satisfactory

Copyright, 1901, by W. W. Jacobs in the United States of America.

total, but at the same time he could not shut his eyes to the fact that five times out of that number he had seen Dr. Murchison as well, and neither of them appeared to have seen him.

He sat thinking it over in the office one hot afternoon. Mr. Adolphus Swann, his partner, had just returned from lunch, and for about the fifth time that day was arranging his white hair and short, neatly-pointed beard in a small looking-glass. Over the top of it he glanced at Hardy, who, leaning back in his chair, bit his pen and stared hard at a paper before him.

"Is that the manifest of the *North Star?*" he inquired.

"No," was the reply.

Mr. Swann put his looking-glass away and watched the other as he crossed over to the window and gazed through the small, dirty panes at the bustling life of the harbour below. For a short time Hardy stood gazing in silence, and then, suddenly crossing the room, took his hat from a peg and went out.

"Restless," said the senior partner, wiping his folders with great care and putting them on. "Wonder where he's put that manifest."

He went over to the other's desk and opened a drawer to search for it. Just inside was a sheet of foolscap, and Mr. Swann with growing astonishment slowly mastered the contents.

"See her as often as possible."

"Get to know some of her friends."

"Try and get hold of the old lady."

"Find out her tastes and ideas."

"Show my hand before Murchison has it all his own way."

"It seems to me," said the bewildered shipbroker, carefully replacing the paper, "that my young friend is looking out for another partner. He hasn't lost much time."

He went back to his seat and resumed his work. It occurred to him that he ought to let his partner know what he had seen, and when Hardy returned he had barely seated himself before Mr. Swann with a mysterious smile crossed over to him, bearing a sheet of foolscap.

"Try and dress as well as my partner," read the astonished Hardy. "What's the matter with my clothes? What do you mean?"

Mr. Swann, in place of answering, returned to his desk and, taking up another sheet of foolscap, began to write again, holding up his hand for silence as Hardy repeated his question. When he had finished his task he brought it over and placed it in the other's hand.

"Take her little brother out for walks."

Hardy crumpled the paper up and flung it aside. Then, with his face crimson, he stared wrathfully at the benevolent Swann.

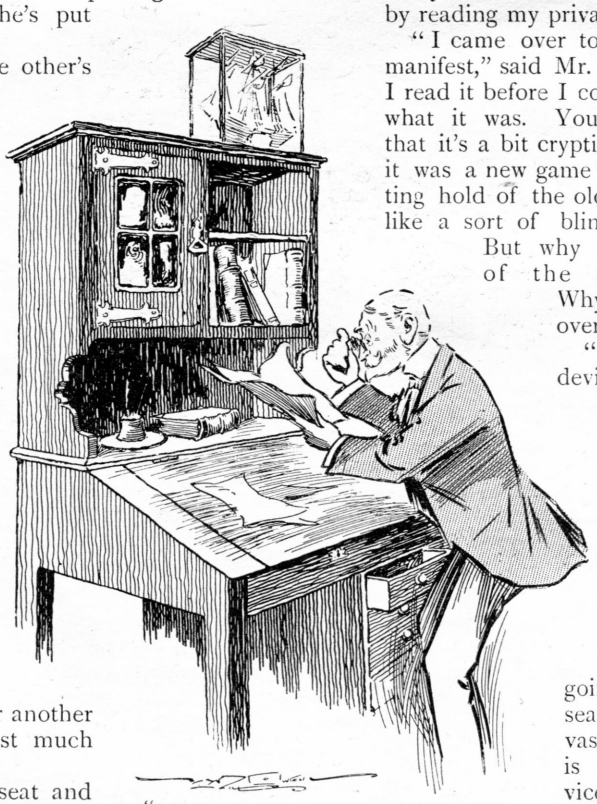
"It's the safest card in the pack," said the latter. "You please everybody; especially the little brother. You should always hold his hand—it looks well for one thing, and if you shut your eyes——"

"I don't want any of your nonsense," said the maddened Jem. "What do you mean by reading my private papers?"

"I came over to look for the manifest," said Mr. Swann, "and I read it before I could make out what it was. You must admit that it's a bit cryptic. I thought it was a new game at first. Getting hold of the old lady sounds like a sort of blind-man's buff. But why not get hold of the young one? Why waste time over——"

"Go to the devil," said the junior partner.

"Any more suggestions I can give you, you are heartily welcome to," said Mr. Swann, going back to his seat. "All my vast experience is at your service, and the best and sweet-



"MR. SWANN WITH GROWING ASTONISHMENT SLOWLY MASTERED THE CONTENTS."

est and prettiest girls in Sunwich regard me as a sort of second father."

"What's a second father?" inquired Jem, looking up—"a grandfather?"

"Go your own way," said the other; "I wash my hands of you. You're not in earnest, or you'd clutch at any straw. But let me give you one word of advice. Be careful how you get hold of the old lady; let her understand from the commencement that it isn't her."

Mr. Hardy went on with his work. There was a pile of it in front of him and an accumulation in his drawers. For some time he wrote assiduously, but work was dry after the subject they had been discussing. He looked over at his partner and, seeing that that gentleman was gravely busy, re-opened the matter with a jeer.

"Old maids always know most about rearing children," he remarked; "so I suppose old bachelors, looking down on life from the top shelf, think they know most about marriage."

"I wash my hands of you," repeated the senior, placidly. "I am not to be taunted into rendering first aid to the wounded."

The conscience-stricken junior lost his presence of mind. "Who's trying to taunt you?" he demanded, hotly. "Why, you'd do more harm than good."

"Put a bandage round the head instead of the heart, I expect," assented the chuckling Swann. "Top shelf, I think you said; well, I climbed there for safety."

"You must have been much run after," said his partner.

"I was," said the other. "I suppose that's why it is I am always so interested in these affairs. I have helped to marry so many people in this place, that I'm almost afraid to stir out after dark."

Hardy's reply was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Edward Silk, a young man of forlorn aspect, who combined in his person the offices of messenger, cleaner, and office-boy to the firm. He brought in some letters, and placing them on Mr. Swann's desk retired.

"There's another," said the latter, as the door closed. "His complaint is Amelia Kybird, and he's got it badly. She's big enough to eat him, but I believe that they are engaged. Perseverance has done it in his case. *He* used to go about like a blighted flower——"

"I am rather busy," his partner reminded him.

Mr. Swann sighed and resumed his own labours. For some time both men wrote in silence. Then the elder suddenly put his pen down and hit his desk a noisy thump with his fist.

"I've got it," he said, briskly; "apologize humbly for all your candour, and I will give you a piece of information which shall brighten your dull eyes, raise the corners of your drooping mouth, and renew once more the pink and cream in your youthful cheeks."

"Look here——" said the overwrought Hardy.

"Samson Wilks," interrupted Mr. Swann, "number three, Fullalove Alley, at home Fridays, seven to nine, to the daughter of his late skipper, who always visits him on that day. Don't thank me, Hardy, in case you break down. She's a very nice girl, and if she had been born twenty years earlier, or I had been born twenty years later, or you hadn't been born at all, there's no saying what might not have happened."

"When I want you to interfere in my business," said Hardy, working sedulously, "I'll let you know."

"Very good," replied Swann; "still, remember Thursdays, seven to nine."

"Thursdays," said Hardy, incautiously; "why, you said Fridays just now."

Mr. Swann made no reply. His nose was immersed in the folds of a large handkerchief, and his eyes watered profusely behind his glasses. It was some minutes before he had regained his normal composure, and even then the sensitive nerves of his partner were offended by an occasional belated chuckle.

Although by dint of casual and cautious inquiries Mr. Hardy found that his partner's information was correct, he was by no means guilty of any feelings of gratitude towards him; and he only glared scornfully when that excellent but frivolous man mounted a chair on Friday afternoon, and putting the clock on a couple of hours or so, urged him to be in time.

The evening, however, found him starting slowly in the direction of Fullalove Alley. His father had gone to sea again, and the house was very dull; moreover, he felt a mild curiosity to see the changes wrought by time in Mr. Wilks. He walked along by the sea, and as the church clock struck the three-quarters turned into the alley and looked eagerly round for the old steward.

The labours of the day were over, and the inhabitants were for the most part out of doors taking the air. Shirt-sleeved house-

holders, leaning against their door-posts smoking, exchanged ideas across the narrow space paved with cobble-stones which separated their small and ancient houses, while the matrons, more gregariously inclined, bunched in little groups and discussed subjects which in higher circles would have inundated the land with libel actions. Up and down the alley a tiny boy all ready for bed, with the exception of his nightgown, mechanically avoided friendly palms as he sought anxiously for his mother.

"FULLALOVE ALLEY."

The object of Mr. Hardy's search sat at the door of his front room, which opened on to the alley, smoking an evening pipe, and noting with an interested eye the doings of his neighbours. He was just preparing to draw himself up in his chair as the intruder passed, when to his utter astonishment that gentleman stopped in front of him, and taking possession of his hand shook it fervently.

"How do you do?" he said, smiling.

Mr. Wilks eyed him stupidly and, releasing his hand, coyly placed it in his trouser-pocket and breathed hard.

"I meant to come before," said Hardy, "but I've been so busy. How are you?"

Mr. Wilks, still dazed, muttered that he was very well. Then he sat bolt upright in his chair and eyed his visitor suspiciously.

"I've been longing for a chat with you about old times," said Hardy; "of all my old friends you seem to have changed the least. You don't look a day older."

"I'm getting on," said Mr. Wilks, trying to speak coldly, but observing with some gratification the effect produced upon his neighbours by the appearance of this well-dressed acquaintance.

"I wanted to ask your advice," said the unscrupulous Hardy, speaking in low tones. "I daresay you know I've just gone into partnership in Sunwich, and I'm told there's no man knows more about the business and the ins and outs of this town than you do."

Mr. Wilks thawed despite himself. His face glistened and his huge mouth broke into tremulous smiles. For a moment he hesitated, and then noticing that a little group near them had suspended their conversation to listen to his he drew his chair back and, in a kind voice, invited the searcher after wisdom to step inside.

Hardy thanked him, and, following him in, took a chair behind the door, and with an air of youthful deference bent his ear to catch the pearls which fell from the lips of his host. Since he was a babe on his mother's knee sixty years before Mr. Wilks had never had such an attentive and admiring listener. Hardy sat as though glued to his chair, one eye on Mr. Wilks and the other on the clock, and it was not until that ancient timepiece struck the hour that the ex-steward suddenly realized the awkward state of affairs.

"Any more 'elp I can give you I shall always be pleased to," he said, looking at the clock.

Hardy thanked him at great length, wondering, as he spoke, whether Miss Nugent was of punctual habits. He leaned back in his chair and, folding his arms, gazed thoughtfully at the perturbed Mr. Wilks.

"You must come round and smoke a pipe with me sometimes," he said, casually.

Mr. Wilks flushed with gratified pride. He had a vision of himself walking up to the front door of the Hardys, smoking a pipe

in a well-appointed room, and telling an incredulous and envious Fullalove Alley about it afterwards.

"I shall be very pleased, sir," he said, impressively.

"Come round on Tuesday," said his visitor. "I shall be at home then."

Mr. Wilks thanked him and, spurred on to hospitality, murmured something about a glass of ale, and retired to the back to draw it. He came back with a jug and a couple of glasses, and draining his own at a draught, hoped that the example would not be lost upon his visitor. That astute person, however, after a modest draught, sat still, anchored to the half-empty glass.

"I'm expecting somebody to-night," said the ex-steward, at last.

"No doubt you have a lot of visitors," said the other, admiringly.

Mr. Wilks did not deny it. He eyed his guest's glass and fidgeted.

"Miss Nugent is coming," he said.

Instead of any signs of disorder and preparations for rapid flight, Mr. Wilks saw that the other was quite composed. He began to entertain a poor idea of Mr. Hardy's memory.

"She generally comes for a little quiet chat," he said.

"Indeed!"

"Just between the two of us," said the other.

His visitor said "Indeed," and, as though some chord of memory had been touched, sat gazing dreamily at Mr. Wilks's horticultural collection in the window. Then he changed colour a little as a smart hat and a pretty face crossed the tiny panes. Mr. Wilks changed colour too, and in an awkward fashion rose to receive Miss Nugent.

"Late as usual, Sam," said the girl, sinking into a chair. Then she caught sight of Hardy, who was standing by the door.

"It's a long time since you and I met, Miss Nugent," he said, bowing.

"Mr. Hardy?" said the girl, doubtfully.

"Yes, miss," interposed Mr. Wilks, anxious to explain his position. "He called in to see me; quite a surprise to me it was. I 'ardly knowed him."

"The last time we three met," said Hardy, who to his host's discomfort had resumed his chair, "Wilks was thrashing me and you were urging him on."

Kate Nugent eyed him carefully. It was preposterous that this young man should take advantage of a boy and girl acquaintance of eleven years before—and such an acquaintance!—in this manner. Her eyes expressed a little surprise, not unmixed with hauteur, but Hardy was too pleased to have them turned in his direction at all to quarrel with their expression.

"You were a bit of a trial in them days," said Mr. Wilks, shaking his head. "If I live to be ninety I shall never forget seeing Miss Kate capsized the way she was. The way she——"

"SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF HARDY."

"How is your cold?" inquired Miss Nugent, hastily.

"Better, miss, thankee," said Mr. Wilks.

"Miss Nugent has forgotten and forgiven all that long ago," said Hardy.

"Quite," assented the girl, coldly; "one cannot remember all the boys and girls one knew as a child."

"Certainly not," said Hardy. "I find that many have slipped from my own

memory, but I have a most vivid recollection of you."

Miss Nugent looked at him again, and an idea, strange and incredible, dawned slowly upon her. Childish impressions are lasting, and Jem Hardy had remained in her mind as a sort of youthful ogre. He sat before her now a frank, determined-looking young Englishman, in whose honest eyes admiration of herself could not be concealed. Indignation and surprise struggled for supremacy.

"It's odd," remarked Mr. Wilks, who had a happy knack at times of saying the wrong thing, "it's odd you should 'ave 'appened to come just at the same time as Miss Kate did."

"It's my good fortune," said Hardy, with a slight bow. Then he cocked a malignant eye at the innocent Mr. Wilks, and wondered at what age men discarded the useless habit of blushing. Opposite him sat Miss Nugent, calmly observant, the slightest suggestion of disdain in her expression. Framed in the queer, high-backed old chair which had belonged to Mr. Wilks's grandfather, she made a picture at which Jem Hardy continued to gaze with respectful ardour. A hopeless sense of self-depreciation possessed him, but the idea that Murchison should aspire to so much goodness and beauty made him almost despair of his sex. His reverie was broken by the voice of Mr. Wilks.

"A quarter to eight?" said that gentleman incredulously; "it can't be."

"I thought it was later than that," said Hardy, simply.

Mr. Wilks gasped, and with a faint shake of his head at the floor abandoned the thankless task of giving hints to a young man who was too obtuse to see them; and it was not until some time later that Mr. Hardy, sorely against his inclinations, gave his host a hearty handshake and, with a respectful bow to Miss Nugent, took his departure.

"Fine young man he's growed," said Mr. Wilks, deferentially, turning to his remaining visitor; "greatly improved, I think."

Miss Nugent looked him over critically before replying. "He seems to have taken a great fancy to you," she remarked.

Mr. Wilks smiled a satisfied smile. "He came to ask my advice about business," he said, softly. "He's 'eard two or three speak o' me as knowing a thing or two, and being young, and just starting, 'e came to talk it over with me. I never see a young man so pleased and ready to take advice as wot he is."

"He is coming again for more, I suppose?" said Miss Nugent, carelessly.

Mr. Wilks acquiesced. "And he asked me to go over to his 'ouse to smoke a pipe with 'im on Tuesday," he added, in the casual manner in which men allude to their aristocratic connections. "He's a bit lonely, all by himself."

Miss Nugent said, "Indeed," and then, lapsing into silence, gave little occasional side-glances at Mr. Wilks, as though in search of any hidden charms about him which might hitherto have escaped her.

At the same time Mr. James Hardy, walking slowly home by the edge of the sea, pondered on further ways and means of ensnaring the affections of the ex-steward.

CHAPTER VII.

THE anticipations of Mr. Wilks were more than realized on the following Tuesday. From the time a trim maid showed him into the smoking-room until late at night, when he left, a fêted and honoured guest, with one of his host's best cigars between his teeth, nothing that could yield him any comfort was left undone. In the easiest of easy chairs he sat in the garden beneath the leafy branches of apple trees, and undiluted wisdom and advice flowed from his lips in a stream as he beamed delightedly upon his entertainer.

Their talk was mainly of Sunwich and Sunwich people, and it was an easy step from these to Equator Lodge. On that subject most people would have found the ex-steward somewhat garrulous, but Jem Hardy listened with great content, and even brought him back to it when he showed signs of wandering. Altogether Mr. Wilks spent one of the pleasantest evenings of his life, and, returning home in a slight state of mental exhilaration, severely exercised the tongues of Fullalove Alley by a bearing considered incompatible with his station.

Jem Hardy paid a return call on the following Friday, and had no cause to complain of any lack of warmth in his reception. The ex-steward was delighted to see him, and after showing him various curios picked up during his voyages, took him to the small yard in the rear festooned with scarlet-runner beans, and gave him a chair in full view of the neighbours.

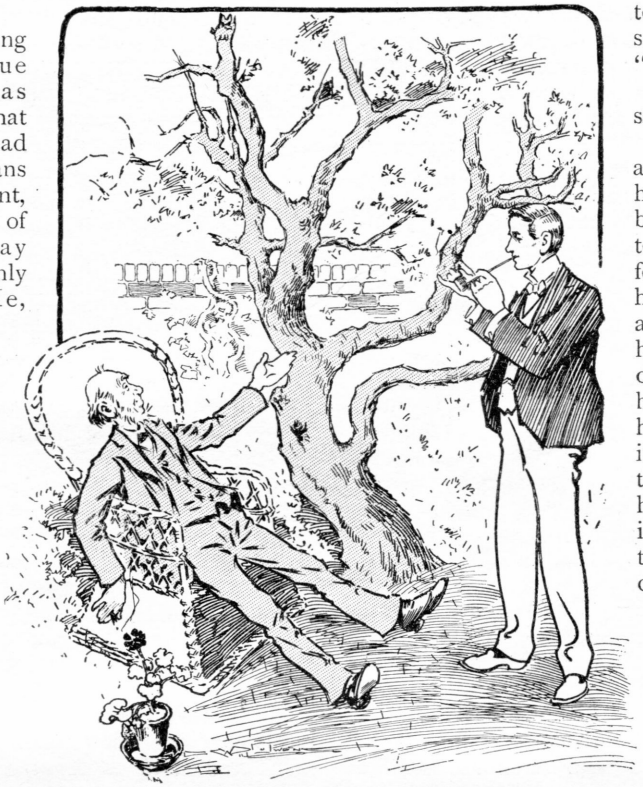
"I'm the only visitor to-night?" said Hardy, after an hour's patient listening and waiting.

Mr. Wilks nodded casually. "Miss Kate

came last night," he said. "Friday *is* her night, but she came yesterday instead."

Mr. Hardy said, "Oh, indeed," and fell straightway into a dismal reverie from which the most spirited efforts of his host only partially aroused him.

Without giving way to undue egotism it was pretty clear that Miss Nugent had changed her plans on his account, and a long vista of pleasant Friday evenings suddenly vanished. He, too, resolved to vary his visits, and, starting with a basis of two a week, sat trying to solve the mathematical chances of selecting the same as Kate Nugent; calculations which were not facilitated by a long-winded account from Mr. Wilks of certain interesting amours of his youthful prime.



"UNDILUTED WISDOM AND ADVICE FLOWED FROM HIS LIPS."

Before he saw Kate Nugent again, however, another old acquaintance turned up safe and sound in Sunwich. Captain Nugent walking into the town saw him first: a tall, well-knit young man in shabby clothing, whose bearing even in the distance was oddly familiar. As he came closer the captain's misgivings were confirmed, and in the sunburnt fellow in tattered clothes who advanced upon him with outstretched hand he reluctantly recognised his son.

"What have you come home for?" he inquired, ignoring the hand and eyeing him from head to foot.

"Change," said Jack Nugent, laconically, as the smile left his face.

The captain shrugged his shoulders and stood silent. His son looked first up the road and then down.

"All well at home?" he inquired.

"Yes."

Jack Nugent looked up the road again.

"Not much change in the town," he said, at length.

"No," said his father.

"Well, I'm glad to have seen you," said his son. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said the captain.

His son nodded and, turning on his heel, walked back towards the town. Despite his forlorn appearance his step was jaunty and he carried his head high. The captain watched him until he was hidden by a bend in the road, and then, ashamed of himself for displaying so much emotion, turned his own steps in the direction of home.

"Well, he didn't whine," he said, slowly. "He's got a bit of pride left."

Meantime the prodigal had reached the town again, and stood ruefully considering his position. He looked up the street, and then, the well-known shop of Mr. Kybird catching his eye, walked over and inspected the contents of the window. Sheath-knives, belts, tobacco-boxes, and watches were displayed alluringly behind the glass, sheltered from the sun by a row of cheap clothing dangling from short poles over the shop front. All the goods were marked in plain figures in reduced circumstances, Mr. Kybird giving a soaring imagination play in the first marking, and a good business faculty in the second.

At these valuables Jack Nugent, with a view of obtaining some idea of prices, gazed for some time. Then passing between two suits of oilskins which stood as sentinels in the doorway, he entered the shop and smiled affably at Miss Kybird, who was in charge. At his entrance she put down a piece of fancy-work, which Mr. Kybird called his

sock, and with a casual glance at his clothes regarded him with a prejudiced eye.

"Beautiful day," said the customer; "makes one feel quite young again."

"What do you want?" inquired Miss Kybird.

Mr. Nugent turned to a broken cane-chair which stood by the counter, and, after applying severe tests, regardless of the lady's feelings, sat down upon it and gave a sigh of relief.

"I've walked from London," he said, in explanation. "I could sit here for hours."

"Look here——" began the indignant Miss Kybird.

"Only people would be sure to couple our names together," continued Mr. Nugent, mournfully. "When a handsome young man and a good-looking girl——"

"Do you want to buy anything or not?" demanded Miss Kybird, with an impatient toss of her head.

"No," said Jack, "I want to sell."

"You've come to the wrong shop, then," said Miss Kybird; "the warehouse is full of rubbish now."

The other turned in his chair and looked hard at the window. "So it is," he assented. "It's a good job I've brought you something decent to put there."

He felt in his pockets and, producing a silver-mounted briar-pipe, a battered watch, a knife, and a few other small articles, deposited them with reverent care upon the counter.

"No use to us," declared Miss Kybird, anxious to hit back; "we burn coal here."

"These'll burn better than the coal you buy," said the unmoved customer.

"Well, we don't want them," retorted Miss Kybird, raising her voice, "and I don't want any of your impudence. Get up out of our chair."

Her heightened tones penetrated to the small and untidy room behind the shop. The door opened, and Mr. Kybird in his shirt-sleeves appeared at the opening.

"Wot's the row?" he demanded, his little black eyes glancing from one to the other.

"Only a lovers' quarrel," replied Jack. "You go away; we don't want you."

"Look 'ere, we don't want none o' your nonsense," said the shopkeeper, sharply;

"'WHAT DO YOU WANT?' INQUIRED MISS KYBIRD."

"and, wot's more, we won't 'ave it. Who put that rubbish on my counter?"

He bustled forward, and taking the articles in his hands examined them closely.

"Three shillings for the lot—cash," he remarked.

"Done," said the other.

"Did I say three?" inquired Mr. Kybird, startled at this ready acceptance.

"Five you said," replied Mr. Nugent, "but I'll take three, if you throw in a smile."

Mr. Kybird, much against his inclinations, threw in a faint grin, and opening a drawer produced three shillings and flung them separately on the counter. Miss Kybird thawed somewhat, and glancing from the customer's clothes to his face saw that he had a pleasant eye and a good moustache, together with a general air of recklessness much appreciated by the sex.

"Don't spend it on drink," she remarked, not unkindly.

"I won't," said the other, solemnly; "I'm going to buy house property with it."

"Why, darn my eyes," said Mr. Kybird, who had been regarding him closely; "darn my old eyes, if it ain't young Nugent. Well, well!"

"That's me," said young Nugent, cheerfully; "I should have known you anywhere, Kybird: same old face, same old voice, same old shirt-sleeves."

"'Ere, come now," objected the shopkeeper, shortening his arm and squinting along it.

"I should have known you anywhere," continued the other, mournfully; "and here I've thrown up a splendid berth and come all the way from Australia just for one glimpse of Miss Kybird, and she doesn't know me. When I die, Kybird, you will find the word 'Calais' engraven upon my heart."

Mr. Kybird said, "Oh, indeed." His daughter tossed her head and bade Mr. Nugent take his nonsense to people who might like it.

"Last time I see you," said Mr. Kybird, pursing up his lips and gazing at the counter in an effort of memory; "last time I see you was one fifth o' November when you an' another bright young party was going about in two suits o' oilskins wot I'd been 'unting for 'igh and low all day long."

Jack Nugent sighed. "They were happy times, Kybird."

"Might ha' been for you," retorted the other, his temper rising a little at the remembrance of his wrongs.

"Have you come home for good?" inquired Miss Kybird, curiously. "Have you seen your father? He passed here a little while ago."

"I saw him," said Jack, with a brevity which was not lost upon the astute Mr. Kybird. "I may stay in Sunwich, and I may not—it all depends."

"You're not going 'ome?" said Mr. Kybird.

"No."

The shopkeeper stood considering. He had a small room to let at the top of his house, and he stood divided between the fear of not getting his rent and the joy to a man fond of simple pleasures, to be obtained by dunning the arrogant Captain Nugent for his son's debts. Before he could arrive at a decision his meditations were interrupted by the entrance of a stout, sandy-haired lady from the back parlour, who, having conquered his scruples against matrimony some thirty years before, had kept a particularly wide-awake eye upon him ever since.

"Your tea's a-gettin' cold," she remarked, severely.

Her husband received the news with calmness. He was by no means an enthusiast where that liquid was concerned, the admiration evoked by its non-inebriating qualities having been always something in the nature of a mystery to him.

"I'm coming," he retorted; "I'm just 'aving a word with Mr. Nugent 'ere."

"Well, I never did," said the stout lady, coming farther into the shop and regarding the visitor. "I shouldn't 'ave knowed 'im. If you'd asked me who 'e was I couldn't ha' told you—I shouldn't 'ave knowed 'im from Adam."

Jack shook his head. "It's hard to be forgotten like this," he said, sadly. "Even Miss Kybird had forgotten me, after all that had passed between us."

"Eh?" said Mr. Kybird.

"Oh, don't take any notice of him," said his daughter. "I'd like to see myself."

Mr. Kybird paid no heed. He was still thinking of the son of Captain Nugent being indebted to him for lodging, and the more he thought of the idea the better he liked it.

"Well, now you're 'ere," he said, with a great assumption of cordiality, "why not come in and 'ave a cup o' tea?"

The other hesitated a moment and then, with a light laugh, accepted the offer. He followed them into the small and untidy back parlour, and being requested by his hostess to squeeze in next to 'Melia at the small round table, complied so literally with the order that that young lady complained bitterly of his encroachments.

"And where do you think of sleeping to-night?" inquired Mr. Kybird after his daughter had, to use her own expressive phrase, shown the guest "his place."

Mr. Nugent shook his head. "I shall get a lodging somewhere," he said, airily.

"There's a room upstairs as you might 'ave if you liked," said Mr. Kybird, slowly. "It's been let to a very respectable, clean young man for half a crown a week. Really it ought to be three shillings, but if you like to 'ave it at the old price, you can."

"Done with you," said the other.

"No doubt you'll soon get something to do," continued Mr. Kybird, more in answer to his wife's inquiring glances than anything else. "Half a crown every Saturday and the room's yours."

Mr. Nugent thanked him, and after making a tea which caused Mr. Kybird to congratulate himself upon the fact that he hadn't offered to board him, sat regaling Mrs. Kybird and daughter with a recital of his adventures in Australia, receiving in return a full and true account of Sunwich and its people up to date.

"There's no pride about 'im, that's what I like," said Mrs. Kybird to her lord and master as they sat alone after closing time over a glass of gin and water. "He's a nice young feller, but bisness is bisness, and s'pose you don't get your rent?"

"I shall get it sooner or later," said Mr. Kybird. "That stuck-up father of 'is 'll be in a fine way at 'im living here. That's wot I'm thinking of."

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Kybird, bridling. "Who's Captain Nugent, I should like to know? We're as good as what 'e is, if not better. And as for the gell, if she'd got 'alf Amelia's looks she'd do."

"'Melia's a fine-looking gal," assented Mr. Kybird. "I wonder——"

He laid his pipe down on the table and stared at the mantelpiece. "He seems very struck with 'er," he concluded. "I see that directly."

"Not afore I did," said his wife, sharply.

"See it afore you come into the shop," said Mr. Kybird, triumphantly. "It 'ud be a strange thing to marry into that family, Emma."

"She's keeping company with young Teddy Silk," his wife reminded him, coldly; "and if she wasn't she could do better than a young man without a penny in 'is pocket. Pride's a fine thing, Dan'l, but you can't live on it."

"I know what I'm talking about," said Mr. Kybird, impatiently. "I know she's keeping company with Teddy as well as wot you do. Still, as far as money goes, young Nugent'll be all right."

"'Ow?" inquired his wife.

Mr. Kybird hesitated and took a sip of his gin and water. Then he regarded the wife of his bosom with a calculating glance which at once excited that lady's easily kindled wrath.

"You know I never tell secrets," she cried.

"Not often," corrected Mr. Kybird, "but then I don't often tell you any. Wot would you say to young Nugent coming into five 'undred pounds 'is mother left 'im when he's twenty-five? He don't know it, but I do."

"HE REGARDED THE WIFE OF HIS BOSOM WITH A CALCULATING GLANCE."

"Five 'undred," repeated his wife, "sure?"

"No," said the other, "I'm not sure, but I know. I 'ad it from young Roberts when 'e was at Stone and Dartnell's. Five 'undred pounds! I shall get my money all right some time, and, if 'e wants a little bit to go on with, 'e can have it. He's honest enough; I can see that by his manner."

Upstairs in the tiny room under the tiles Mr. Jack Nugent, in blissful ignorance of his landlord's generous sentiments towards him, slept the sound, dreamless sleep of the man free from monetary cares. In the sanctity of her chamber Miss Kybird, gazing approvingly at the reflection of her yellow hair and fine eyes in the little cracked looking-glass, was already comparing him very favourably with the somewhat pessimistic Mr. Silk.

(To be continued.)

A Glance at "Vanity Fair."

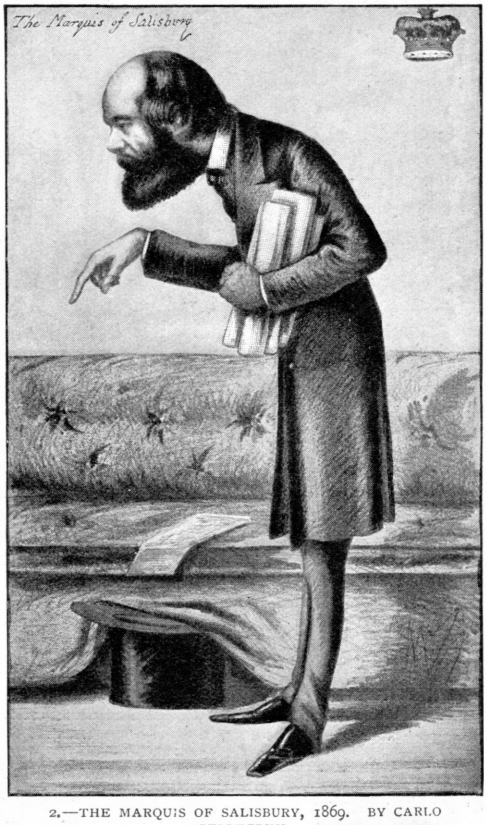
By J. Holt Schooling.

[*All the accompanying cartoons are from the pages of "Vanity Fair," and they are shown here by special permission.*]

THE first number of *Vanity Fair* was published November 7, 1868. It was the first of the modern weekly society journals. In the thirteenth number, published January 30, 1869, the first of the famous cartoons was included—the long series of the most remarkable portraits of the men who live or who have lived prominently in Vanity Fair. We have here actual portraits, whose truth is most deftly emphasized by the admixture of caricature—not lessened by it. For this reason one may say rightly that the *Vanity Fair* cartoons more truly show to us the men as they were, or as they are, than many a more ambitious canvas painted by an artist who must not introduce that peculiar shade of emphatic caricature truth which is contained in the brilliant cartoons of *Vanity Fair*.

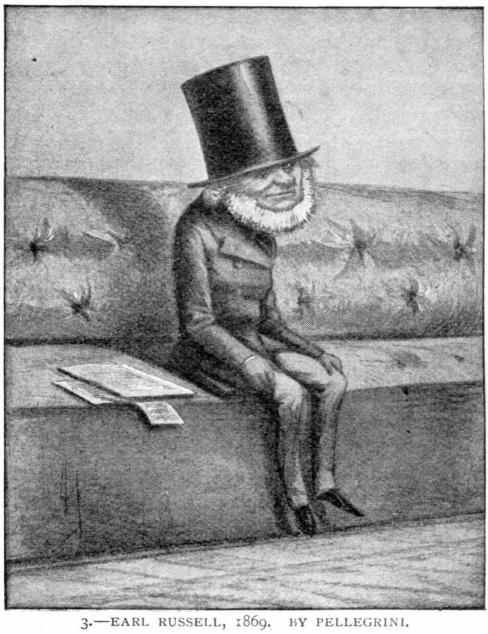
The first cartoon published by *Vanity Fair* was that shown in No. 1, of Lord Beaconsfield when he was plain Benjamin Disraeli. As I have said, it was issued with the thirteenth number of *Vanity Fair*, and it was by an accident that this leading feature of a well-known society paper was introduced into its life. One day, thirty-two years ago, Mr. Bowles, the proprietor of the paper, chanced to meet at dinner Signor Carlo Pellegrini, an Italian refugee, who was a clever artist, and the result of that chance meeting was the institution of the *Vanity Fair* cartoons.

1.—BENJAMIN DISRAELI. THE FIRST "VANITY FAIR" CARTOON, JANUARY 30TH, 1869. BY CARLO PELLEGRINI.



2.—THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, 1869. BY CARLO PELLEGRINI.

Cartoon No. 2 shows us a portrait of Lord Salisbury in the year 1869; *then*, he was described by "Jehu Junior," the writer of the biographies in *Vanity Fair*, as "too honest a Tory for his party and his time." *Now*, he seems to us to be a very honourable, capable, level-headed, far-seeing statesman, who during the years 1896–1901 has steered this country through many most difficult and complex places of danger created by the pressure of foreign affairs.



3.—EARL RUSSELL, 1869. BY PELLEGRINI.

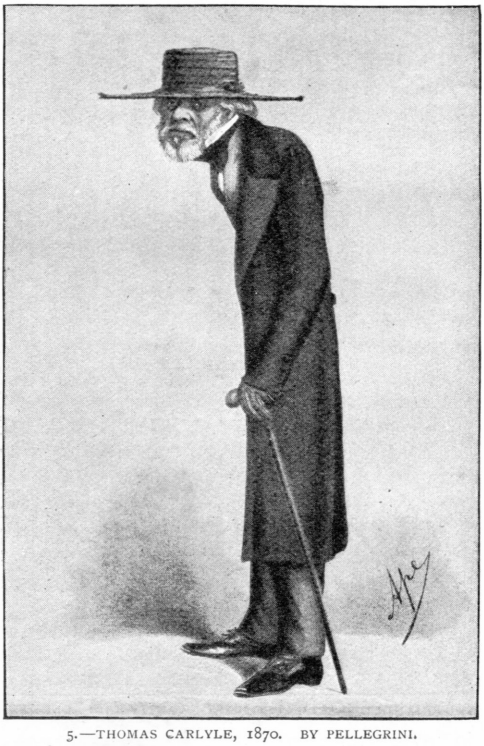
4.—SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, 1870. BY THOMPSON.

In No. 3 we have a picture of Earl Russell—Lord John Russell. He was Prime Minister of England during 1846–1852 and during 1865–1866; he was a great Liberal statesman, quite honest and courageous, and he died quietly in 1878.

We all know Sir William Harcourt. He was Mr. W. G. G. V. Vernon-Harcourt, M.P., when cartoon No. 4 was published in 1870.

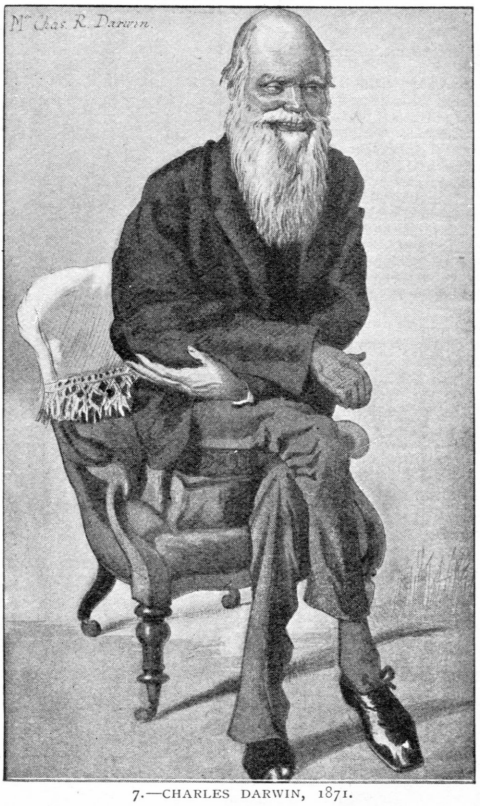
The Sage of Chelsea — Thomas Carlyle — looks at us from No. 5. He was, says "Jehu Junior," "the stoutest-hearted Pagan, tempered by Christianity, that ever breathed."

The cartoon of the Marquis of Lorne, now Duke of Argyll, No. 6, was published



5.—THOMAS CARLYLE, 1870. BY PELLEGRINI.

6.—THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, 1870. BY PELLEGRINI.

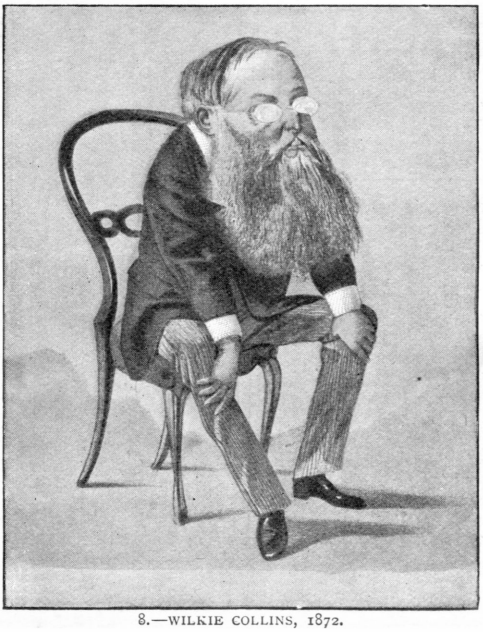


7.—CHARLES DARWIN, 1871.

in *Vanity Fair* just after the announcement of his engagement to marry the Princess Louise.

In No. 7 the late Mr. Charles Darwin looks glad that he has been naturally selected to survive. Mr. Wilkie Collins, the first "sensation" novelist, is shown in No. 8.

Mr. John Ruskin is shown to us in cartoon No. 9, as he was in the year 1872. During his working days he proved himself to be "a very Turner in the use of English prose," and he was a most generous and self-willed man. He wrote magnificently about art and about other things — political economy, for example—where his claim to our admiration is more doubtful.



8.—WILKIE COLLINS, 1872.

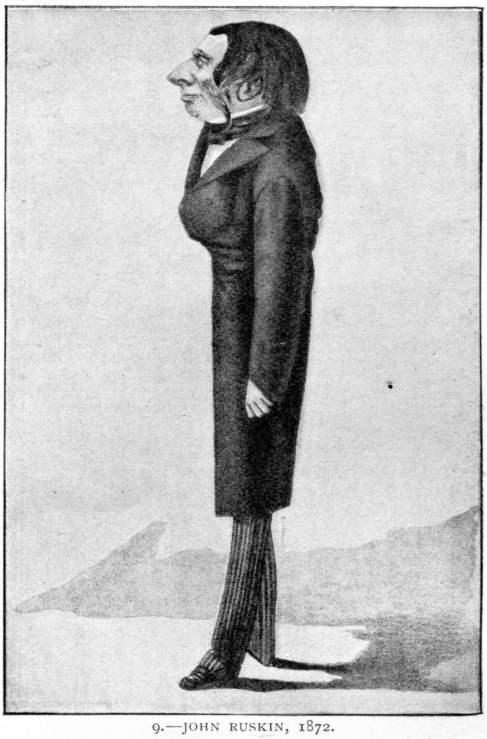
And yet he wrote the following very sensible letter, in May, 1886, to a person who had asked him for some money to pay a debt on a chapel :—

Sir, — I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing! My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is, Don't get into debt; starve and go to Heaven—but don't borrow. Try first begging; I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing! But don't buy things you can't pay for! And, of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges —or in a sand-pit, or in a coal-hole—first? And, of all manner of churches thus

idiotically built, iron churches are the damnablest to me. And, of all the sects of believers in any ruling spirit—Hindoos, Turks, Feather idolaters, and Mumbo Jumbo, Log and Fire Worshippers, who want churches, your modern English Evangelical sect is the most absurd, and entirely objectionable and unendurable to me! All which they might very easily have found out from my books—any other sort of sect would!—before bothering me to write it to them. Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying, your faithful servant, JOHN RUSKIN.

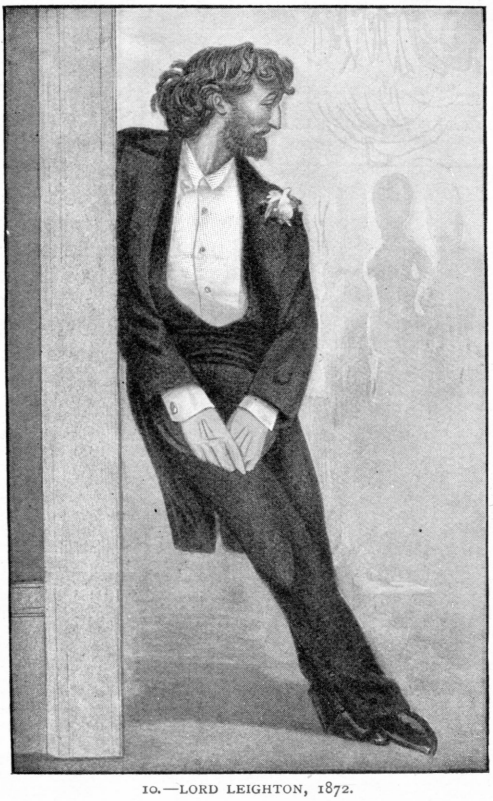
The recipient of this pleasing letter promptly sold it, and so got some money for his tin-pot chapel.

Cartoon No. 10 represents Mr. Frederick Leighton, A. R. A., a beautiful man with a delicate taste for form and colour, who in later life became Lord Leighton, P.R.A.

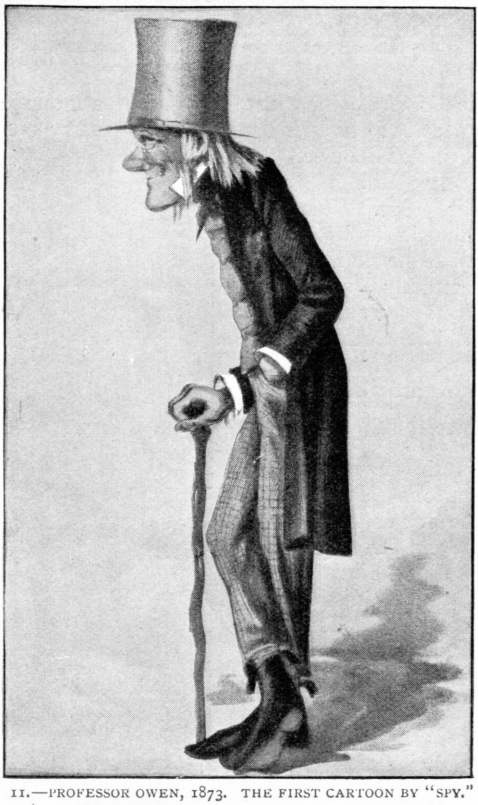


9.—JOHN RUSKIN, 1872.

The next cartoon, No. 11, is very interesting, apart from its intrinsic merit as a fine portrait of the late Professor Richard Owen — the eminent zoologist, anatomist, and palæontologist (I don't know what this last word means) — shortly, he was called "Old Bones." For this fine cartoon is the first that was done for *Vanity Fair* by Mr. Leslie Ward ("Spy"), who for more than twenty-eight years has been so prominent in the *Vanity Fair* cartoons.

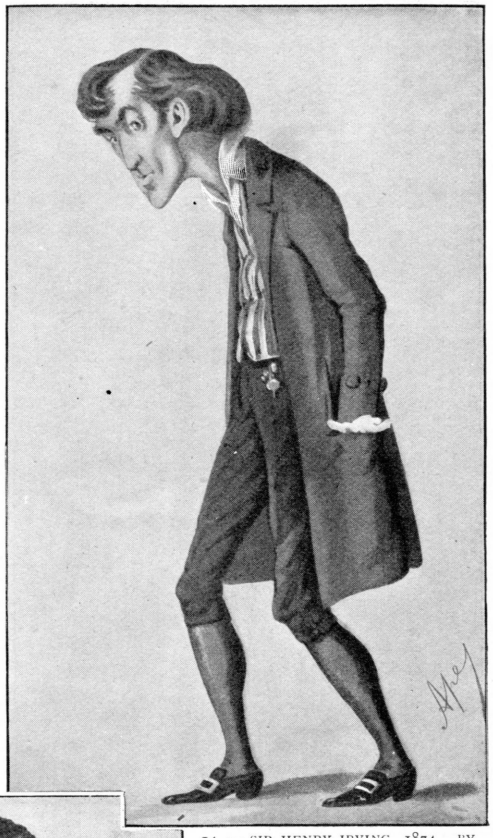


10.—LORD LEIGHTON, 1872.

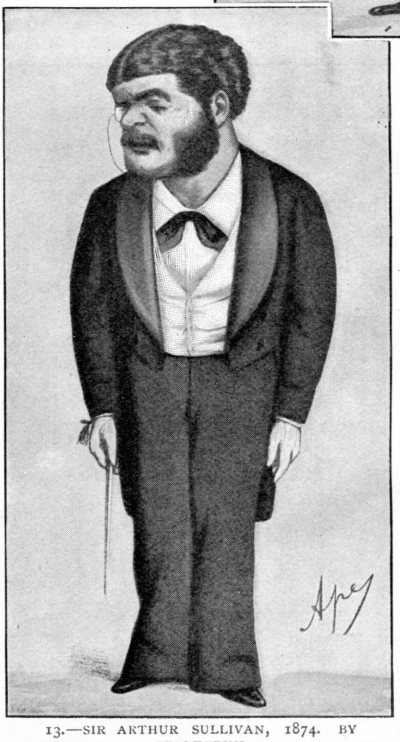


11.—PROFESSOR OWEN, 1873. THE FIRST CARTOON BY "SPY."

12.—ANTHONY TROLLOPE, 1873. BY LESLIE WARD.



14.—SIR HENRY IRVING, 1874. BY PELLEGRINI.

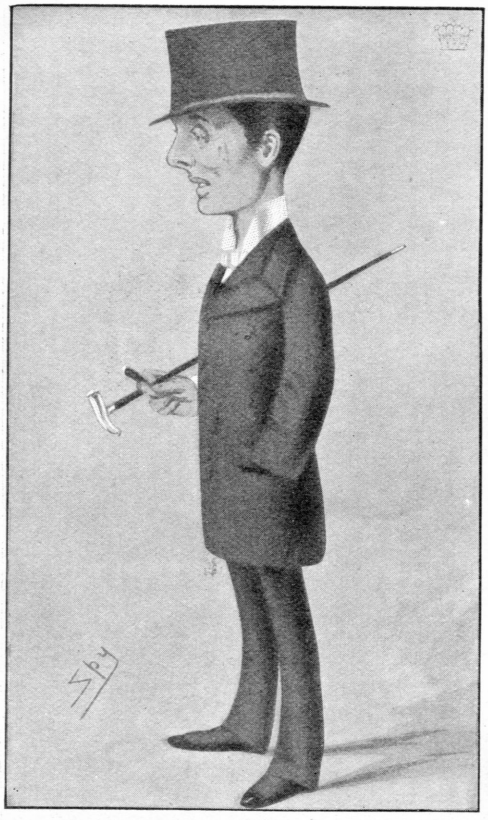


13.—SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1874. BY PELLEGRINI.

Mr. Leslie Ward is the son of the late E. M. Ward, R.A., and of Henrietta Ward, the painter, and he is also the great-grandson of James Ward, R.A., so famous "Spy" has a plenty of artistic talent in his heredity. He was educated at Eton, he is a sportsman, and the most modest of men as to his own work, which is, as we shall see for ourselves, fully equal to the best thing that Carlo Pellegrini ever did. Moreover, Mr. Ward is able to make a good cartoon out of any of his long list of subjects awaiting weekly execution: but Pellegrini, who was a chartered libertine, would undertake only those cartoons whose subjects were obviously well adapted to caricature representation in *Vanity Fair*.

Mr. Leslie Ward became connected with *Vanity Fair* in 1873 by the chance sight that Sir John Millais got of one of young Ward's caricatures. Millais was a friend of Leslie Ward's father, and he promptly marched the young artist off to Mr. Gibson Bowles at the office of *Vanity Fair*, and introduced him with the words, "Here is the man you want!"

Mr. Leslie Ward *was* the man wanted,



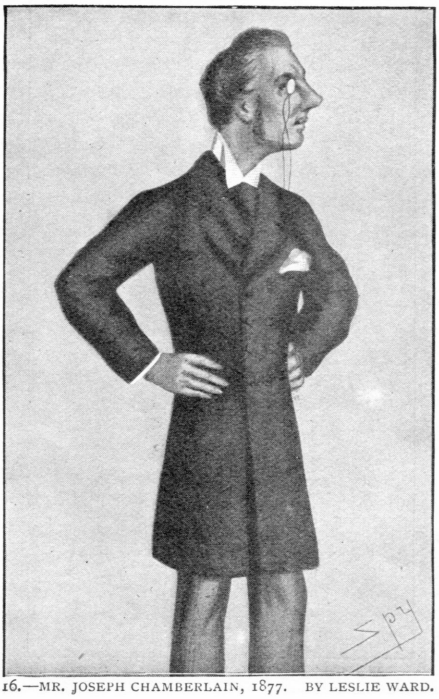
15.—LORD ROSEBERY, 1876. BY LESLIE WARD.

17.—DR. W. G. GRACE, 1877. BY LESLIE WARD.

and he has remained "wanted" by *Vanity Fair* and by the British public ever since.

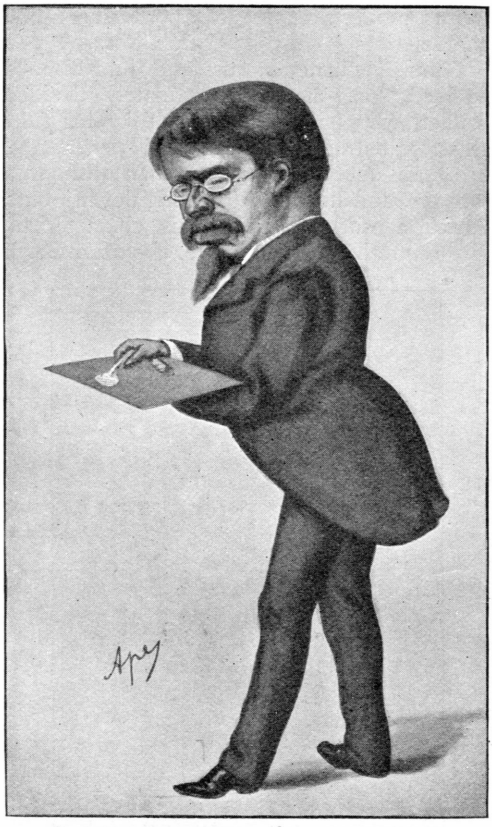
His cartoon in No. 12, of Mr. Anthony Trollope, did not please the novelist, but the late Edmund Yates was so impressed by the truth of this cartoon that when he was starting his newspaper, *The World*, Mr. Yates asked Leslie Ward to do a cartoon for it weekly. But Mr. Ward was not able to undertake the work.

No. 13 was done by Pellegrini; its subject is the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer of the beautiful tuneful music which has so often been joined in the Savoy operas with the quaint and polished wit of Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

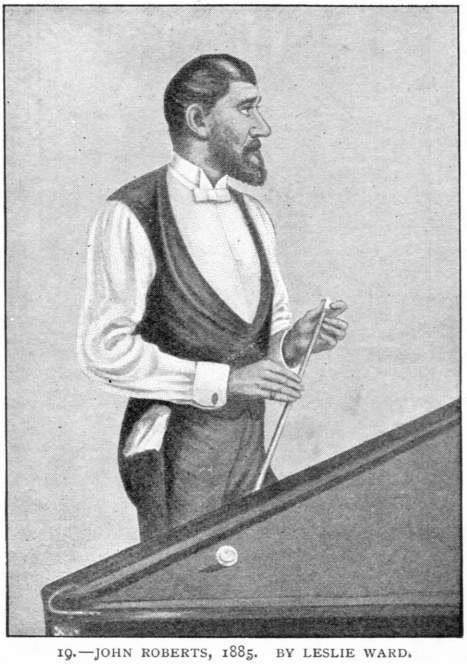


16.—MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, 1877. BY LESLIE WARD.

Sir Henry Irving was Mister and thirty-seven when, in 1874, Pellegrini made cartoon No. 14, representing Henry Irving as *Mathias* in "The Bells"; a piece of acting that, with *Digby Grand* in "The Two Roses," had then lately done much to send our leading actor to the top of the tree.



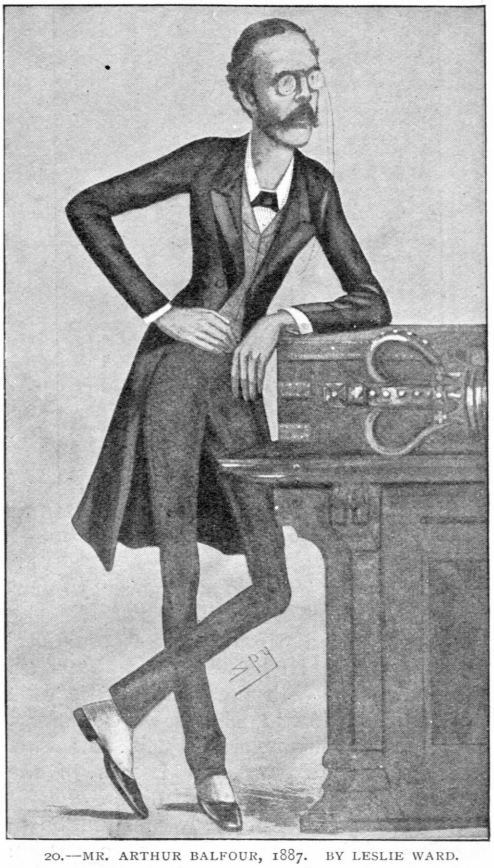
18.—SIR L. ALMA-TADEMA, 1879. BY PELLEGRINI.



19.—JOHN ROBERTS, 1885. BY LESLIE WARD.

The early portrait of Lord Rosebery seen in No. 15 was done by Leslie Ward in 1876, when the young Primrose was engrossed with his horses and trainers and with getting his racing colours—*eau de nile* and primrose—well to the front at Epsom and Ascot. The concluding and prophetic words of the notice in *Vanity Fair* that faced this cartoon were, "He may, if he will, become a statesman and a personage."

Mr. Leslie Ward went to Birmingham for



20.—MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR, 1887. BY LESLIE WARD.

the purpose of "doing" Cardinal Manning, but he did Mr. Chamberlain instead—see No. 16.

The cartoon of Dr. W. G. Grace, No. 17, was done in Mr. Leslie Ward's studio; W. G. dressed for the occasion.

Cartoon No. 18, of Sir. L. Alma-Tadema, was done by Pellegrini.

Mr. John Roberts, the greatest of billiard-players, chalks his cue in No. 19. To see this man play a series of cannons round the table makes one think that the balls are

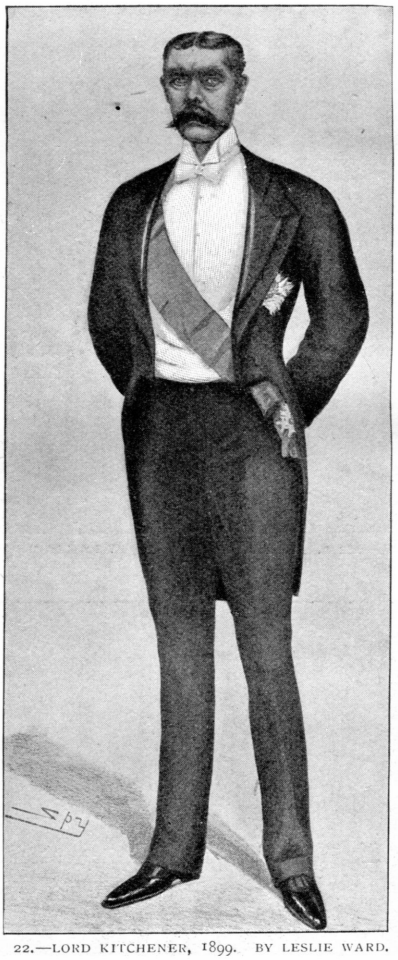
21.—GEORGE MEREDITH, 1896. BY MAX BEERBOHM.

drawn about by invisible mechanism, so marvellously easy and true are his strokes.

No. 20 is the "Industrious Apprentice" of years ago, when he and Lord Randolph Churchill were both members of the little Fourth Party in the House of Commons. This most popular statesman is now First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House. He will be Prime Minister.

Mr. Max Beerbohm's only contribution to *Vanity Fair* is shown in No. 21—a cartoon of Mr. George Meredith—done more after the older fashion of caricature than in the more modern style of portraiture that characterizes Mr. Leslie Ward's work.

Grim Kitchener looms large in No. 22—a hard, long-headed, obstinately-decided soldier, who has made himself by his foresight, attention to detail, and persistence. He won control of the Soudan without a mistake, and he is now carrying out in South Africa a work in which his characteristic virtues are having their sure, if slow, reward.



22.—LORD KITCHENER, 1899. BY LESLIE WARD.

Spangle-Winged.

By L. T. Meade
and Clifford Halifax.

I MAKE no excuse. The odds were in favour of virtue, a respectable life, and a happy conclusion when the time came for the curtain to fall. I had never suffered the pangs of hunger or the anxious throes of poverty—my health was good, and my intellect, I was proud to think, above the average. I was a scientist of no mean attainments, a medical man for whom one of the laurel wreaths of the profession was a possibility. Nevertheless I fell. I plead no excuse; on the contrary, I would heap upon myself every epithet of censure and contempt, for I of all men should have done differently. I fell, and I reap the consequences. As I write these words death is within a very measurable distance—a few more days, and that cold embrace will caress me.

But—to begin.

My name is George Matchen, and I am at the present time thirty-two years of age. I have a competence of about £800 a year; there has, therefore, never been any absolute need for me to earn my own living. I consider such a sufficiency rather a curse than a blessing; it cuts away from under a man's feet the natural desire for that work which means bread. I had bread without work, and although I had a strong predilection for the medical profession, when I found myself fully qualified it seemed that I could better serve my fellow-men by taking up what is known as preventive medicine than any other branch. It was my pleasure to follow in the footsteps of the great discoverers who undoubtedly are the lights of our profession. Such men as Koch, Pasteur, Professor Fraser, Sanarelli, and last, but not least, Dr. Patrick Manson, were beacon-lights to follow at a measurable distance. Manson's recent discoveries with regard to malaria aroused my deepest interest, and in the summer of last year I determined to make investigations on his lines for myself.

For this purpose I resolved to spend a month on the Campagna near Rome. I would, in imitation of those who had gone before me, provide myself with a mosquito-proof hut with wire gauze doors and windows, and carry on my investigations in the most malarial district of this unhealthy spot. The cause of the spread of malaria was all but proved, but the wild hope animated me that it might be my happy privilege to discover the remedy. If I could prevent the organism taking effect in man, or eliminate it when once it had entered his body; and secondly, if the mosquito itself could be destroyed, malaria, one of the greatest curses to which the human race is liable, would cease to exist.

The mere thought of such a remote and glorious contingency made my somewhat cold heart beat fast and filled me with a laudable enthusiasm. Yes, if I was anything I was a scientist, but I had another passion. This passion had grown with my growth, until silently but surely it had assumed big proportions.

I was deeply and I may say remorselessly in love with a young girl of the name of Rachel Denza. I say remorselessly, for as the sequel will prove my love was absolutely and completely selfish. I had known Rachel since she was a child. Her father was a distinguished colonel in the Army, who at the time of this story had retired from the Service. Colonel Denza adored his only child, and Rachel lived for her father. In my eyes she was extremely beautiful, although I cannot analyze her features. Her whole personality had long ago taken such complete possession of my heart that I had lifted her quite out of the ordinary region of young womanhood. When she appeared a soft sunshine seemed to come with her, a gentle warmth to emanate from her gracious young presence, and a complete and absolute contentment to visit me. I spoke little in her presence—I never made love to her in the ordinary sense—to be with her was sufficient. That she could ever be the wife of another I dismissed as an impossibility. For years I had claimed her as my own property, and that without

any sanction on her part. If she guessed that I loved her she never said so. We were excellent friends; Rachel gave me almost as many confidences as if I were her brother, and I make little doubt now that she had not the most remote idea of the passionate feelings which animated my breast when I looked at her.

It was on the day before I left England for my labours on the Campagna that I first ventured to speak openly to Miss Denza. I had written to request a private interview, but my letter had not at all prepared her for what took place. She was startled, not so much by the vehemence of my words as by my looks and actions, for when I saw that she was unprepared for my declaration of love I grew strangely agitated, restless, and unlike myself. I paced the room; I struggled to restrain my emotion. When I saw her cheeks turn white and her eyes avoid mine, anguish, which I little supposed could ever visit my heart, took possession of me. But for long years I had been training in self-control, and I soon managed to compose myself.

"I PACED THE ROOM."

"I have taken you by surprise," I said; "but you know at last. Your answer, Rachel, your answer!"

"You have startled and distressed me," she began.

"You can leave all that out," was my reply. "Rachel, is it yes or no?"

"I cannot marry you, George," she said then, "for I do not love you."

This was a staggerer. I tried hard to win her to make an admission of regard for me. She was frightened, but very steadfast in her words.

"I shall never marry any man whom I do not love," she said.

"Is it possible you can look me in the face and say that you do not love me?" I said.

She did look me full in the face then, and her reply, low and quiet, fell on my heart like lead.

"Yes," she said.

"Then you have deceived me all these years."

"I have never willingly deceived you. I had no idea of this; I am terribly pained and sorry."

I turned from her, rage as well as agony choking my voice. Once again I regained my self-control, and then I said, in a low voice:—

"You say that you will only marry a man whom you love?"

"That is so."

"Then you will marry me."

"I do not love you."

"I shall make you love me; when you love me you will marry me."

"I shall never love you in that way," she answered.

"You will," I replied. "Rachel, listen. Make up your mind, prepare yourself for what is going to happen. You will never marry any man but me; as there is a God in Heaven, I swear that I will be your husband, and no one else."

She started away and I noticed an expression of fear coming into her eyes. I did not say any more, but my mind was made up. If I had intended Rachel to be mine before I asked her, I was now like a man possessed on the subject.

The next day I went to Rome. The time of year was favourable for my project, Rome being distinctly malarial in the month of August. I began to make my investigations at once. My experiments from the first were more for the possible cure of malaria than on the cause of its dissemination, but in order to attain the one I had to investigate the other. It is now no secret that the parasite which causes malaria in the human subject is to be found within the bodies of certain mosquitoes. The special mosquito which disseminates this terrible disease has spotted wings and lays boat-shaped eggs. For the purpose of this story it is unnecessary to go too much into the scientific question, it being sufficient to say that when this mosquito has a meal off a man infected with malaria it can, and does, convey the disease to the next healthy person whom it bites. Up to the present only the mosquito with spangled wings, the anopheles, has been discovered which is capable of conveying this dire infection from man to man, but in all probability there are many others of the species which can perform equally deadly work. As anopheles abounded on the portion of the Campagna where I had placed my hut I had abundant opportunities of studying them. Having taken the necessary precautions, and being in any case, as I considered, impervious to the bite of the mosquito, I remained free from the dread disease, and could occupy myself all day long in watching the natives of the place, who suffered much from the most malignant type of malaria, taking notes with regard to their various symptoms and examining the anopheles themselves. Thus I was occupied from morning till night, but it was when I lay down to sleep that the thought of Rachel returned to me. My madness with regard to her grew greater, not less. Each day I was more firmly resolved to make her my wife at any cost, and to inspire in her some of the passion for me which I felt so strongly for her. I had been a month on the Campagna when one morning I received the following letter:—

"My Dear George,—After our last painful interview I feel that it is only due to us both that I should inform you at as early a date as possible of my engagement."

The letter fell from my hands—an ugly word dropped from my lips. I was conscious of a strange faintness round my heart; then, uttering a savage curse, I sprang to my feet, took up Rachel's letter, and as I paced the narrow limits of the hut continued to read it:—

"I have just promised to marry Captain Channing, of the —— Lancers, whose regiment acted so brilliantly in the late Boer campaign. Geoffrey was invalided home, and we met a few weeks ago at the house of my cousins, the Pryors. From the first we liked each other, and when he asked me to be his wife I found that I loved him, and gladly accepted him. I do not mind telling you, George, who have always been my good friend, that I love Geoffrey with all my heart, and look forward with delight to our future. I hope you will send me your congratulations. I am the happiest girl in existence. You will be glad to know this, I am sure.

"I hope you are progressing satisfactorily with your work—some people say that it is a dangerous time to be in Rome. I only wish, my dear George, I could introduce you to Geoffrey.—Yours sincerely, Rachel Denza."

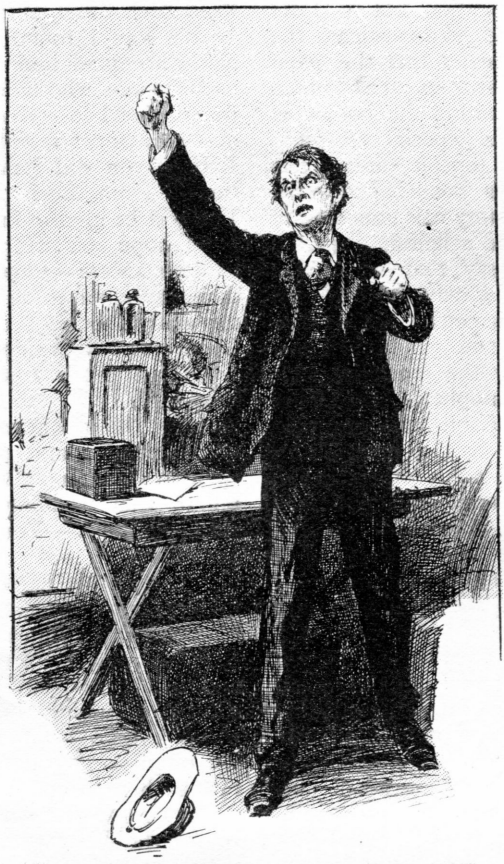
To this letter I sent an immediate and brief reply.

"My Dear Rachel," I wrote,—"I wish you happiness and prosperity. I consider Captain Channing a lucky man. Pray invite me to your wedding, and may our friendship continue.—Yours sincerely, George Matchen."

I posted this letter myself in Rome, and then returned down the Appian Way to my hut on the Campagna.

As I walked, looking outwardly calm and quiet enough, I was, within, nothing short of a smouldering volcano. The threat which I used in Rachel's presence was no idle one, and although I had written to her with such apparent coolness, I was resolved at any cost to carry it out to the bitter end. Rachel should never marry Channing; Rachel should be my wife at any cost. When a man gives himself over to such feelings as now animated me he is in danger of losing his mental balance, but I was naturally cool and wise, and had not the slightest idea of handing myself over to the penalties of the law. There was a strange beating in my heart and an answering pulse in my temples. Inwardly I was as a man torn and wronged. Between me and the time before I had received Rachel's letter spread an immeasurable distance. Before the arrival of that letter I was practically a humane scientist who loved his work and wished to benefit his fellow-men. Now, every thought was concentrated on one idea—how could I frustrate Channing, how could I make Rachel my wife? Before I slept that night I took the first step towards my terrible fall. I had a distant cousin of the

name of Marian Fletcher. She was a tall, dark, handsome girl, dashing in appearance and up-to-date in manner. She was the sort of woman I had always cordially disliked, but unfortunately for me I had the extreme penalty of attracting her. I was not conceited enough to suppose that she loved me, although I did know that I had always exercised an influence over her. From our earliest days Marian would do my bidding, and, imperious and wilful to others, would be little less than a slave to me. Now it occurred to me that she was the sort of woman to be my tool. Marian was visiting friends in the south of England. I knew her address, for we kept up a rather perfunctory correspondence, at least on my part. I wrote to her now on ordinary matters, but in the course of the letter I mentioned that I had heard of Rachel's engagement, and I begged Marian to furnish me with any particulars she could with regard to the character, ways of life, and circumstances of Captain Channing. In about a week's time I received a reply to this letter. Its contents were of deeper interest than even I had hoped.



"UTTERING A SAVAGE CURSE, I SPRANG TO MY FEET."

"MY DEAR GEORGE," wrote Marian,—"In reply to your letter I have a good deal to say. It is in my power to give you much information with regard to Rachel Denza's engagement. In the first place, the marriage between her and Captain Channing must be performed between now and the 1st of January next year, for by the will of Geoffrey Channing's late uncle, Sir Edward Marbury, he loses a large estate unless he marries before that date. Geoffrey is well off even without this money, but with it he will be an extremely rich man, able to give his wife every luxury. Now, pray listen to the divers and sundry chances which this world sometimes offers. You will start when I tell you that Geoffrey and I are first cousins; that Sir Edward Marbury was the uncle with whom I spent the greater part of my youth; and that if by any chance Geoffrey fails to marry before the 1st of January has expired, I, Marian Fletcher, come in for the property which he loses. I have no wish, believe me, to deprive him of his money, for I have abundance of my own; but at the same time his engagement more than interests me. When our uncle's will was read and this curious proviso was discovered Geoffrey was very angry and said he would never marry anyone, fortune or no fortune, except for love. Now, my dear George, I believe that Geoffrey has absolutely kept his word. Until he met Rachel he had never loved any woman. You ask about his character—he is honourable, good-looking, and by most people considered a very captivating man. I am fully convinced that he would far rather lose the fortune which will be his on the day he marries Rachel than satisfy the conditions of his uncle's will without love. Can any woman praise a man further? Well, luck attend him—he has won a prize amongst women. There seldom was a more beautiful woman than Rachel; you know that. She is not without means on her own account, although she could scarcely be called wealthy; but that fact matters little, for Rachel is in love; yes, George, madly, desperately in love, and love has transformed her. It has added to her beauty and accentuated her grace. She is now one of the most lovely women I have ever seen. They both make a splendid couple. It is

good to see two people so happy; or, George Matchen—is it good? Does it not stir certain qualities in the hearts of the spectators which are not altogether those of virtue? Forgive me, I have sometimes fancied that you had a tender place in your heart for the beautiful Miss Denza. Do you too lose by this marriage?—then we ought to sympathize one with the other, for if you lose the woman I lose the fortune. Have I anything more to tell you? Oh, yes. Colonel Denza has not been well and his doctors have ordered him to winter in Cairo. The entire party go to Egypt about the middle of November, where they will remain until after the wedding. Captain Channing of course accompanies them, and so also does your humble servant. Rachel in a letter which I have just received says she has heard from you and that you have given her your congratulations. Are these straight from your heart? I query.—Yours sincerely, MARIAN FLETCHER."

Marian's letter was the beginning of a frequent correspondence between us, the result being that the day came when I packed my traps, took my mosquito-hut to pieces, and started for Egypt a week after the Denzas had gone there. I too had made up my mind to winter in Cairo. The Denzas and their party put up at the Continental Hotel, but I took rooms at Shepheard's. For various reasons I preferred not to be under the same roof as Rachel. But I had not been six hours in Cairo before we met. I went to the Continental, and she greeted me in the great hall which forms one of the principal features of the place. Several visitors were standing about, and there was no one to notice the man who walked gravely forward and shook hands with the lovely girl who stood up and greeted him. No one could guess in the grave face of this man, in his few courteous words, that the passion of a murderer was consuming his heart.

"How well you look, George," said Rachel, and it seemed to me at that instant that she mocked me.

There was a wild beating in my ears, and her next words were almost inaudible. Then emotion passed away and I became watchful, circumspect, and resolved at any cost to hide my feelings.

"I must introduce you to Geoffrey," she said. "It is so good of you to have come to Cairo; your presence will just make our party complete. Ah, and here is Geoffrey."

She moved a step or two away, said something to a man who advanced to meet us, and the next moment Captain Channing and I had met. I looked him all over, taking his measure at a glance. When my eyes lit upon his well-formed face, his open and handsome brown eyes; when I perceived how kind Nature had been in giving him not only all the exterior attributes of manly beauty, but had further endowed him with a right, good, and honourable heart, I hated him with intense satisfaction. It was more agreeable to me in my present mood to hate than to love, but I had to be wary.

My conversation as I talked to Channing was light and agreeable; our laughter rang out. Presently Colonel Denza and Marian appeared. Although we both knew that we should meet in Cairo we each of us expressed surprise at seeing the other.

"How nice this is!" said Marian, and as she spoke she looked me full in the face, and I beheld in her big, black eyes a look of *knowledge*. I felt uncomfortable—she seemed to read me through. But she quickly put me at my ease by suggesting that we should all sit out on the moonlit terrace and enjoy our coffee and cigarettes. Towards the end of the evening Rachel and I found ourselves for a moment alone. She turned immediately and just touched my hand with hers.

"How good you are, George!" she said. "You make me so happy. It is kind of you to be nice to Geoffrey."

"But why should I not be friendly, my dear Rachel?" was my answer.

She raised her brows a very little.

"It makes me happy," she said, simply.

I knew what she was thinking of. She was quite silent for a moment, and the moonlight fell on her slender figure. She looked, I thought, ethereal.

"I cannot help thinking of your words," she began.

I interrupted her.

"Rachel," I said, in a hoarse voice, "let the curtain drop between the past and the present; a man is not accountable for what he says when he is mad."

"And you are sane now, George, are you not?" she asked, in a tone of great relief.

"Absolutely."

"How glad I am! You do not mind my talking to you now and then of my great happiness?"

"Treat me as your old friend, Rachel, and tell me what you will."

"We are to be married," she said, "two days after Christmas, in a little over three weeks. We are going to India for our wedding trip."

I bowed.

"You will be present at my wedding, will you not, George?"

"Certainly," I answered. I said this with marked emphasis, for as I intended to be the bridegroom on that auspicious occasion I should, of course, not be absent.

A moment later I took my leave. As I was going from the Continental to Shepheard's Hotel, a distance of a few yards, I saw under the shade of the big terrace the figure of Marian Fletcher. She stretched out her hand as I passed and touched me.

"You did it very well indeed," she said, "and you gave yourself away to no one but me."

"What do you mean by saying that, Marian?" I replied.

"I have acquired the power of reading your heart," she answered. "It is a subtle one, George Matchen, but I have the gift of reading it through and through."

"May I not see you back to the Continental?" was my answer.

"You may when we have walked up and down here in the shade. I came out on purpose. No one will see us, and even if anyone does I do not care. We are old friends, and I must know exactly the part I am to play."

"The part you are to play?" I replied, my heart beating quickly.

"I intend to help you," she answered, and she laid her hand on my arm.

Rachel's hand was the last to touch me—it seemed to me now that Marian's touch was profanation. I started away, almost rudely. She observed the gesture, and her black eyes flashed.

"The wedding takes place in three weeks," she said. "You are agreeable, of course?"

"It shall never take place," I answered, in a low voice. "I have vowed, and I mean to keep my vow."

"Bravo!" she answered me. "I thought as much. George, I too have good reason to wish this marriage not to take place."

"By the way, of course you have," I replied. "How much money comes to you if Channing fails to marry before the 1st of January?"

"My late uncle's house and estate, and something like £50,000 in Consols. A big fortune," she continued, "but I do not care so much for that; something else influences me."

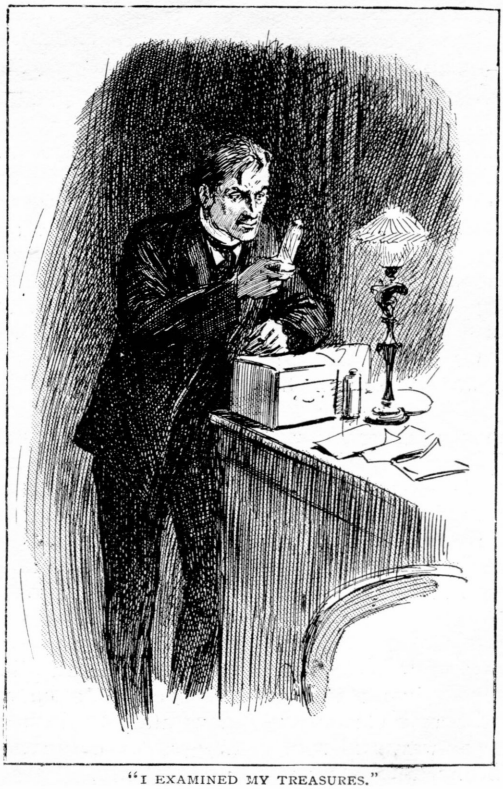
"What?" I asked.

"You," she replied. "You, George Matchen. Do you not know that I love you?"

"Do not say it, Marian," I answered, hoarsely.

"It is easy to say 'Don't,'" she replied, "when the deed is done, and when nothing can alter facts. Do you know how many men I have refused for your sake? And, yes, even if I do receive that fortune, I vow that I will marry no one but you. You have made a vow to marry one woman, while another woman has made a vow to marry you. Now you see your position."

I laughed somewhat ruefully.



"I EXAMINED MY TREASURES."

"You do not put things too pleasantly," I said.

"You will acquiesce by-and-by, for you must," she replied. "But we must both clearly understand. You do not wish the marriage—we both have strong reasons why it should never take place. We both intend to act with cleverness, we both intend to hide our real feelings; that is enough for to-night, our further consideration must be how we are to take the steps we wish to take."

"Aye," I said. "Good-night, Marian."

She did not take my hand this time; she glided away. I returned to my hotel, but not to sleep.

During my recent experiments on the Campagna I had followed Manson's discoveries. The spangle-winged mosquito, small, light as air, almost transparent, scarcely visible to the naked eye, carried within its tiny body a weapon of death almost as sure and certain as the assassin's knife.

Before leaving the precincts of that malarial district I had secured several of these mosquitoes in a bottle. The bottle was, of course, provided with a breathing apparatus, and in order to keep the insects alive I fed them on bananas, but I knew that in order to insure the truth of Manson's theory I must give the mosquitoes a malarial victim to feed upon. How could I find such a victim?

To-night I examined my treasures. I held the bottle between myself and the light. They seemed in good condition. I lay down to sleep in the small hours and my sleep was troubled by dreams. I awoke early, jumped up and dressed hastily. After breakfast I determined to pass away the morning hours in the far-famed bazaars. As I walked there now through the crowded streets, the air, light, dry, exhilarating, insensibly cheered my spirits; the weight which had lain against my heart lifted, and although my mind was irrevocably made up I determined to enjoy the present. As I strolled along the narrow streets, knocking up against Arabs and Egyptians as I did so, and finally entered under the low portal which led to the bazaars, I wondered if I should meet Rachel here. Most girls like to visit these homes of curiosities and articles of *vertu*. I thought of Rachel and of her alone as I passed between the gaily set-out counters, and listened to the eager remarks of the merchants as they advertised their wares. I thought of Rachel's glorious eyes, the ring in her voice, the immeasurable comfort which one glance at her afforded me. I should be a madman indeed if I did not make a frantic struggle to secure so great a prize. I walked on and on, shouted to in broken English by the Arabs as they stood behind their counters. But the moonstones, the turquoises, the bracelets, the necklets, the kerchiefs, the rich embroideries, did not attract me; I saw them without seeing them. Presently I passed right through the bazaar of varieties, down through the Turkish quarters, and into the Silver Bazaar. Here one could see the metal itself formed into bangles, bracelets, and brooches before one's eyes. It was the fashion for each visitor in Cairo to visit this special bazaar. A more dangerous and hideous-looking place it was scarcely possible to find. There was barely room for me to walk between the stalls; men of all Eastern nationalities, Arabs, Egyptians, Bedouins, Syrians, peered at me as I passed by. The crafty face of a Greek looked into mine; the suave, smooth, expressionless countenance of an Arab was within a foot or two of my own face. It would, I knew, be easy for these men to bind me hand and foot, to rob and murder me, and there would be an end for all time of George Matchen; but no one was interested in me to that extent. I passed by, buying nothing and exciting no comment whatsoever. I was just about to come out again when a man who was standing by a counter and examining some soft silver bangles attracted my attention. The place was lit artificially, and the flame of a torch fell on his face. I stopped when I saw him, and a spasm of mingled agony and delight crossed my heart. He was a sad-looking object—his face was so thin that the bones all but protruded; it was sallow, too, with a sickly sallowness which spoke of deranged liver and blood-poisoning; his black eyes were sunken in his head; he coughed as he spoke, and as I approached him and stared almost rudely into his face I saw him shiver as if with sudden rigor. Beyond doubt, dark as was his complexion, he was a European—perhaps an Englishman; beyond doubt, also, he was suffering from malaria. I knew this at once; I knew also that the malaria which was draining his life-blood was of the kind known as malignant. Now, all malarias are intermittent, and this man was in the stage of this fell disease when the fever for a short time had relaxed its grip. He completed his bargain with the silver merchant and I followed him out of the bazaar. He took no notice whatever of me, but walked languidly, tottering slightly as he did so. Suddenly he almost fell. This was my opportunity. I went quickly to his side and offered him my arm.

"You are ill," I said, speaking in French. "Can I assist you to a carriage?"

He replied to me at once in excellent English.

"I was mad to come out," he said. "Thank you for your courtesy. I shall be very much obliged if you will see me into a victoria."

I observed that he was past all other speech. I led him gently to the end of the street and put him into a carriage. He gave the driver the name of the Continental Hotel. Again there came a grip at my

"I WENT QUICKLY TO HIS SIDE AND OFFERED HIM MY ARM."

heart, but this time it was altogether one of satisfaction.

Cairo is perhaps the last place on earth where malaria is to be found; the extreme dryness of the climate makes such a disease all but impossible. This man, therefore, must have come to Cairo already attacked. I needed such a victim. Beyond doubt he was the tool to execute the deadly work which I had in hand. That evening I had a private conversation with Marian.

"There is a man under this roof very ill," I said. "Do you happen to know about him?"

"Are you alluding to Mr. Aldis?" she said at once.

"Perhaps so," I replied. "I met a man to-day at the Silver Bazaar; he was suffering from malignant malaria. Oh, it is not infectious; you need not start. I helped him to a carriage and he gave the address of this hotel. I am interested."

Then I looked at her and stopped speaking. Her face became watchful and eager.

"Tell me something about malaria," she said, in a whisper.

I hated her as she came nearer to me; I hated her still more when she lowered her voice; all the same, I knew I must use her.

"Malaria in all forms is deadly," I said. "It works havoc on the constitution. Malignant malaria as a rule kills, and quickly. The man I helped to-day will shortly die."

"Could you not be of service to this suffering individual?" was her next question, made after a pause. "There is doubtless," she continued, "no one else in Cairo who has so thoroughly studied the deadly complaint."

"That I am sure is the case," I replied.

"Perhaps you would like to see Mr. Aldis?"

I looked full at her, then I lowered my eyes.

"Wait a moment," she said. "I know the manager—I will go and speak to him."

She jumped up and left me. In a few minutes she returned to my side.

"I think Mr. Aldis will see you," she said, in a whisper. "A message has been sent to his apartments. He is very ill this evening, but refuses to see any of the doctors of the place. It is possible, therefore, that he may give you the pleasure of prescribing for him."

"Then, in that case," I answered, abruptly, "I will leave the hotel for a few minutes. If a message comes in my absence keep it for me, will you?"

I went straight to Shepheard's. I reached my own room. There I took a bottle which contained my pet mosquitoes from its hiding-place and held it between me and the light. Opening this bottle with extreme care I transferred two of the winged insects to another and smaller bottle. These I christened on the spot Lucifer and Diabolis. I smiled strangely as I watched their attenuated, shadowy forms. They immediately settled themselves at the bottom of the bottle. They looked languid; doubtless they were weak for want of their proper food.

"I am prepared, my friends, to give you a meal to-night," I said to them.

I slipped the bottle into my pocket and went back to the hotel.

"Oh, George," said Rachel, the moment I appeared, "there is a poor man dreadfully ill upstairs; the concierge has been to inquire for you; the man, a Mr. Aldis, wants to know if you will pay him a professional visit."

"With pleasure," I replied. "Ah, there is the concierge; I will speak to him."

I went up to the man, said a few words, and a moment later was taken up in the lift to Aldis's room. He had a large room on the third floor. The man flung open the door, announced—"Dr. George Matchen," and shut it behind him. The patient was bending over a wood fire in all the first rigor of a terrible attack.

"How do you do?" he said, just nodding to me and speaking with difficulty, for his teeth chattered so. "I have to thank you for your kindness to-day; I did not know, then, that I was being helped by a doctor, and one who the manager tells me has specially studied the infernal disease which is bringing me to the grave. I do not suppose you can do anything for me, but all the same it is kind of you to call."

"I may possibly be able to give you a little relief," was my reply. Then I sat down by his side and asked him a few questions.

He was far gone, indeed, with acute malignant malaria. He told me he had contracted it in New Guinea, that the attacks were becoming more and more frequent and his strength less and less. He had fled from the deadly place to Cairo hoping to recover, but his own supposition was that he was too deeply imbued with the disease for any chance of cure, and was to a certainty dying.

"I shall never go out again," he said, "until I am carried from here. I have declined, however, to go to a hospital, and I do not want a nurse; I can manage myself."

As he spoke he cowered yet nearer to the fire. I took out my glass bottle and, unobserved by him, removed the cork and let one of the spangle-winged mosquitoes free. I then turned and sat down near the patient.

I tried to draw him to talk on other matters, but he was too ill even to answer my questions. I knew that I was cruel, almost brutal; but was he not my tool—should I not be a madman to lose this chance of acquiring what I desired? Presently there sounded on my ears the well-known musical hum of a mosquito. It came nearer and yet nearer; passing me by, it selected the sick man as its victim. A moment later and my spangle-winged beauty alighted on the invalid's hand. He immediately raised the other hand to brush it off, but before he could do so I interposed.

"One moment," I cried; "this is most curious. Let me secure this mosquito; it is surely not one of the ordinary kind one finds here."

As I spoke I laid my hand lightly on the mosquito. It fluttered in its unwelcome prison. I put it back into my bottle. The invalid gazed at me in astonishment.

"The brute has bitten me," he said. "It is early in the year for mosquitoes in Cairo, but I have been bitten before."

"Indeed," I answered, with eagerness. "Yes, I see you have mosquito curtains round your bed."

"The season has been so warm that they have never died off as is their usual habit," was his answer. "But excuse me, doctor, I think I shall get into bed; the second stage of my disease is approaching."

I now changed my manner and helped him to the utmost of my ability. I sat with him until the fury of the attack had spent itself, and it was late before I left his room.

From that hour Frank Aldis was my patient. I visited him once or twice a day. I spoke to my friends downstairs of the interesting case which had come under my notice. I specially mentioned how extremely favourable it was for my special investigations. Marian watched me morning, noon, and night—she was intensely interested; Captain Channing mildly so; but Rachel scarcely listened to me. For the time she was altogether absorbed; it was her nature to be polite to everyone, but I could see that she lived in a dream-world, and only Captain Channing's voice and Captain Channing's face had power to make her heart awake. I saw the light of love in her eyes whenever she looked at him—but for that look which was never directed towards me I might have paused and considered; as it was I was obdurate. I had now fed all my mosquitoes one by one from the veins of my malarious patient, but Lucifer and Diabolis I still kept in a bottle by themselves—they were fully primed to do what destruction lay in their power. Meanwhile the days flew. Christmas Day arrived, and two days afterwards the wedding was to take place. On that day Marian watched me much as a cat watches a mouse. As to Captain Channing and Rachel, they were more and

more absorbed in each other. On Christmas night I knew that the time had come to strike. For this purpose I must secure the services of Marian Fletcher. I asked her, therefore, as the evening approached to stroll with me on the terrace. The night was balmy, like an English midsummer. There were several guests sitting about; the waiters in their quaint Oriental costumes were darting here and there supplying the different small tables with coffee and cigarettes. Marian and I moved into the shade where no one walked or lingered.

"Well?" she said.

I turned to her. "Will you help me?" I asked.

"On a condition," she replied, very slowly.

"You come in for the fortune, Marian, that is the condition."

"You marry me, George. That is my condition," she answered.

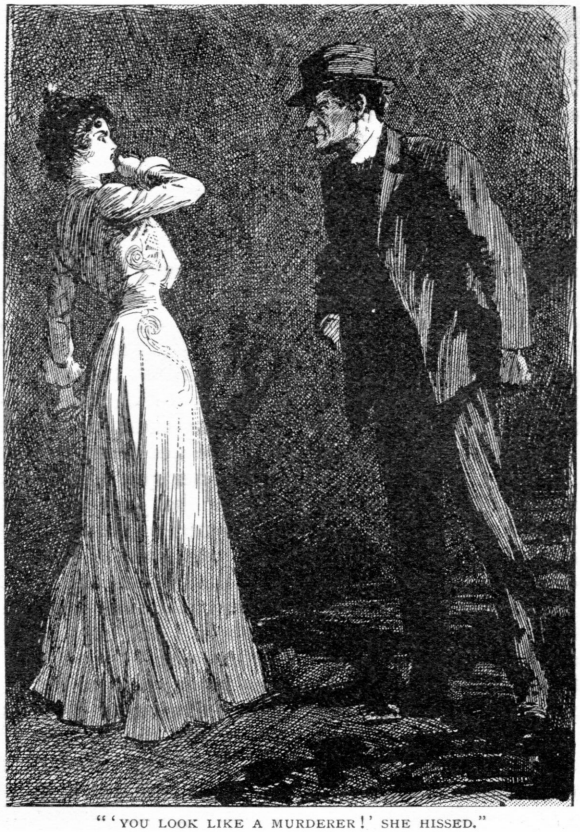
I looked her full in the eyes.

"You ask the impossible," I said. "I want to remove a certain man from my path because I love the girl who is engaged to him. How can you expect me to marry you?"

"This is a case of revenge," she answered, lightly. "You deprive Rachel Denza of her lover and her fortune, but you marry me afterwards. The whole thing is well conceived, and I can and will help you."

I was silent, thinking hard. I could not do what I intended to do without her help; at the same time nothing on this earth would induce me to marry her.

"Listen, Marian," I said, softly. "What we do we must do to-night. You and I step down from the paths of respectability and enter the shady paths of crime—deliberate and wicked crime—to-night. We will talk of the conditions afterwards. If you fail to help me on this night, which is already upon us, it will be too late."



"'YOU LOOK LIKE A MURDERER!' SHE HISSED."

"In any case I get the fortune," she said, softly, under her breath. "What am I to do to-night, Dr. Matchen?"

I took a glass bottle from my pocket.

"In this," I said, "is a mosquito."

She laughed.

"Really," she answered; "we descend from the sublime to the ridiculous. I am not partial to mosquitoes; one got inside my curtains last night and bit me savagely on my neck; my neck is inflamed. Did you not notice the ugly mark at dinner?"

"I did not," I replied. "But listen, pray. There are mosquito curtains, are there not, round all the beds?"

"Of course."

"In what room does Captain Channing sleep, Marian?"

"On the same corridor with the rest of our party. All our rooms adjoin; his is the farthest off, then Colonel Denza's, then mine, then Rachel's."

"Then your course is easy," I answered. "Pray go upstairs some time this evening when no one is by, enter Captain Channing's room, open the curtains of his bed, and let the insect which rests in this bottle have its freedom *inside* the curtains. When you are quite certain that it is safe within, tuck the curtains down again and come away. The work is easy," I continued, and I gave a light laugh.

"Work easy, pay heavy," she answered.

Just then a waiter carrying a tray with glasses

passed us. The reflection of a bright light in one of the rooms of the hotel caused the glasses to gleam. There was a second reflection on Marian's face and on mine.

"You look like a murderer," she hissed, "and you want me to be one, too."

"Ask no questions," I replied. "What is a mosquito? Keep your secret. If you do your work well you will at least be an heiress, one of the richest women in England. —There."

I thrust the bottle which contained Diabolis into her hand. Diabolis was full-fed and ripe to pursue his deadly work.

The next morning, by invitation, I breakfasted at the Continental with the Denzas. The whole party were in high spirits. Captain Channing, in particular, looked in radiant health; but I noticed to my own intense satisfaction that he rubbed his cheek, and I observed the small but sure bite of a mosquito in the little red patch which irritated him. Rachel's eyes met mine; she noticed the direction of Captain Channing's hand, and, bending towards him, said:—

"So you were the victim last night?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, turning to her.

"I was bitten the night before; I see that those horrid creatures attacked you last night."

"Do you mean the mosquitoes?" he asked, immediately. "It is surprising that they should be active at this time of the year. Of course, one knows there are always a few in Cairo, but a most persistent brute had got into my mosquito curtains; it worried me indescribably: I managed, however, to kill it at last."

So Diabolis was dead! I smiled grimly to myself. Captain Channing jumped up and asked Rachel if she had finished breakfast. They went out together; Marian and I found ourselves alone.

"When will the poison begin to work?" she asked.

"Hush!" I replied. "Walls have ears."

"But when?" she persisted.

"Probably this afternoon."

"Is one dose sufficient?"

"It would be safer to give a second," was my answer, after a moment's hesitation. "Can you help me to do this, Marian?"

"Certainly I can. Will you let me have the bottle which contains the insect before night?"

I nodded. She looked full at me.

"You clearly understand what my collaboration in this matter implies?"

"You get the money," was my answer.

"And the man," she continued.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"You know, Miss Fletcher," I said, "that I only love one woman, Rachel Denza."

"And she is good," replied Marian, slowly. "A nice husband you would make for a good woman! You had much better be content with me. Like ought to mate with like in this world. I at least shall never reproach you, for we shall both be in the same box."

I made no answer. Not one single thrill of remorse had visited me. If I ever had a heart it was now hard as iron. I was only thinking of the result which a second dose of poison would certainly produce. Rachel, deprived both of fortune and lover, must assuredly turn to me. My work could not be spoilt now. I must soothe and satisfy Marian later on, but at any cost she must complete what she had begun.

Just then Rachel came up to us. Her face was a little pale and a trifle anxious.

"I am so glad you have not gone," she said, eagerly. "Geoffrey is not well; he complains of shivering and headache. It is impossible that he could have caught malaria, but certainly the symptoms seem very like those from which Mr. Aldis suffers."

"Do not be anxious," I replied. "Malaria is not infectious in the ordinary sense, but I will go and see him; where is he?"

"He has gone to his room to lie down; he feels very sick."

"Better and better," I whispered to myself.

I ran upstairs and saw Channing. He had slight rigor, which I knew would soon increase; he had also sick headache. He could not understand his own sensations.

"Give me something to put me right, won't you, Matchen?" he said, when he saw me. "It is no end of a nuisance to be knocked up to-day, for remember I marry Rachel to-morrow."

"That you do not, sir," was my inward comment.

Aloud I said:—

"I will prescribe something for you, and the main thing is not to worry."

I went downstairs and ordered a harmless compound. It was by no means my intention to cut the attack short, even if I could do so.

In the evening I inquired for Captain Channing. He was now very ill, indeed, and all thought of to-morrow's ceremony was abandoned. Colonel Denza was anxious and spoke to me.

"I hope Channing will be able to be

married on the following day," he said. "You have doubtless heard of the curious will which provides him a fortune if he takes to himself a wife before or on the first of the New Year?"

"I have heard of it," I replied, briefly. "He is suffering from malaria, and there are symptoms which point to a malignant type, but I hope the attack will have died down by the morning."

Colonel Denza looked very anxious. I saw that I was not wanted, and went back to my hotel.

I returned later to put my glass bottle into Marian Fletcher's hand.

"I am appointed nurse," she said, "for the time being; you see how everything suits, but do not forget our bargain."

I nodded to her and went away. Again, that night, callous wretch that I was, I slept, but I awoke early and went to the hotel. Captain Channing had got over the first acute attack, and was lying on his pillows, languid, weak, and indifferent. Rachel was standing in the room; she turned when she saw me.

"This is our wedding-day," she said, "but Geoffrey says he cannot marry me to-day."

"Why, of course not," I replied. "How could you be so cruel as to expect it?"

She fell on her knees beside his couch and took one of his feverish hands in hers.

"I have a headache myself," she said; "it is caused by disappointment."

"Darling, I shall be all right to-morrow," he said, and, making an effort, he raised her little hand to his lips and kissed it.

The sight maddened me. I made a remark, ordered the prescription which I had made up yesterday to be renewed, and left the room. Colonel Denza was standing on the landing.

"Well," he said, "how is the patient? Any improvement?"

"There is not the least doubt, Colonel," I replied, "that Captain Channing is suffering from malignant malaria. The fact is he ought not to marry for some time."

"He must marry before the 1st. We must get through the ceremony somehow to-morrow."

"Ah," I answered, "I do not think you will."

"It is worse than provoking," said the Colonel. "I do not want to be heartless, believe me, Matchen, but to throw away such a fortune! Surely a great effort ought to be made to comply with the uncle's will."

"I will do my best," I answered. "But would you like to call in another doctor?"

"Certainly not; no one knows so much about malaria as you do."

Just then Rachel passed me, going languidly and very slowly to her room. I was struck by the feebleness of her step and followed her.

"Are you ill, Rachel?" I said. "Is this little disappointment more than you can bear?"

"Believe me, it is not the money," she answered, and tears filled her lovely eyes. "It is the sight of his suffering—the change in his face. Oh, you do not think he will die?"

"I WAS STRUCK BY THE FEEBLENESS OF HER STEP."

"No, no," I said, as soothingly as I could. "But you really are ill."

"I do not know what is the matter," she answered. "I feel much as Geoff did yesterday morning, shivery, tired, headachy."

"You are nervous," I replied. "You cannot possibly be contracting malaria. Now, go like a good girl and lie down."

She left me. Again I observed that feeble walk. She was a tall, strong girl, but she absolutely tottered as she went down the long corridor. Her walk reminded me of Aldis as he tottered up the street after leaving the Silver Bazaar.

I could not quite account for the strange, fierce nervousness which suddenly arose within me, nor could I in the least understand the vague fear which clutched at my heart and shook me to the foundations of my being. I went downstairs; Marian sat reading an English newspaper. She raised her eyes when I approached.

"All going well, eh?" she inquired.

I sat down near her.

"How can you look so cool and indifferent?" I said. "Sometimes I wonder if you are a woman at all."

"As much woman as you are man, dear sir," was her gentle response. "But how go the patients?"

"The patients!" I cried. "There is only one patient; he is bad enough, God knows."

"I fancy there are two," she replied.

"Two?" I cried. "Two?"

Then I remembered Rachel's condition. I looked full at Marian. My very heart stood still—the words I tried to utter froze on my lips.

"There are likely to be two," continued Marian, in a low tone. She stood up as she spoke. "Come out on the terrace, Dr. Matchen."

I followed her. The terrace was absolutely deserted. We stood side by side in the shade caused by the big hotel. The sunshine blazed hot everywhere else; a number of Arab women carrying necklaces, feathers, and other things to sell came up and proffered their wares. Marian ordered the women off with an imperious gesture.

"Dr. Matchen," she said, facing me and looking me full in the eyes, "I asked you for a promise last night you virtually refused to give. Remembering that man above all things is frail, weak, and uncertain, anxious to have his own way at any cost, but not anxious to perform that which is afterwards expected of him—to make all safe, I took the matter into my own hands. It does not suit my wishes that Captain Channing should die and Rachel live, beautiful and free. I think you call your favourite mosquitoes Diabolis and Lucifer. Diabolis poisoned Captain Channing on the night of the 25th; Lucifer poisoned Rachel last night."

"What do you mean?" I cried.

I took her by her shoulders and turned her round.

"What do you mean?" I hissed again in her face.

"What I say. Take your hands off. I took the one step possible to take. They are both ill now, and it is—yes, your doing and mine. Cure them if you can."

I did not say a word—I was incapable of speech. I turned from Marian, walked across the hall of the big hotel, and, not waiting for the lift, bounded up the stairs three steps at a time to the third story. I turned down the corridor where the Denzas' rooms were situated. Rachel's door was slightly ajar; I heard voices within. Her father was standing by the bedside. The girl herself was lying on the bed; she had not troubled to undress, but from where I stood I noticed the frightful rigor which caused her to shiver from head to foot. Colonel Denza saw me, and asked me to enter.

"Ah, Matchen," he said, "you are the very man. What can you make of this? Are not Rachel's symptoms singularly like those from which Channing suffered yesterday?"

I went up to the bed and took the small, hot hand in my clasp. The pulse was galloping—it did not need me to lay my finger upon it to know that the girl's temperature was high.

"You must get into bed, Rachel," I said, as gently as I could speak. "You are more ill than I thought; I will get a nurse from the hospital to see after you."

"I am so cold," she answered, and her teeth chattered.

I bent towards her.

"Tell me," I said, "and speak truly. Were you bitten by anything last night?"

"Bitten?" she answered, pressing her hand to her eyes and pushing back her hair. "How funny! I had forgotten. Of course I was. A mosquito got inside my curtains; it bit my little finger and my wrist: see how inflamed they are. I lit a candle and hunted for the little wretch, but could not find it. Oh, how my head aches; how giddy I am!"

"I will get you a nurse; we will soon have you all right," I said; but my face must have

belied my words. I motioned to Colonel Denza and we both left the room.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Matter!" I cried. "Only God knows. Your daughter is infected with the same horrible thing from which Captain Channing is suffering. Yes, they will be cured; they must be cured. I take it upon me to say that is almost a certainty; but they are both ill—alarmingly so. Get nurses from the hospital, my dear sir. Do not allow Miss Fletcher near them; any excuse—infection—what you like. I am off to—to do that which I mean to do."

"But the marriage—the marriage on the 1st!" cried the agonized father.

"Marriage!" I answered. "Colonel Denza, you may be thankful if you keep your daughter. Go on your knees to Almighty God and ask Him to spare her life. Do not keep me now."

"But where are you going?" he called after me. "Are there no immediate steps to be taken?"

"Yes, yes. Dose her with quinine, dose them both with quinine. I will prescribe the dose. Do not keep me, I beg of you."

I rushed from the hotel. I was like a madman, like one possessed; and yet, and yet, I was not as guilty as I had been when I awoke that morning. It was given to me at the eleventh hour to repent, to repent with the agony which lost souls must feel in purgatory. Little did I care then whether Rachel married the man she loved or not. All I required of the God who made her was her life.

"Oh, spare her young and beautiful life!" I cried, and then I thought no more of the past, but only of the present. I must take means.

While studying the great malarial question on the wide plains of the Campagna I had, as I have already stated, thought much of the possibility of a remedy or a cure—something which should destroy the parasites in the blood. I had already made extensive experiments in this direction, but hitherto, I must own, without marked success. Still, in moments when I could think clearly and devote my whole time to the question, I had wild dreams of a certain disinfectant which I called by the name of spirileen. Spirileen was a mixture of more than one strong disinfectant, and could be introduced by inoculation into a healthy or infected subject at will. Up to the present, as I have said, I had found no certain results, but I was nearly mad now, and determined, come what would, to try to inoculate Rachel.

I went to my rooms, shut myself in, worked up my subject carefully for a few hours, and then went back to the Continental. There was a hush and quiet over the place. Everyone in the hotel knew what had occurred: that the bride and bridegroom of to-morrow were both literally lying at death's door. The manager of the hotel looked disturbed; if it were known that an attack of malignant malaria was assailing his guests he himself would be ruined. He came to me to ask what it meant.

"Can you throw any light on the subject, sir?" was his inquiry. "Panic is beginning which will empty the hotel; several people have already gone. Mr. Aldis is so bad he is not expected to live out the day."

"What do you say?" I asked.

I started, turned, and faced him.

"Just what I say, sir. Mr. Aldis is not expected to hold out until night, and Miss Fletcher, one of your party, sir, has already started for Alexandria *en route* for England."

This was a relief which the man must have seen reflected in my face. I evaded any further questions from him and rushed upstairs. I went to Aldis's door and knocked. A feeble voice responded. I opened the door and entered. The man was lying weak unto death on his bed. He could scarcely speak, his face was cadaverous, the signs of approaching death were manifest.

If I saved him—and surely in such an extreme case any experiment was justifiable—then Rachel at such a much earlier stage of the complaint would be delivered. I went straight up to Aldis and bent over him.

"I am nearly gone," he said to me.

"I have something that I want to try," I said. "It is kill or cure. May I?"

He gave a vague nod; I doubt if he understood me. I had my syringe ready, and within two minutes I had inoculated him. I sat down by him then and waited for the result. I had watched his case for days now, and I knew when the fever would begin to return. It was due. The temperature ought to rise within half an hour. I sat and watched the clock as a man who is drowning watches to see whether the saving rope will reach him. When the clock struck I took Aldis's temperature. It was normal; there was no rise. I took it again in half an hour; still no rise.

"What is this?" I said. "Your attack is not coming back."

I observed that his eyes were a shade brighter. I gave him a stimulant. I sat

with him for another hour; still no rise of temperature, no sign of the terrible recurrence of the fever. Already he looked better; he was able to turn in bed and to watch me. I gave him a second dose of the disinfectant and then left him. My mind was made up; I went straight to Rachel's room.

She was in a paroxysm of extreme misery. The nurse whom Denza had summoned was seated by the bedside. Rachel was delirious; she did not know anyone.

"It is a very sharp attack, sir," said the nurse, in French.

"Yes," I answered, and then I took the girl's white hand and pushed up her sleeve, and introduced the spirileen.

I must not make my story too long. Suffice it to say that by a miracle, as it seemed to me, Rachel Denza, Captain Channing, and, last but not least, Mr. Frank Aldis crept back from the gates of death to the shores of life. Step by step I watched them as the cruel enemy withdrew and life and health and strength returned to their faces. They all spoke of me as their benefactor, and I, coward that I was, could not disillusionize them. There came a day when Channing and Rachel, quite well again, drove to church together and were made one by the officiating priest. On that day I crept to the church and stayed there and listened to the words which took Rachel from me for ever. But in reality she had never been mine, and that which I had done in my madness had removed her immeasurable miles from me and my life. I was thankful that she was alive. I crept back to Shepheard's Hotel, for I was ill. I myself had been bitten by the deadly mosquitoes, heeding little what they did during those hours that I watched by Rachael's bed. Should I give myself the spirileen and so, perhaps, save my life? No; it seemed useless. The very desire for life had left me. Up to the present I had just strength to keep from my friends the fact that I was ill. I sat in my room between the raging paroxysms of fever and wondered what was before me. At least I might do one good. Spirileen, thought out by me, in very deed and truth my own discovery, the fruits of my months of labour, had proved efficacious. I would give my discovery to the world before I died. At intervals I had written my story, and there was just this one thing to add—the proportions and the natures of the disinfectants which made my protective. I took a sheet of paper and prepared to write . . . . .

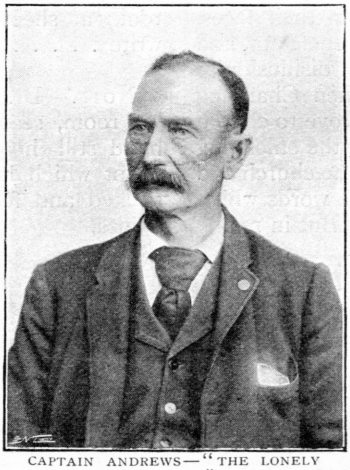
NOTE.—Dr. Matchen was found dead in his room, seated by his writing-table, his hand still holding his pen. The manuscript which lay by his side was carefully packed and forwarded to his friend, Colonel Denza.

Across the Atlantic in a Twelve-Foot Boat.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

THE majority of travellers nowadays, when their peregrinations necessitate an ocean journey, invariably seek out the largest vessel afloat, since by this means the inconvenience and discomfort of *mal-de-mer*, if not entirely obviated, are at least considerably reduced. Yet there are one or two intrepid adventurers for whom the sea possesses no terrors, and who apparently court fate by crossing the Atlantic in small boats no larger than the emergency boats carried upon our ocean liners. The *doyen* of these solitary voyagers is Captain William A. Andrews, who, owing to his curious propensity for crossing the Atlantic in a small boat, has earned the sobriquet of "The Lonely Skipper." He holds the record both for having crossed the Atlantic in the smallest boat and in the quickest time by a craft of these diminutive dimensions.

It was at Atlantic City, the Blackpool of New York and Philadelphia, that I encountered this interesting and daring navigator. Although bordering on his sixtieth year Captain Andrews is still hale and virile, and his weather-beaten face is a telling index of his sea-roving experiences. When I met him he was busily engaged in fashioning a small model of the collapsible boat in which he intends to cross to England this year.



CAPTAIN ANDREWS—"THE LONELY SKIPPER."
From a Photo. by D. P. Romero, Sevilla.

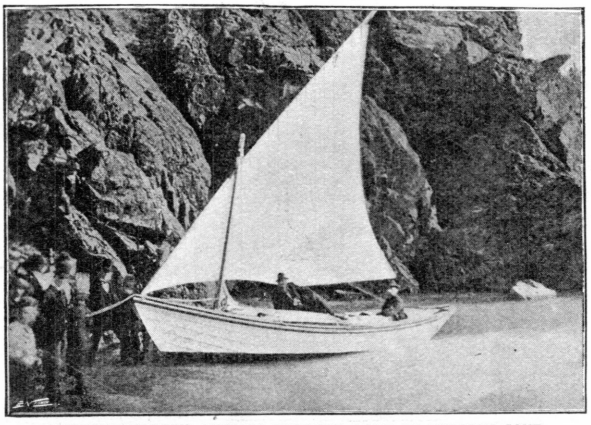
"Surely such an enterprise is fraught with considerable danger?" I ventured to remark, as he explained the principles of the construction of the frail argo, having an indelible impression of the fury of the Atlantic in a hurricane, and the havoc it wrought upon the greyhound upon which I was travelling.

"By no means," he replied. "Personally I feel far safer in my little boats than I do upon the deck of a steamer. You see, you have plenty of sea-room, and should unfavourable weather be encountered you can let the boat run before it. The only real danger incurred is from passing vessels, especially from the liners. I always endeavour to keep out of the track of the latter. I never carry lights at night, but simply trust to Providence. On one or two of my journeys I did display a white light at my mast-head, and from what I subsequently learned from the reports of vessels which had passed me during the night, my solitary will-o'-th'-wisp light occasioned considerable speculation among the superstitious sailors as to its origin."

Captain Andrews is not, as his name might imply, a captain in the strict sense of the word. He holds no certificate and, in fact, has never had a lesson in navigation in his life. He was originally engaged in a piano factory at Boston, but the trade became indifferent and he decided to establish a business of his own. That was in 1878. Before proceeding to this step, however, he desired a holiday and to see the old country. The Exposition Universelle was being celebrated in Paris in that year, and so he determined to visit it with a view to extending his knowledge.

"The chief point I had to consider, however," he continued, "was how to get across. I was not in a position to pay for my passage in the ordinary way, but I had heard that a man named Johnson had crossed the ferry in 1875 in a small boat 20ft. in length, and since success had crowned his effort I saw no reason why I should not emulate his achievement. I mentioned the matter to my brother Walter, who immediately approved of the idea, and we at once completed our arrangements for our novel journey. I went down to Gloucester to the shipbuilder who had constructed Johnson's boat and ordered a similar craft 16ft. in length. But the boat-builder refused to build it less than 20ft. in

length, as he was apprehensive of its being sufficiently safe. Seeing argument was useless I let him have his own way, and in five days the boat, which we called the *Nautilus*, was delivered to us. We set out from Boston, Massachusetts, on June 8th, 1878. A huge crowd gathered to wish us *bon voyage*, and a large fleet of boats accompanied us for a short distance. We did not get far before we encountered our first disaster in the shape of a broken compass. We put back into Beverley, and I seized the opportunity of waiting for the re-adjustment of the compass to have the sleeping accommodation rendered more comfortable. My bunk was only 11in. in width by 8in. high, and I had to lie upon my side with the hatch open. This was due to the centre-board of the boat. The advantage of having such a small bunk is that one can brace oneself securely therein, so that when the vessel pitches and rolls there is no danger of being hurled out of the berth. The boat was not ballasted, and is the only craft that has ever accomplished such a journey under such conditions. When the alterations had been made and the compass re-arranged we made a fresh start. The weather was frightful, the wind blowing from the north-east, and no vessel would put to sea. Nothing daunted, and chafing at the delay already caused, we decided to put off, though everything augured an unsuccessful passage. Fortunately, however, the weather moderated when we got well out to sea.



CAPTAIN ANDREWS AND HIS BROTHER LAND IN MULLION COVE, CORNWALL, AFTER CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.
From a Photo. by E. Chickering.

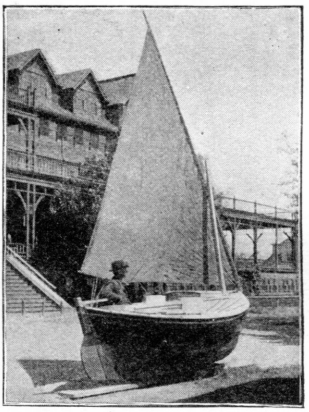
"When we dropped out of sight of land that night we vaguely wondered whether we should ever see it again. I had never been to sea before; I had no idea of navigation, and naturally had never taken an observation of the sun. Our plight seemed hopeless and the attempt foolhardy. But we resolved to continue the journey, come what might. We took the observation of the sun whenever possible, and settled upon our course as well as we could. During the trip we spoke thirty-seven vessels, and by their aid could rectify any errors that we had made in our calculations regarding longitude and latitude. In spite of our deficient knowledge in this respect we struck the Bishop's Rock off the Scilly Islands, and for which we had been making our way dead in a fog, so that we had not erred much in our observations. We made up to the Scilly Islands, and the following day entered the English Channel and ran into Penzance, being under the impression that it was Falmouth. We experienced a difficult time in these waters. A north-east gale was blowing and we got into the Lizard Race—the terror of all mariners. The sea was running high, and the tide was sweeping us along backwards against the wind at a speed of nine miles an hour. We finally landed at Mullion Cove, and right glad we were for the opportunity to get ashore to stretch our limbs after being cramped up in the narrow confines of our little boat for forty-five days. We subsequently made our way to Havre, thence to Paris. After the exhibition we returned to England, where we stayed for several months exhibiting our boat, since the episode had aroused considerable attention. We then returned to the States, and shortly after our arrival home my brother was taken ill and succumbed to the malady."

Since the death of his brother Captain Andrews has always entered upon his various expeditions alone. Although his first trip had been so uniformly successful it was not until ten years later that he decided to undertake another similar excursion. Curiously enough, on this occasion, as with the former, the incentive was the Paris Exhibition. But this time he determined to reap some pecuniary benefit from the undertaking, owing to the public interest that had been created by the accomplishment of his former trip. He thereupon set to work to construct another vessel. The *Nautilus* had been considered small, but this next craft was still more

diminutive, being only 15ft. in length over all. He originally intended to christen it the *Mermaid*, but when his projected trip was noised abroad an enterprising showman, scenting dollars in such a side-show, induced Captain Andrews to take his boat upon a short tour, and to call it the *Dark Secret*.

"At first," commented the Captain, "I was not in favour of calling her by such a name. It sounded ominous. But he was adamant. At last I told him I would only consent to do so for £100, thinking that the mention of such a high figure would preclude further insistence upon his part. To my surprise, however, he closed with me immediately. He also made another contract with me that I should tour with him with my boat for forty-seven weeks at a weekly remuneration of £20 and expenses.

"I started from the pier at Point of Pines near Boston on June 17th. The advantage of starting from Boston is that the journey is some 250 miles shorter, and one enters the Gulf Stream much earlier, the warmth of which is very appreciable, while it carries you along at a splendid pace. More than 28,000 people witnessed my departure, and as I had contracted to receive a percentage of the pier receipts for this event I netted a further £280. On this occasion I had the boat constructed with a hollow keel in which I intended to carry my water, but before I sailed I was supplied with hygeia water in bottles. I then admitted sea water into the keel to ballast the boat. I had scarcely got clear of the land, however, when I experienced rough weather. A strong head wind was blowing and the seas were running very high. Still I pushed on steadily, hoping that the elements would become more propitious. But my anticipations were doomed to disappointment, for the weather became worse. I was buffeted about for sixty-two days and made no progress. In fact I was driven back. After I had been out for a month I spoke a vessel which informed me that I was only 150 miles off Boston. This news depressed me, but at the end of another fortnight when I spoke another vessel I was informed that I was only 100 miles out.



CAPTAIN ANDREWS IN THE "DARK SECRET," AT POINT OF PINES.
From a Photo. by E. Chickering.

"To aggravate matters my water gave out, and when I spoke a Norwegian barque a few days later I was glad in one sense of the word to get on board and to sit down to a hearty meal in the captain's room after two months' subsistence upon canned food.

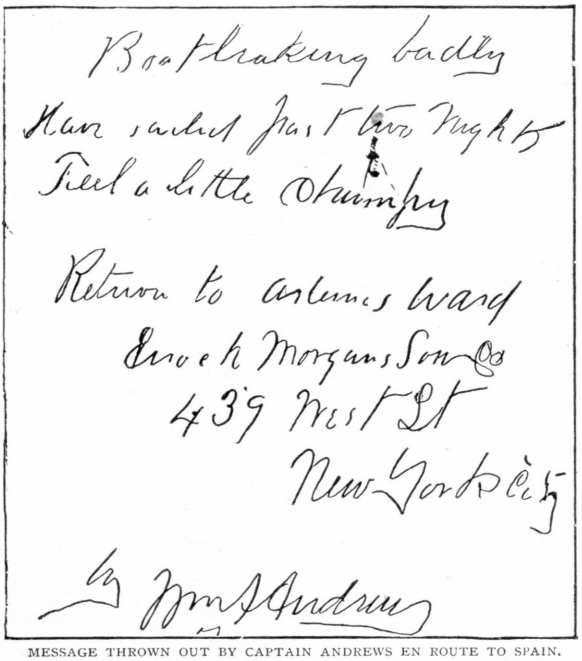
"When I reached America I learned that a Mr. J. Lawlor had successfully crossed over to England in a small boat, and had created a tremendous sensation. This put me upon my mettle, and I resolved to make another try. I ordered another boat, the *Mermaid*, the same dimensions as the *Dark Secret*. While the boat was being built I met Lawlor and we agreed to race across the Atlantic for £1,000 and a silver cup. This was the first trans-Atlantic race with small boats, and it aroused widespread interest. We started together from the Ocean Pier near Boston on June 17th, 1891, just before nightfall, amid the huzzas of a large concourse of people. The weather was extremely rough. When we got away from land we decided upon our respective courses. Lawlor went north and I went south. Lawlor, however, must have changed his course soon after leaving me, since I passed his sprit, which he had cast adrift. By this I saw that he was taking the same course as I projected. My theories in this direction were further substantiated when I spoke a vessel which informed me that they had passed Lawlor, 'all well,' three days before about a thousand miles ahead of me. As for myself I encountered successive disasters. My boat capsized seven times, and on one occasion I was clinging to her bottom for half an hour. She was wrongly constructed. Lawlor had fitted his boat with a lead keel, so that if she capsized she would right herself immediately. My boat would not do this. I had to right her the best way I could. To make matters worse, five days after we set out I ran into a cyclone. The seas were so heavy that my boat was practically crippled. All my stores were damaged and my water was lost. Under these circumstances I decided to seek assistance from a passing steamer. I sighted the *Elbruz*, of Antwerp, and was taken on board. I proceeded with her to Antwerp, and sold my boat for a handsome sum to a syndicate

of showmen. I then went to London and met Lawlor, who had safely made a place near Land's End, and then went to Portsmouth, having accomplished the journey in about forty-three days."

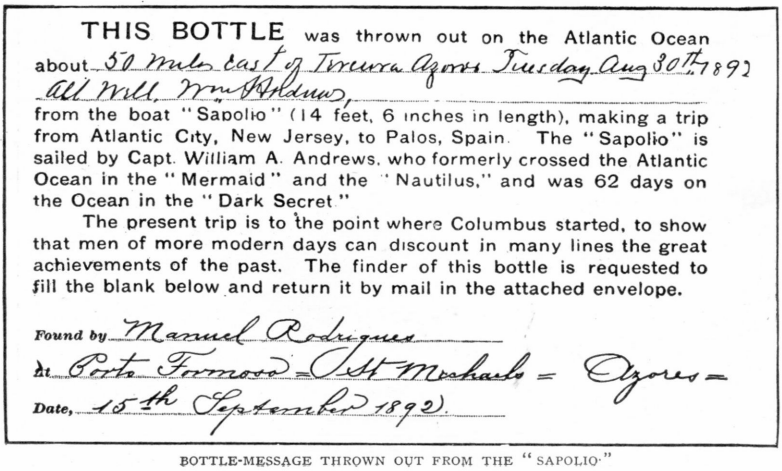
Although the last two attempts to cross the ferry had resulted in failure, Captain Andrews was by no means daunted, and wagered Lawlor that he would cross in thirty days. Lawlor also decided to endeavour to lower his own record, and for this purpose both competitors set to work to construct special vessels. Captain Andrews christened his the *Flying Dutchman*, an auspicious name. Lawlor called his the *Christopher Columbus*.

"While my vessel was being built I was commissioned by the manufacturers of a well-known domestic commodity to name the vessel the *Sapolio* and to undertake the trip on their behalf. I communicated to Lawlor my projected course, which was to be from Cape Race to Queenstown, a distance of only 1,800 miles. Lawlor replied that his designs were precisely the same. But I suddenly learned that a celebration was to be held in Spain, in honour of Columbus, since the year was the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. It then suddenly occurred to me that it would create a sensation if I were to sail for the very town from which Columbus had set out on his expedition. The *Sapolio* was 14ft. over all, with a beam of 5ft. and a depth of 2ft. 3in. She was collapsible. I had thirty-nine square feet in the sails. Lawlor, anxious to reap primary honours, started on his trip before I was ready, but he never reached his destination, for he was never heard of again. His tragic end did not deter me from my purpose, and so I set out on July 20th, 1892. On this occasion Fortune was kind to me. The weather was all that could be desired, and the wind was so favourable that I reached the Azores in thirty days, a distance of 2,500 miles. Profiting by my previous experience with the *Mermaid*, I had a lead keel provided to the *Sapolio*, and it was a gigantic success. From the Azores I proceeded to Portugal, made my way up the coast, and finally reached the Spanish towns of Huelva and Palos."

Upon his arrival in Spain the population became demented with delight. A large crowd met him at the landing-stage and the air was filled with vigorous cheering. The ladies with their courtly


Boat leaking badly
Have sailed past two nights
Feel a little Stumpy
Return to Arlemus Ward
Enoch Morgans Son Co
439 West St
New York City
by Wm A Andrews

MESSAGE THROWN OUT BY CAPTAIN ANDREWS EN ROUTE TO SPAIN.


THIS BOTTLE was thrown out on the Atlantic Ocean about 50 miles east of Terceira Azores Tuesday Aug 30th 1892
All Well, Wm A Andrews,
from the boat "Sapolio" (14 feet, 6 inches in length), making a trip from Atlantic City, New Jersey, to Palos, Spain. The "Sapolio" is sailed by Capt. William A. Andrews, who formerly crossed the Atlantic Ocean in the "Mermaid" and the "Nautilus," and was 62 days on the Ocean in the "Dark Secret."

The present trip is to the point where Columbus started, to show that men of more modern days can discount in many lines the great achievements of the past. The finder of this bottle is requested to fill the blank below and return it by mail in the attached envelope.

Found by Manuel Rodrigues
At Porto Formoso = St Michaels = Azores =
Date, 15th September 1892.

BOTTLE-MESSAGE THROWN OUT FROM THE "SAPOLIO."

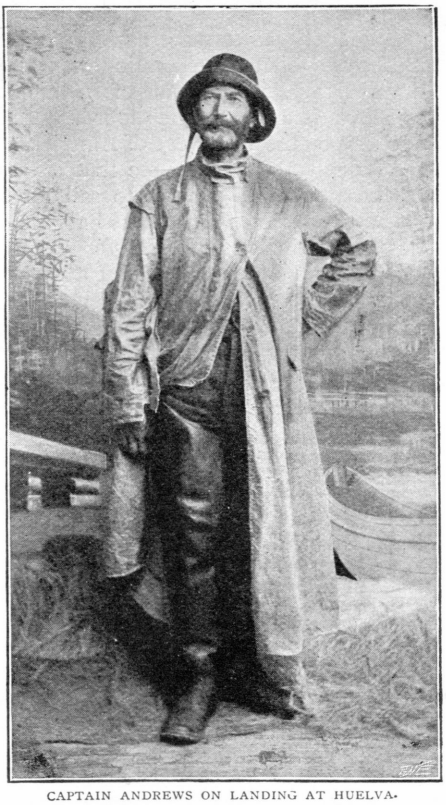
CAPTAIN ANDREWS'S ARRIVAL AT HUELVA, SPAIN, AFTER CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.
From a Photo. by D. P. Romero, Seville.

Spanish grace waved their handkerchiefs and greeted him with flowers as he was paraded round the streets upon the shoulders of some of the swarthier citizens. Distinguished celebrities entertained him upon every side. The streets were thronged with enthusiastic sightseers. One old lady was heard to remark by the Captain that the event ought to be recorded in "natural history." The papers published glowing and lengthy accounts of his wonderful voyage. The Government paid his expenses until his departure, making him a guest of the Crown. The Queen herself sent him an invitation, of which the Captain cherishes pleasant memories. Photographers besieged him upon every side. He distributed no fewer than 560 photos of himself and boat to interested and curious sightseers. One enthusiast requested a piece of the American flag which had flown at the masthead of the *Sapolio*, but as his request was not complied with he satisfied himself by taking the whole flag. Another gentleman was anxious to secure a photograph of the Captain. The latter, desirous to oblige, withdrew five photographs from his pocket in order to let the gentleman make his own selection. But the Spaniard excitedly grabbed the whole five photographs and decamped exultingly.

"I thought he not only took the cake," remarked the Captain, when relating the incident, "but the wind out of me at the same time."

"Surely the monotony of travelling alone for so long must exert a depressing influence?" I queried.

"I do not notice it. You see, I have a regular routine of work to perform during the day. In addition to attending to the boat I keep a log, and also write an account of my experiences as I progress, for the American papers. These packages of manuscript, together with letters, I hand to the captains of the various ships I meet, with the request that they will kindly post

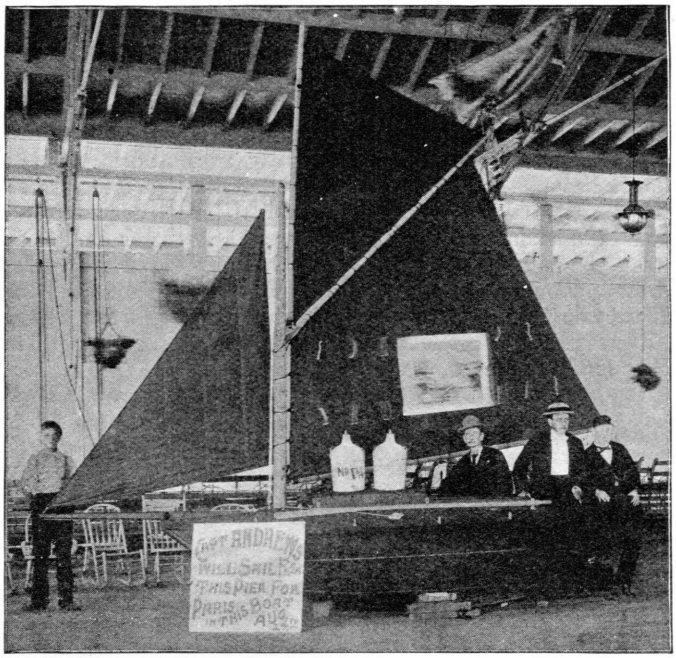


CAPTAIN ANDREWS ON LANDING AT HUELVA.
From a Photo. by D. P. Romero, Seville.

them when they get ashore. I sleep when I feel so inclined. Formerly at night time I used to 'heave to' while I slept, but now I have fitted a device by which I am able to set the vessel's course before I turn in and she will steer herself during the few hours I am asleep. I average in fair weather about 100 miles every twenty-four hours, which is by no means a despicable daily run considering the size of the boat."

Since Captain Andrews completed his memorable trip to Spain in thirty-five days he has made two other attempts to cross the Atlantic, but on neither occasion has he achieved his purpose. The first of these two trips was made in 1898 in the *Phantom Ship*—an unlucky name according to marine traditions—13ft. in length, and carrying twelve square yards of sail. Curiously enough, the boom of this craft was longer than the boat itself.

"From the very commencement this voyage was unfortunate. Owing to unforeseen circumstances I could not take my departure until August 24th, and as a consequence I encountered the full force of the September gales. I started from Atlantic City. I had not got far out when my first trouble overtook me. My boat leaked like a sieve, and I had to work might and main baling the water out, otherwise she would have foundered. The sea was rough and the boat constantly heeled over and lay upon her side, with the result that the water swamped her. The tins containing my provisions were knocked about and punctured, so that their contents were spoiled and rendered unfit to eat. By September 20th I found I had no food. I had been twenty-seven days at sea and was now progressing very favourably, making about 100 miles a day. But I could not subsist upon nothing, and I soon realized that unless I fell in with a ship it would go hard with me. On September 27th I espied a vessel. I hailed her, but she took no notice. I put on all sail and sped after her. They did not observe me for the reason that they were busily engaged in taking in their sails, which had been damaged by the storms. I presently attracted their attention, and they hove to. When I came alongside they hauled me aboard and my boat after me, which they stowed away. You can form a comprehensive idea of the diminutive size of this boat when I tell you that when folded up she was only 4in. thick. Curiously enough, this vessel fulfilled the superstitious traditions of the sea, which is that any vessel which speaks a phantom ship is eventually lost. This ship subsequently went down off Dunkerque. No doubt had the sailors observed the name of my boat they would have refused to take me aboard, so strong are their superstitious natures.



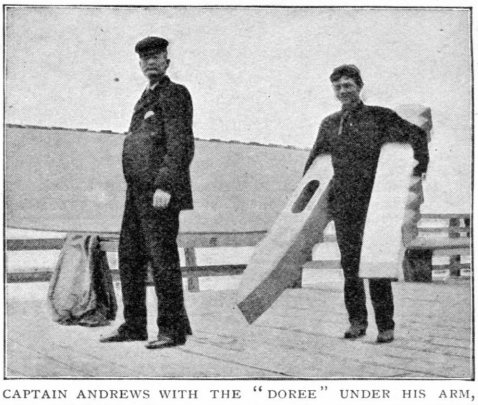
THE "PHANTOM SHIP," LENGTH 13FT., AFTERWARDS CUT DOWN INTO THE "DOREE,' LENGTH 12FT.
From a [*Photograph.*

"When I again reached Atlantic City I could not rest, but immediately set about making preparations for another voyage. I had the *Phantom Ship* dismembered and rebuilt, only on this occasion she measured but 12ft. in length, and is the smallest vessel that ever essayed to cross the Atlantic. I rechristened her the *Doree*."

Captain Andrews was to be accompanied on this expedition by Professor Miller, who created a tremendous sensation by stating that he was going to cross the herring-pond by means of Shanks's pony. He interviewed the Captain on the subject, and although the

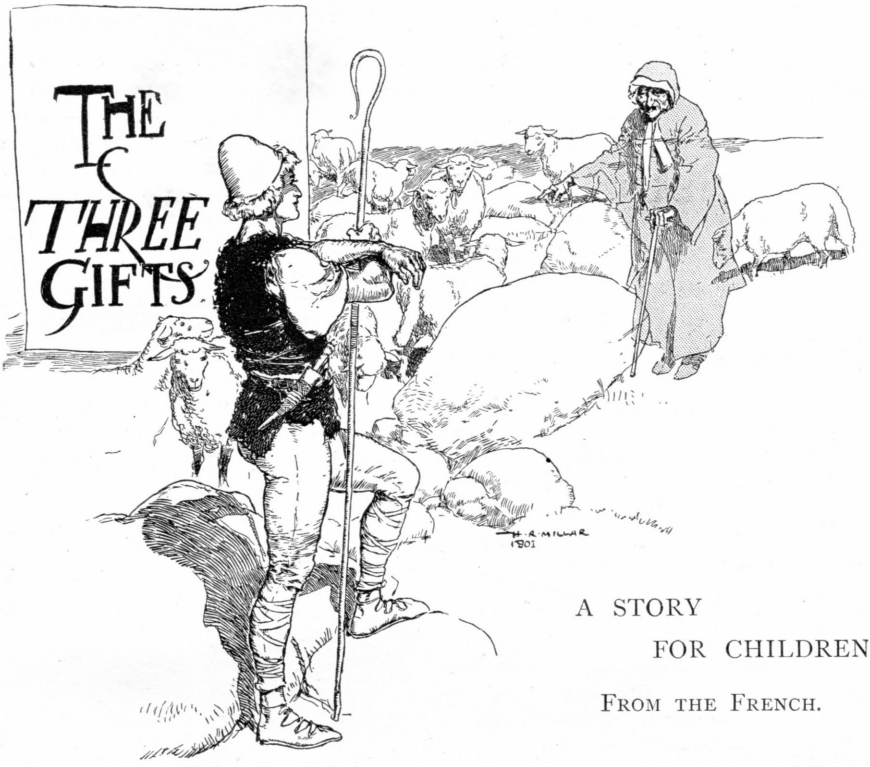
intrepid lonely voyager was naturally very sceptical of Miller's ability to achieve the feat, he consented to construct the necessary walking shoes in which the latter anticipated accomplishing the journey. In our illustration Professor Miller is seen with his special walking shoes under either arm. They each measured about 5ft. in length. As will be seen, they resembled miniature canoes in design, with a small orifice in the centre to admit the foot, and were furnished with corrugated soles. Being manufactured of wood they were, of course, buoyant, so that Miller had little fear of being dragged under water. The absolute impracticability of his being able to withstand the enormous potency of the waves in mid-Atlantic never appealed to the Professor. Confident of unqualified success he started upon his foolhardy trip, but it was not long before the folly of his scheme dawned upon him very forcibly. He could not maintain his equilibrium, and, as was to be naturally expected, he was simply drifted about at the mercy of the waves. After vainly endeavouring to make headway Miller was at last reluctantly compelled to abandon the idea of walking from Atlantic City to England.

"I think this was the most remarkable trip I have undertaken, since, although I did not accomplish my object, I passed through a succession of experiences such as I never wish to meet with again. I was supplied with a large stock of Saratoga water, a natural effervescent drink. I sailed on June 17th from Atlantic City and made very fair progress. The weather was hot, and for some inexplicable reason I felt peculiarly drowsy. I had never experienced the sensation before. When I commenced writing my log, for the first few minutes the writing was quite bold and distinct, but it soon resolved itself into an unintelligible scrawl and I would fall asleep. At first I attributed the peculiarity to the heat. I took my observations in the usual manner, and conjectured that I was keeping a good course. One day when I fell in with a vessel, wishing to rectify any errors that I might possibly have made, I asked the captain for the longitude. He gave it to me, and you can judge of my surprise when I found that his observation was three days ahead of mine. That is to say, I had travelled three days farther than I imagined. I thought he must be in error. I asked him the date of the month. 'July 1st,' he retorted. 'You must be wrong,' I replied; 'it is only June 27th.' He quickly dissipated my doubt upon this point, and I was at my wits' end to account for such a flagrant error in my calculations. I continued my journey in a dazed condition. One day when it was abnormally hot I laid down in my bunk. Immediately I experienced a strange feeling of asphyxiation. I jumped up in alarm. Thinking it must be fancy on my part I once more lay down, and the same curious sensation overtook me. I thereupon sought to discover the reason for this peculiarity. It was not a difficult search, for I found that the cork stoppers to my bottles of Saratoga water had shrunk under the influence of the intense heat, and that the carbonic acid gas had escaped and had collected in the bottom of the boat. This was the solution of my curious drowsy feeling. I could now account for my error in longitude. I must have been unconscious for those three days, since I never had the slightest recollection of them. Since I had now discarded my water I kept a sharp look-out for a vessel to replenish my supply. The first ship I spoke was bound for Liverpool, where I was eventually landed."



CAPTAIN ANDREWS WITH THE "DOREE" UNDER HIS ARM, AND PROFESSOR MILLER WITH THE WOODEN SHOE-BOATS IN WHICH HE PROPOSED TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC.
From a Photograph.

The trip Captain Andrews is going to make this year is in reply to a challenge issued by Captain Blackburn, of Gloucester, Mass., who a short time ago successfully crossed to England from his town. It is to be a race similar to that organized by Andrews and Lawlor. The stipulations are that the boat must not exceed 20ft. in length. Captain Andrews proposes to make his attempt in a boat 12ft. long, since his experience with the *Doree* convinced him that a craft of this dimension was splendidly adapted to such an expedition.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

IN a distant country lived a young shepherd named Kletch. Although poor he was not unhappy, for he was good and generous.

One day, as he was with his flock upon some waste ground, an old woman came along.

When Kletch saw her he took off his cap politely and said: "Good-day, mother!"

"You are a well-mannered youth," returned the old woman, in a cracked voice. "Now, give me one of those sheep; you will never repent it if you will oblige me by doing so."

"Very well. Choose for yourself," said Kletch.

The old woman chose a sheep. Then, drawing from under her cloak an exceedingly large umbrella, which had evidently been mended many times, she said: "Here is something in return for your kindness. At the right time, and in the proper place, don't forget to use it, and be sure *never to promise anything unconditionally*."

With that the old woman went off. Kletch was greatly mystified by her peculiar behaviour and strange speech, but he took care of the umbrella.

Another time Kletch was pasturing his sheep on a lonely plain when another old woman came along.

The young man removed his cap as before.

"Will you be kind enough to give me two sheep?" said the old woman.

"Choose them for yourself, mother," replied Kletch. The woman quickly chose two sheep. As she was going away she turned to the shepherd and placed in his hands an old handkerchief big enough to serve as a tablecloth. "Here," remarked she, "is something in return for your generosity. Use it at the proper time and place, but *never promise anything unconditionally*."

Kletch took care of the handkerchief.

Another day, as he was taking his sheep up a rugged cliff, a third old woman made her appearance. After being saluted most politely by Kletch she coolly asked him for three sheep.

"Dear me," thought the poor fellow, "if this kind of thing goes on much longer I shall soon be rid of the whole flock."

But he could not refuse to do a kindness, so again he said: "Choose, good mother."

Without the least hesitation the old woman chose three sheep. Then, before she disappeared with them, she gave Kletch a common-looking bottle, saying as she did so: "Take this in return. At the proper place and time don't forget to use it, and be sure that you *never promise anything unconditionally*."

Kletch put the bottle in his hut by the side of his other queer presents, and thought no more of the matter.

About this time the King's daughter attained the age at which Princesses are usually married. She was extremely beautiful, but had the not uncommon desire that everybody and everything should be subject to her wishes.

When the King proposed a powerful Prince as a possible husband for her she said, "Sire, I have made up my mind to marry no man who cannot command the rain."

The King was very angry. "Where do you imagine I am to find such a man?" he exclaimed. "You may just as well say that you will not marry at all!"

"I am determined not to yield on this point," replied the Princess, in a tone which told her father that further argument would be useless.

"Very well," said the King; "I will see what can be done."

Even Kletch, in his remote country home, heard of the Princess's extraordinary idea. He left his sheep to the care of his dog and set off for town.

"Here," he said to himself, "is an opportunity for using my umbrella."

The rain was pouring down. But the umbrella was as big as a tent, and the lad thought that he should be well protected.

As he grasped the huge thing he said:—

"What a miserable day for a journey!"

The rain ceased immediately.

"How very curious!" said Kletch.

He was startled by a hoarse voice, which said:—

"I am at your service; but in return you must promise to marry my daughter."

"All right!" answered Kletch; "I promise, but only on one condition."

"What is that?" asked the voice.

"That I will tell you at the proper time."

Kletch continued his journey. Having reached the Royal castle he heard a herald announcing, with a flourish of trumpets, that any man who could make the rain fall or cease at pleasure should be the Princess's husband. No man offered himself. Then Kletch stepped forward and was brought into the courtyard. Rain was pouring in torrents. The King and his daughter were looking down from a grand balcony. When the Princess saw the poorly-dressed young man she called out:—

"What does this beggar want? Give him his alms and send him off about his business."

"I am not a beggar," said Kletch.

"Well, what do you want?" inquired the King.

"To be your Majesty's son-in-law."

"Are you mad?"

"No, I am thankful to say."

"Be off!" roared the King.

The rain had ceased, and at this moment the sky was clear. But Kletch opened his umbrella, and again the rain fell in torrents.

"Wonderful!" remarked the King.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Princess.

Kletch closed his umbrella, and the rain

"AGAIN THE RAIN FELL IN TORRENTS."

stopped at once. The Princess was rather frightened. Her father began to scold her.

"You see now," he said, "into what a scrape your ridiculous notion has brought us. Here am I pledged to take this man into our family."

"Don't worry," said the Princess. "No harm is done yet." Then, turning to the young shepherd, she asked :—

"What is your name?"

"Kletch, madam, at your service."

"Well, Kletch, I admit that you have an exceptional power, but I have decided only to marry a man who can govern the wind."

Then she and her father retired from the balcony and Kletch had to go away.

He felt sad. All night long instead of sleeping he thought of the beautiful Princess. At an early hour the next morning he returned to the town. This time he brought with him the handkerchief which he had received for the two sheep.

As he walked quickly along a strong wind began to blow. "What miserable weather for a journey!" thought Kletch, and it so happened that at that moment he took from his pocket the enormous handkerchief.

The wind dropped immediately.

"How strange!" said the youth.

Then a voice spoke. "I am at your service," it said; "but promise in return to marry my daughter."

"I may do so," replied Ketch, "upon one condition."

"What is that?" inquired the voice, amid shrill, whistling sounds.

"I will name the condition at the proper time."

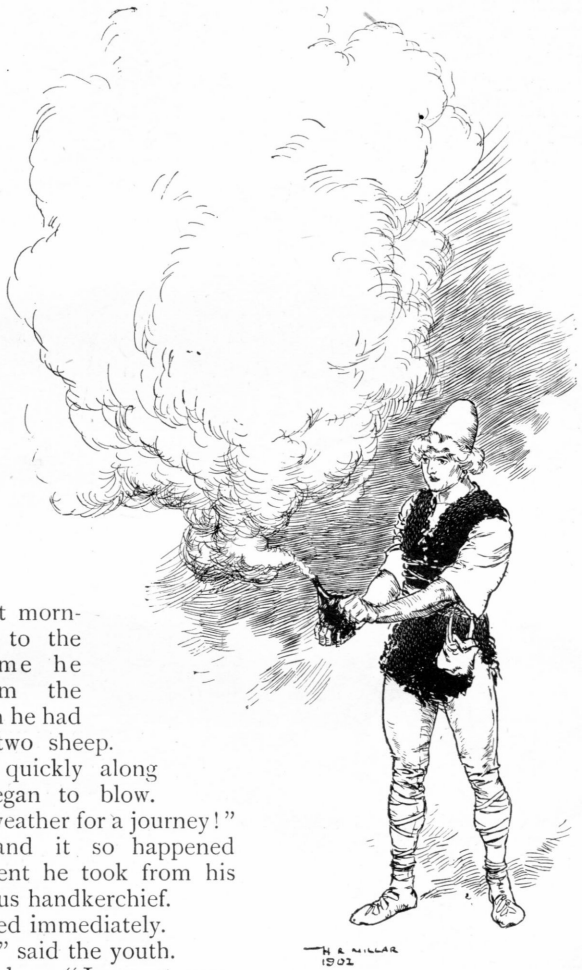
Kletch went on until he reached the castle. When the Princess saw him coming she called to him: "I have not changed my mind. If you cannot control the wind, it is of no use for you to come here."

The young man touched his handkerchief. Up sprang a hurricane, which shook all the chimneys and caused all the windows to rattle.

"Look at that!" said the King.

"Dear me!" remarked his daughter.

Kletch drew the handkerchief from his pocket. The storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun.



"AT ONCE A THICK VAPOUR PROCEEDED FROM THE BOTTLE."

"You certainly possess a great power," said the Princess. She began to feel some interest in this young man. Looking at him with more attention than she had hitherto bestowed upon him she saw that, in spite of his rags, he was a fine fellow, straight and handsome as the greatest noble at the Court. "However," she continued, "I shall only wed a man who can command the sun."

Kletch went away in low spirits. He had fallen in love with the Princess, and thoughts of her again banished sleep from his eyes.

At daybreak the next morning he was on his way to town. The sun shone brightly. "How hot it is!" thought Kletch. "I shall be melted before I reach the castle!"

Feeling very thirsty, he took out the little bottle which had been given him for the three sheep, intending to drink its contents. At once a thick vapour proceeded from the bottle, formed as it condensed into a big

white cloud, and totally obscured the sun's rays.

"What an extraordinary thing!" said the shepherd. Then a voice said: "I am at your service; but you must promise to marry my daughter."

Kletch, as before, agreed to this proposition, but only upon a condition which he refused to state.

When he drew near to the castle he saw the Princess coming to meet him. "You may as well go back," she said, "for, of course, you can't command the sun!"

The sun at that moment was covered by thick clouds. Kletch took his bottle. Immediately the clouds melted away and the sun shone in full splendour.

The Princess was troubled and perplexed. How *could* she marry a poor, miserable shepherd? She tried to show Kletch how impossible such a union would be.

Kletch scarcely knew what to say. "I love you," he remarked; "is not that enough?"

The Princess did not think so. She was proud of her birth and rank.

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "Am I to marry a fellow whom nobody else will have?"

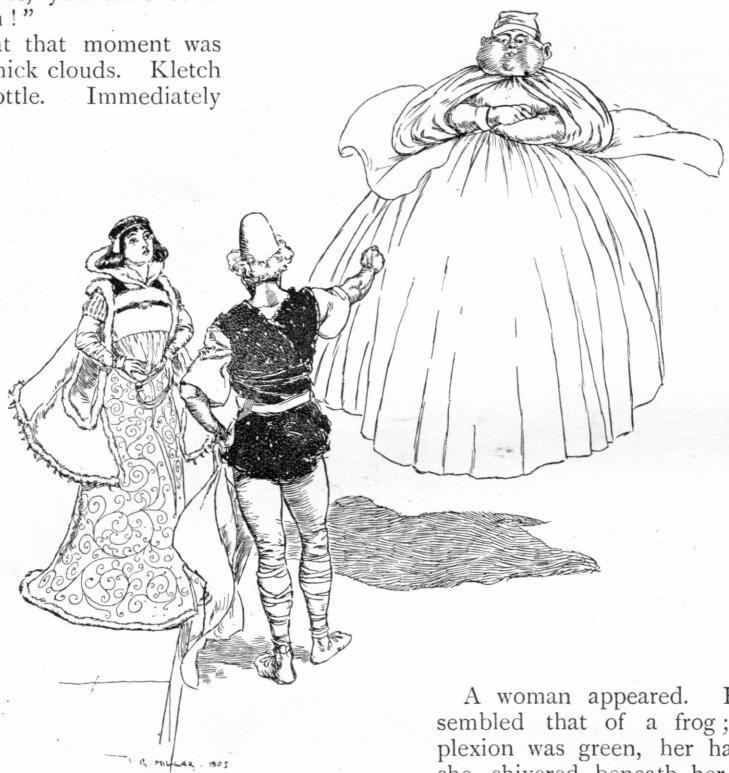
"Is that all that troubles you?" said her lowly lover. "I can speedily put *that* right. Will you marry me if I can prove that for your sake I refuse three wives?"

"How am I to believe you?" returned the Princess. "Certainly you are not bad-looking, but what woman could wish to bear your name?"

"Patience!" said Kletch.

He opened his big umbrella, and down came the rain.

"Bring out your daughter!" he cried.



"'I PROMISED TO MARRY HER,' SAID KLETCH, 'ON ONE CONDITION.'"

A woman appeared. Her face resembled that of a frog; her complexion was green, her hair wet, and she shivered beneath her rain-soaked clothing.

"I promised to marry this woman," said Kletch to the Princess, "but only upon one condition."

"What was that?"

"That I liked her; I do *not* like her, therefore I reject her."

He closed his umbrella. The rain ceased to fall, and the woman, weeping bitterly, disappeared. The shepherd touched his handkerchief. Up sprang the wind.

"Bring forth your daughter!" cried Kletch.

Immediately there appeared a tremendous, balloon-like person, with ugly, inflated cheeks,

"I promised to marry *her*," said Kletch, "on one condition."

"What was it?"

"That I liked her. I do *not* like her, so I refuse to wed her."

He waved the handkerchief. The wind grew silent and the daughter flew away like an air-ball.

Kletch took out his bottle, and straightway the sun smiled.

"Bring forth your daughter!" cried the youth.

A tall woman, with red hair, a face like a pumpkin, and eyes like glowing coals, presented herself.

"The sun wishes me to be his son-in-law," said Kletch to the Princess, "but I have made one condition."

"What is that?"

"That his daughter should please me; she does *not* please me, therefore I reject her."

He waved the bottle, whereupon a dense mass of clouds covered both the sun and his daughter.

Then Kletch fell at the Princess's feet. The kind-hearted old King, who began to think that it would be rather a fine thing to have a son-in-law who could control the weather, was about to embrace him, when he was stopped by his daughter.

"You have great power," said she to her lover, "and hitherto you have done all that I have asked. There is just one more thing which I hope you will not refuse me."

"What is it?" asked Kletch, in great excitement.

"It is this: that when we are married *I* shall regulate the weather!"

"THE PRINCESS EXTENDED TO HIM HER LOVELY HAND."

"Oh, yes! yes! yes!" exclaimed the enraptured swain, and straightway the Princess extended to him her lovely hand, which he seized and covered with kisses.

At this propitious moment three fairies arrived upon the scene, having travelled in dragon-drawn cars. These were none other than the three old women whose gifts had brought such luck to the fortunate shepherd. Of course, they were present at the wedding, which was the grandest ever known.

When the good old King died Kletch was supposed to reign in his stead. As a matter of fact, it was the Queen, his wife, who really governed.

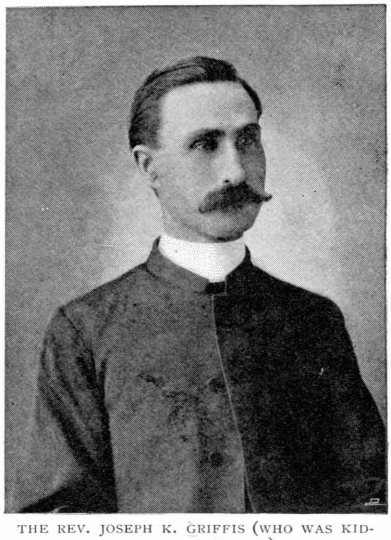
This state of things was so entirely satisfactory to both parties, and also to all their loyal subjects, that ever since their time it has been the custom, nearly all over the world, for ladies to have the upper hand.

Some Wonders from the West.

XXV.—A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

SO oft has it been stated that truth is stranger than fiction that the aphorism has become trite; yet it is an undeniable fact that every day there are enacted dramas that would make the fame of an author, and yet which are permitted to pass unnoticed.

Such a real life romance has been disclosed by the announcement that the Rev. Joseph Griffis, who for the past five years has been the pastor of the South Presbyterian Church of Buffalo, New York, would resign his pulpit and devote the rest of his life to missionary work among the Indians of the Western United States. Thus is added the dramatic climax to a life that has been replete with adventure.



THE REV. JOSEPH K. GRIFFIS (WHO WAS KIDNAPPED BY INDIANS).
From a Photo. by A. Hillman.

Born in Texas, the hero of this chequered career was stolen at the age of two years by Indians, who massacred his mother. The child was raised as an Indian boy and knew no other life than that of the red men, nor did he learn that he was not one of them by birth until he was ten years old. When sixteen years of age he enlisted in the United States army, deserted for a fancied grievance, was captured and sentenced to death, but managed to escape. He was forced to flee, and from that time he has been by turns tramp, member of the Salvation Army, evangelist, theological student, minister, and missionary.

"Despite my youth spent as a savage," he remarked in a recent interview, "I have not a drop of Indian blood in my veins. This is a fact I find hard to realize when I recall the eagerness with which I went to the chase, followed the war-path, and exultingly returned to the wigwam with the scalp of my enemy dangling from my belt.

"In 1864 my father, a well-to-do American ranchman, moved to the south-western part of Oklahoma, bordering on Texas. At this time the West was the real Indian frontier; the war-cry of the Indian was a familiar sound, and the massacre of the white men a horrible but frequent sight. My father was one of a little handful of hardy Americans who formed a small settlement on the site of what is now Gainesville.

"One day the Kiowa Indians, who were the least friendly of any of the tribes, and who were strong in numbers and skilled in warfare, made a raid on the settlement. The whites were taken completely by surprise, and with the exception of a few who were taken as captives were brutally massacred. My mother fell in the fight, for these red men had no mercy on women or children, but an old Kiowa warrior, who is still alive and well remembers the scene, told me many times that she defended her life and mine with fierce courage; 'fought like red squaw,' he would exclaim, enthusiastically.

"My father had gone to a neighbouring town on the day of the massacre. When he returned to his home he found the settlement deserted, houses burned, and bodies of his neighbours and friends charred and mutilated.

"He searched long and earnestly for me, and offered a large ransom for my return, but the Indians, fearing punishment, hid me safely and refused to give me up. Where I lived until the death of my parent I do not know, but when he died I was taken to the wigwam of Big Bow, the chief of the Kiowas.

"I can recall my life from that time very vividly. Big Bow was very kind to me, and his squaw cared for me with all the tenderness an Indian mother is capable of bestowing, and they are very fond of their children. I entered into all the sports of the Indian youth, trained myself in the handling of the bow and arrow, and could bring home game of which any huntsman might be proud.

"When I was about ten years old something occurred which changed my life and made me a wanderer. I was travelling with a small band of Indians under Big Bow, and just as we were about to pitch our tents we

were captured by a company of American infantry. A soldier, who seemed friendly towards us, called me to him and commenced questioning me. He asked if I were a Kiowa. I answered that I was, and that Big Bow and his squaw were my mother and father. The soldier seemed to doubt this statement, remarking that I did not look much like an Indian despite my togs, for I dressed in the regular Indian costume, paint, skins, feathers, and everything that marks the red man's clothes from those of the whites. I was just leaving my questioner when he called me back and asked to see my left arm. He had noticed the vaccination mark that proved me to be of white origin. The commanding officer then took me to Big Bow and asked him to tell my history. This he refused to do at first, denying indignantly that I was a white man's son, but, after much persuasion, he was finally induced to tell my history.

"The officer of the infantry took me in charge, and, with the aid of Big Bow, who thought it might be to my advantage to be thrown among my own people, got in communication with my uncle, who lived in Texas. When my identity was proved my uncle came for me and took me with him to Texas, where I was forced to put aside my Indian habits and live the life of a civilized white boy.

THE REV. JOSEPH K. GRIFFIS IN THE COSTUME OF HIS FOSTER FATHERS.
From a Photograph.

"This restraint soon became irksome, and I longed to go back to the wild, adventursome, roving life of the Kiowas. I loved the rough kindness of the Indians, their courage, and restless, roving ways. I detested the mean, hampering, little conventionalities of the whites, and I made up my mind to return to the life that was a part of me.

"After staying long enough with my uncle to gain his trust and confidence, and when the strict watch that had been kept over my comings and goings had been released, I slipped out of the town and ran away to join the Indians.

"I journeyed for days over the prairies and mountains, enduring all manner of hardships, but happy in the fact that I was free and on my way to the people I loved. I had lost track of Big Bow, and I doubt if he would have kept me with him had I returned, for he felt that I should be given back to my people. After travelling for several weeks without falling in with the Indians I finally struck through the forests to a camp that I had often heard of. There I met some straggling Utes and became one of them.

"This tribe met with reverses, and I joined the Cheyennes, and, later, a little band of Kiowas. For six years I led the roving life of these tribes, hunted, fought, and lived with them, and at times forgot that I was a 'pale face.'

"In 1878, although I was not more than sixteen, I enlisted in the United States Army. I was put in Company K 16th Infantry, and did scout duty for some time. I won an important horse-race, which attracted the attention of Captain Crews, of the 4th Cavalry, and thinking to do me a kindness he offered to engage me as scout and interpreter on soldier's pay. I accepted the commission and served two and a half years, when we were sent on the trail of a band of Cheyennes, who had left the reservation on a foraging expedition. Because of an insult I had received at the hands of the commanding officer I had several months been planning to desert. Two soldiers went with me on the trail, and when we met the Cheyennes we joined them, but were soon met by the soldiers, who were too strong for us and overthrew the band.

"The Indians, being mounted, fled, and we alone were captured and taken back to camp. I was given a drum-head court-martial and sentenced to be shot at retreat. Just before the execution was to take place Captain Crews said he had decided to postpone it for thirty days, during which time I

was to be put in the guard-house at Fort Reno for safe keeping.

"In the guard-house with me was a young soldier known only by the name of 'Gee Wiz,' a daring chap and jolly comrade. We often talked together about our captivity and planned means of escape. One day when the vigilant watch was relaxed somewhat Gee Wiz cut a hole in the roof of the guard-house and, watching our chance, we crawled through the aperture out into the bright daylight, warm sunshine, and fresh air. In a few minutes the whole camp was roused, and a hot chase commenced. We had the start, and soon were lost to the pursuers. We went seventy-five miles south, nearly starving *en route*, but enjoying our freedom and chance to live. When we were at a safe distance from camp Gee Wiz and I separated, and I have never seen him since. For three years I roamed about the country, living the life of a tramp, and finally I drifted to London, Ontario.

"It was in this city that I first knew the Salvation Army. I was roaming around the streets in an aimless fashion when I was attracted by the service they were holding in the open air, and stayed a while to listen. The sermon made a deep impression upon me, and I after that attended many meetings, until I became converted and joined the Army. While still in London I was sent to gaol for beating a drum in the street, contrary to the law, and during my imprisonment I studied the English language. After my release I joined the Salvation Army once more and remained with them for three years, when I became an evangelist, and ten years ago I was ordained minister and came to Buffalo.

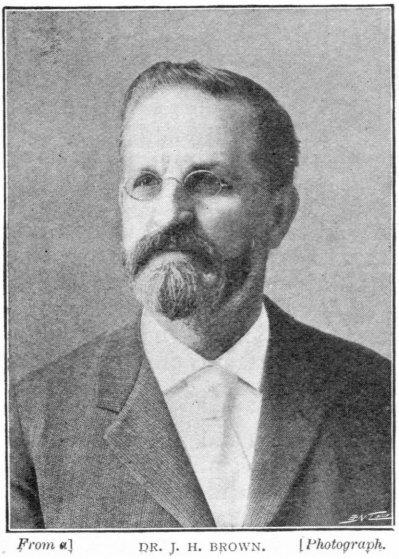
"Not until four years ago did I secure immunity from the death sentence which was pronounced upon me for deserting. And now I am preparing for a missionary's life, and in a few days I shall be back to Oklahoma and the scenes of my boyhood to work among my red brothers. My knowledge of their language and character will help me greatly in my work. Having been one of them for so many years I know best how to appeal to them, and I shall consider my early years well spent if they assist me to civilize the red men and help them to a better life."

XXVI.—A WHITTLER OF GENIUS.

By C. B. Smith.

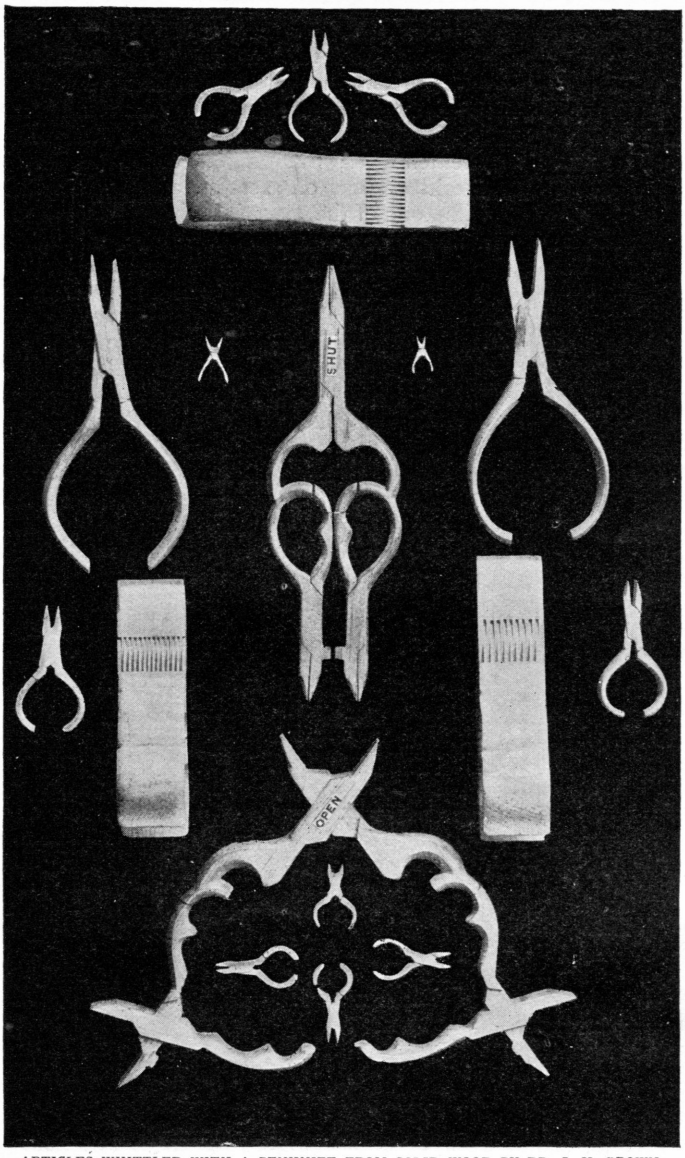
In looking over my old numbers of The Strand, as I often do, I ran across the article on whittling in the June number of 1900 by Mr. J. W. Russell, which attracted my attention, which he calls wonderful, which I do not gainsay. But as you have possibly heard that the "Yankee" is a whittler of reputation the world over, and as I have a friend whom I think most wonderful, I thought I would call your attention to some of his work, which is done only for pastime as he has an idle opportunity.

He is Dr. J. H. Brown, of Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass., one of our noted dentists, a gentleman now about sixty-five years old, who enjoys probably the best practice of anyone in our city. I have prevailed on him to allow me to photograph an assortment of pincers from one to sixteen joints each; the smallest was made from one-quarter of a match, and less than ½in. long, with a perfect joint, which I saw him make in 15min. The largest one has sixteen joints, and is made from a piece of wood ¾in. thick. This one was made in four hours. The wonderful part is the fact that there is no piecing or glueing, but all made from one piece of wood. He has many times offered to anyone 1,000dols. who has not seen his to cut one like it in four days. In all his wood-work he uses a pocket-knife.



From a] DR. J. H. BROWN. [*Photograph.*

Dr. Brown is a genius in many ways mechanical, and can make almost anything that comes into his head, either with metal or wood. He once had in his house a miniature landscape, made by himself, 3ft. by 5ft., with a fountain in the centre made of shell, playing



ARTICLES WHITTLED WITH A PENKNIFE FROM SOLID WOOD BY DR. J. H. BROWN.
From a Photograph.

water a foot high, the overflow of which supplied a little river winding through the flowers (representing trees). At one side was a water-wheel running, the other side a windmill. Drinking from the fountain was a bird, which would raise its head as if swallowing, very natural to life.

In front of the fountain was a little white mouse on apparently a solid rock, eating a kernel of corn; through a hole in the rock on which he sat ran the wires that turned his head to look at you and raised his paws to his mouth. All worked at the same time and ran by the water from the main pipes in his house, and could be shut off at will. Above all this were seventy-five pots of flowers filling the bow-window.

It was a grand sight and was the talk of the town for years. He was obliged to pack it away owing to the large number of visitors who called to see it.

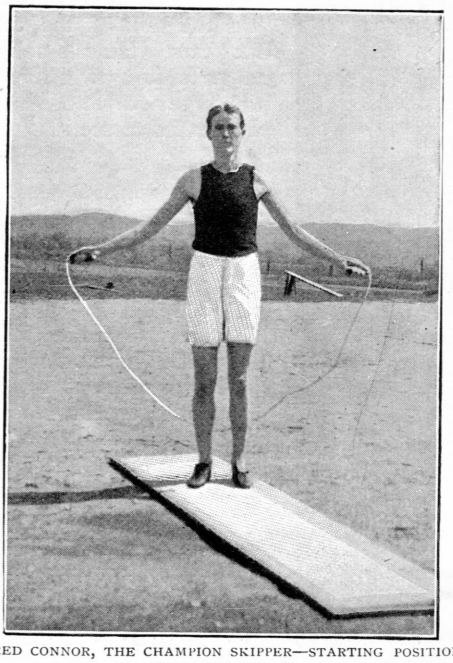
XXVII. — THE SKIPPING CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.

By Fred A. Talbot.

The record-breaker is inseparable from America. Be it either in work or play, an astonishing feat must be accomplished. The results of these efforts to attain priority and notoriety have been the creation of some unique records, and in some instances the feats have gained widespread notice as remarkable achievements of physical endurance. Notwithstanding this curious tendency in the States it is doubtful whether one would have thought it possible to establish a record in connection with the young lady's favourite pastime of skipping. Yet this is the case, and the record is not held by any member of the fair sex, but by Mr. Fred Connor, of New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Curiously enough, the idea of establishing a skipping record appears to have originated in this country; at any rate, an Englishman was the first man to gain publicity in this direction. The holder of this unique championship was no other than William Plimmer, the well-known English pugilist. Some six or seven years ago he decided to ascertain how long he could skip without once stopping or pausing. He enlisted the assistance of some friends to witness the event. Owing to the curious nature of the competition considerable interest was

manifested, an effect due to a great extent, no doubt, to the fame he had accomplished in connection with his pugilistic encounters. An ordinary rope was provided, and Plimmer commenced his task. He



FRED CONNOR, THE CHAMPION SKIPPER—STARTING POSITION.
From a Photograph.

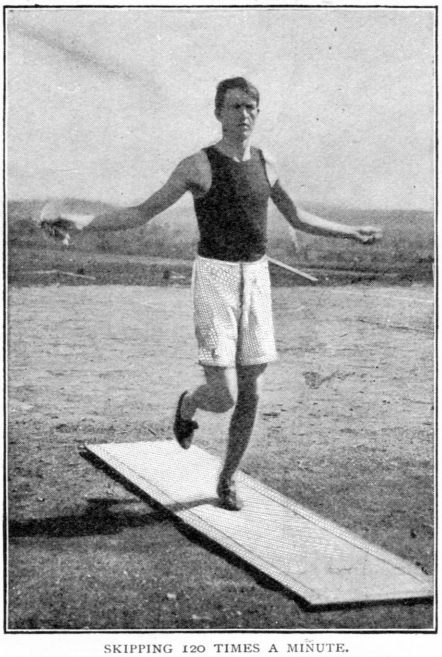
had to turn the rope himself, that is to say, he did not skip while assistants placed at either end turned the rope for him. Plimmer succeeded in making 3,926 consecutive jumps without a single miss or pause. It was considered a magnificent performance, and Plimmer was fêted accordingly.

But the glory of the achievement of the English pugilist was short-lived. A challenger appeared on the scene in the person of Mr. Connor, who stated that he would excel Plimmer's record. The conditions were to be exactly the same, and the *venue* of the contest was to be Oil City, Pennsylvania. So eminently successful was Connor in this attempt that Plimmer's record was lowered by 109 jumps, Connor having accomplished 4,035 skips. The new champion's achievement was somewhat more noteworthy than that of Plimmer, since he had used the backward lope or step, which made the task much more difficult.

Although beaten, Plimmer made no attempt to retrieve the "blue ribbon," but another rival, Mr. Mullen, eclipsed Connor's record by skipping against time. This latest opponent made 5,000 skips in one hour. The forward lope was utilized throughout, and the feat was regarded as being remarkable, since the strain of skipping incessantly for such a length of time and at such a speed is tremendous. Skipping is one of the most healthy forms of exercise, and at the same time one of the most fatiguing.

This achievement by Mullen stimulated Connor to further effort. He soon announced that he would further increase the record, and on March 1st, 1896, the attempt was made. Mullen's record on this occasion was hopelessly broken, for Connor carried off fresh laurels by making 7,000 skips in 1hr. 45min. Although on the average for the hour this aggregate does not equal that of Mullen, since Connor only made 4,000 skips in the sixty minutes as against the former's 5,000 in the same time, yet the feat was far more important, and is still the record for skipping for the longest time without a pause or miss. As with the case of the competitor he vanquished, Connor availed himself of the forward lope entirely. Great difficulty was at times experienced by the umpires in recording the skips, owing to the rapidity with which the competitor turned the rope.

By this wonderful exhibition, which was not only a remarkable skipping performance but also a splendid physical feat, Connor

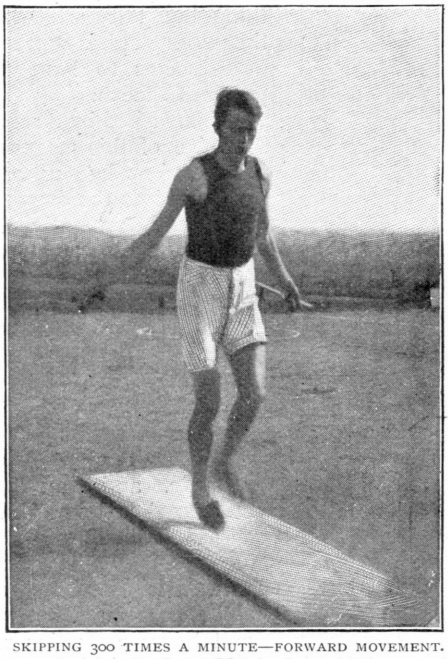


SKIPPING 120 TIMES A MINUTE.
From a Photograph.

firmly established his claim to the championship, and since then no other challengers have succeeded in wresting it from him. Connor has since devoted his energies mainly to pace instead of to staying power, and in this direction he has also achieved some startling successes.

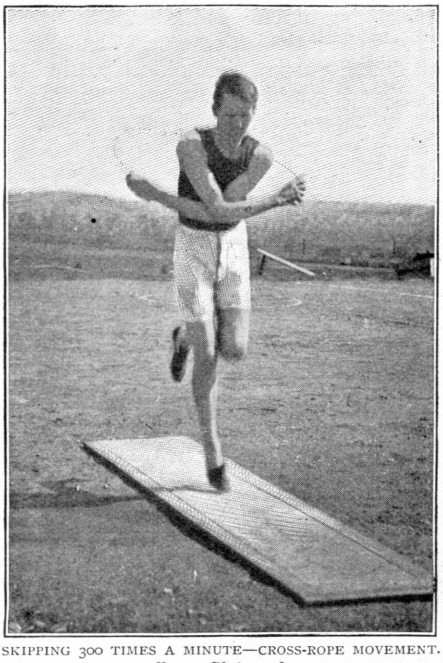
Shortly after his disposal of Mullen he had a sharp spurt of 500 jumps in 2min. 22sec., an average of about 3½ skips per second. This was a rapid piece of work, but continued practice has enabled him to increase his speed enormously. Occasionally he attains such a pace that the camera fails to record the rope distinctly, but simply gives a confused blurr showing the rope whizzing through the air. Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining the photographs illustrating this article, and it was not until after several attempts had been made that successful photographs were obtained.

On December 24th, 1897, Connor succeeded in lowering the last remaining record in connection with skipping. This latter was



SKIPPING 300 TIMES A MINUTE—FORWARD MOVEMENT.
From a Photograph.

established some little time previously by Mr. Frank Nucles, of Auburn, New York State, who accomplished 2,000 skips in 14min. 30sec. This averages a speed for the hour of about 8,000 jumps, so that it will be recognised that Connor set himself a formidable task in attempting to eclipse this feat. The contest was decided at the Young Men's Christian Association, Oil City, and Connor gained another gigantic success. He lowered Nucles's record by 2min. 51sec., because he accomplished the 2,000 jumps in 11min. 39sec., an hourly speed of over 10,300 jumps—truly a magnificent performance.



SKIPPING 300 TIMES A MINUTE—CROSS-ROPE MOVEMENT.
From a Photograph.

It might be naturally supposed that to watch Connor skipping, especially in the longer contests, was a tedious process and devoid of interest. Such is far from being the case, however. Connor is a typical athlete, and he can introduce considerable variety into his steps that relieves the monotony of the spectacle. There is the forward lope, ordinary running style, which is the easiest and speediest step; back lope, which is both difficult and fatiguing; double jump, front hop, cross arm hop, and so forth. With such a variety of movements, when one continual action becomes tiring, he can obtain relief by adopting some other step. Then, again, he is continually altering his pace. At one moment he is proceeding along in an easy, regular step, while at another he is turning the rope so quickly that his feet do not appear to touch the ground, and the revolving rope makes a peculiar and fascinating hiss in its progress.

Three days after his defeat of Nucles's exploit he created another fast record by making 7,000 skips in 47min. 45sec., at the Oil City Athletic Club. The following

week he completed an even finer performance by making 10,111 steps in 1 hr. 18 min., which still ranks as one of his finest and fastest performances. His last exhibition was given at Warren, Pennsylvania, some time ago, when he made 1,000 jumps in 5 min. 17 sec. Since that time Connor has been resting upon his triumphs, awaiting patiently the arrival of the next challenger to the skipping-rope championship, but apparently other athletes are content to allow Connor to remain in undisputed possession of his unique record.

XXVIII.—A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

After two and a half years of steady labour William Jankowsky, a young carriage-builder of Brooklyn, U.S.A., has completed the most remarkable timepiece known to the annals of the craft. Not only does this clock keep correct time, but it has several sets of chimes, electric lights, a phonograph, a music-box, a procession of ecclesiastical figures, a couple of miniature breech-loading cannon, a gas warming device, an electric fan, and an alarm. It took Mr. Jankowsky just one year to collect the materials desired, to draft the design, and cut out with a scroll-saw the hundreds of pieces of wood used in the construction.

The whole affair stands 8ft. high and 4ft. in width and 3ft. deep. The woods used in making it are ebony, white maple, oak, mahogany, and walnut.

In the winter time the clock is connected with a gas stove, and automatically warms up the room in the morning, while during the hot summer days it operates an electric fan. When the clock is wound up and its various devices put into operation it affords an amusing entertainment, for this wonderful timepiece does practically everything but talk, and when the phonograph is started it even seems to have the power of speech.

From a] WILLIAM JANKOWSKY AND HIS WONDERFUL CLOCK. [*Photograph.*

When visited by a representative of this magazine Mr. Jankowsky ushered his guest into the drawing-room and promptly exhibited the clock.

"There she stands; a pretty ornament, is it not?" he smilingly asked, pointing to the unique time-teller; "that represents two and a half years of hard labour and thought.

"I am a carriage-maker by trade, and am kept busily employed during the day, so I had only my evenings to work on my clock. Many and many a time I sat up until the wee small hours perfecting my design or finishing some delicate bit of carving. Two batteries are employed in producing the force necessary to operate all the devices pertaining to this timepiece. I will set it going.

"As you will notice, first

one hears the tinkling of a fine set of chimes in the twin tower. Those towers represent hours of hard labour, and are, to my thinking, the crowning glory of the clock. The scrollwork and intricate design of the woodwork of these towers called forth all my ingenuity.

"The soldier guarding the towers suggested to me the cannons underneath. As the hours strike these four cannon go off with a bang, produced by an ordinary powder cap. I have been told that the firing of the cannon combined with the martial airs which the phonograph and organ send forth, together with the beating of the drums, give the impression of the waging of a fierce war.

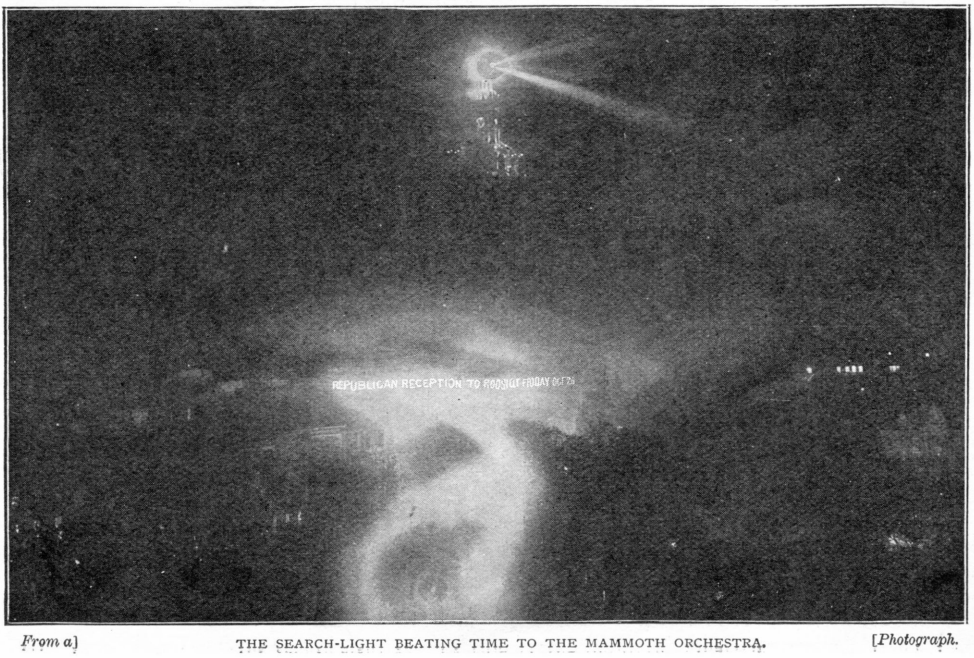
"The clock is lighted by forty small electric bulbs, and when these tiny lights flash out here and there the procession of figures in the balcony of the clock slowly starts in motion and passes in review.

"Taking the working of the different devices in order, after a brief pause the melody of the chimes is succeeded by a familiar air evoked from the music-box concealed in the centre of the clock body. When this has ceased the phonograph in the lower half of the structure begins in crescendo tones Sousa's march. At the climax the twin cannon are fired by electricity.

"In cold weather I set a battery by my clock, and at the desired hour half-a-dozen gas-jets in a stove are ignited, and the room is warmed before I have finished breakfast. In warm weather I attach an electric fan, which is similarly regulated; thus in winter my clock keeps me warm, while in summer it cools me."

XXIX.—BEATING TIME BY SEARCH-LIGHT.

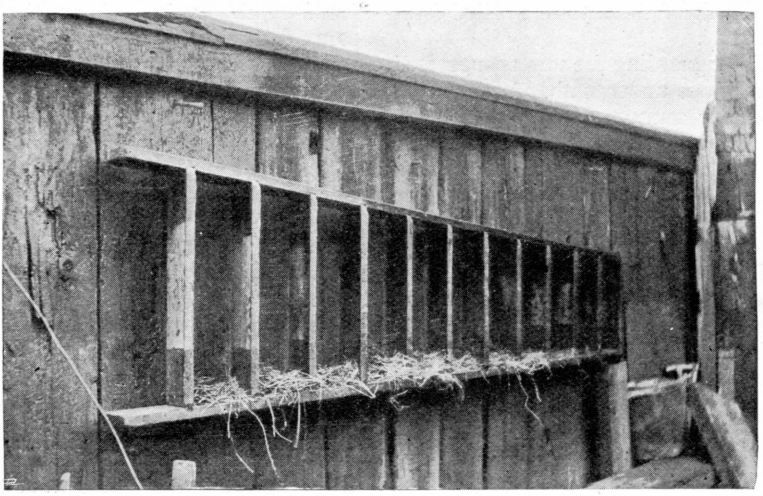
UPON the occasion of one of the elections in New York City a short while ago it was decided to give a massed band selection in the Madison Square one evening. A difficulty however arose, which threatened to prevent the realization of the scheme. How were the various bands to be kept in time? It was obviously impossible for a man to conduct the mammoth orchestra, owing to the darkness. How the dilemma was successfully surmounted may be seen from our illustration. At the summit of the tall tower, crowning the building known as the Madison Square Gardens Building, a huge electric search-light was erected, and the brilliant ray of light emanating from this search-light served as the bâton. It was manipulated up and down in steady, regular beats, and the bands were thus enabled to keep time. The upward and downward movements of this unique bâton may be distinctly observed by the flashes of the light.



From a] THE SEARCH-LIGHT BEATING TIME TO THE MAMMOTH ORCHESTRA. [*Photograph.*

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

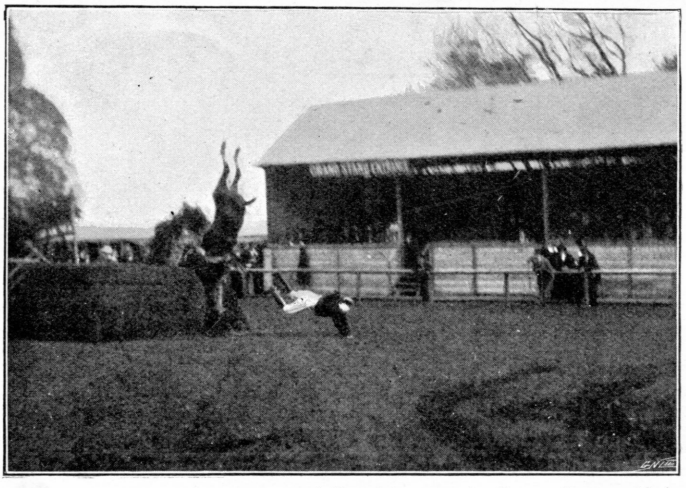


A CURIOUS NESTING OCCURRENCE.

"I send you a photograph of no fewer than ten birds' nests which I took at the beginning of April, built in each step of a step-ladder that was hung on the wall of a pumping engine-house yard here. The engine in question had not been at work for over a week, and in the meantime these birds had started building their nests. Three of them contained eggs when found. The birds forsook their homes as soon as the owners started using the engine again. What is most remarkable is that all the nests are built by thrushes, which birds I have never known to build together before."—Mr. P. Phillips, 28, Oxford Street, Bletchley.

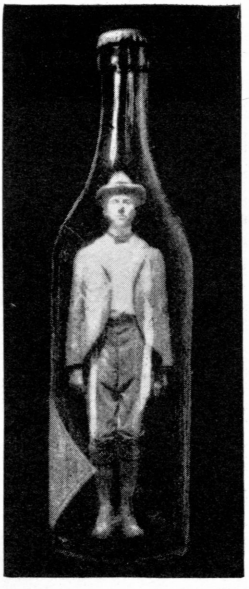
A TOPSY-TURVY HORSE.

"I have pleasure in sending you herewith what is considered a unique photograph of a falling horse. This was taken by myself at the Somerset Agricultural Show held at Taunton on May 10th. The horse failed to rise sufficiently at the bank, which he struck with his chest, and the impetus caused him to turn a complete somersault, the picture showing it completely upright. The horse fell by the side of the rider, both of whom escaped unhurt."—Mr. H. M. Cooper, 29, East Street, Taunton. [We congratulate Mr. Cooper on the wonderful luck and no mean skill which have enabled him to secure this remarkable photograph at the psychological moment. This is probably the most curious instantaneous photograph which has appeared in the Curiosities section up to the present.]

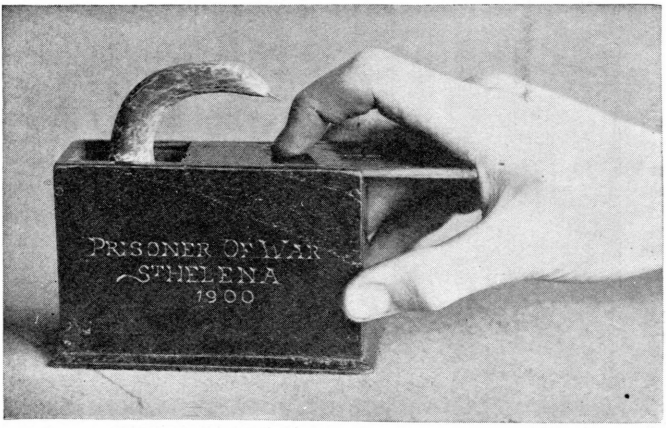


"CORKED UP."

"The man shown inside the bottle, a picture of which I send you, was alive and well, though the bottle was an ordinary pint one. The illusion is, of course, purely a photographic one."—Mr. C. H. Breed, Lawrenceville, New Jersey.



* Copyright, 1901, by George Newnes, Limited.

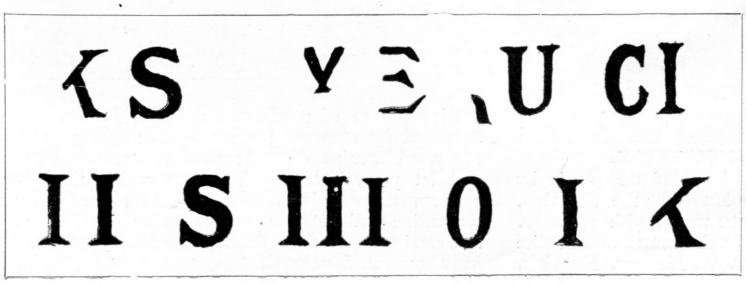


A BOER PRISONER'S CUNNING.

"Herewith a photograph of a quaint snake puzzle box, manufactured by one of the Boer prisoners of war at St. Helena. A number of the Boer prisoners of war at St. Helena, and also in Ceylon, are very clever at wood-carving, and several of them are making a considerable income by carving on pipes, which I imagine is a much more agreeable occupation than sitting behind boulders, on kopjes, under the persistent fire of the merciless rooinek. On opening the lid, by causing it to slide with the forefinger, the snake seen in the photo. suddenly emerges therefrom and inflicts a prick by means of the point of a pin cunningly fixed in its mouth."—Master C. A. E. Cadell, Fox Hill Lodge, Upper Norwood, London, S.E.

WHAT IS IT?

"This is not Chinese, Japanese, or any other 'ese.' It is English, or rather it would be if the two lines were merged into one. Those who cannot read the sentence as it stands might copy the two separate lines, precisely as given, one line on either side of a piece of cardboard, cut exactly to size, and pasted back to back on cardboard or some such substance. A small hole should be pierced in either end of the cardboard through which a couple of pieces of very fine twine, about the length of one's finger, should be threaded. Give the twine a rapid circular movement between the fingers and thumbs and the writing will at once be apparent. Fascinating ladies are hereby cautioned against trying the experiment in the presence of up-to-date young men, for the sentence is a command—a command, moreover, inviting prompt compliance."—Mr. C. H. Chandler, 20, Allison Road, Harringay, N.



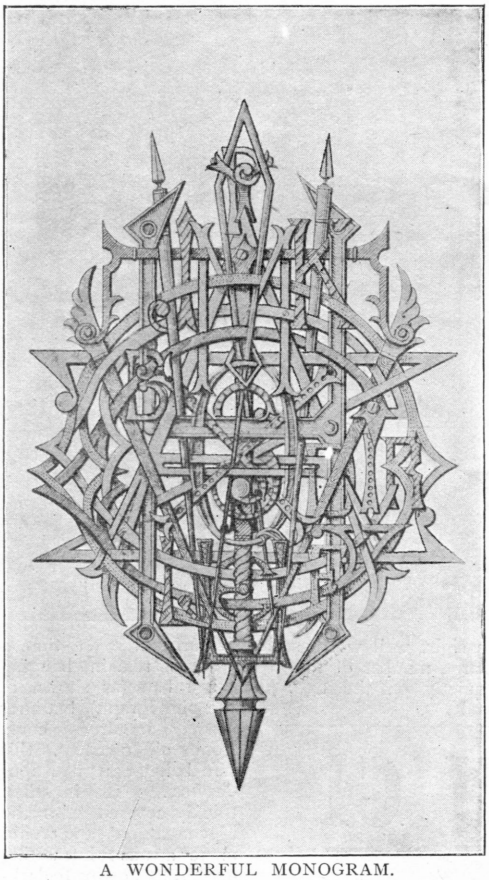
NOT A PEAR TREE.

"Things often are not what they seem. This tree at first sight looks as if it were covered with large, luscious pears, or some equally delectable fruit. However, a closer inspection of the photograph will reveal the fact that the 'fruit' consists of nothing more or less than dozens of flying foxes. This particular tree is in the town of Madras, and in the evening it is

a sight well worth seeing. During the day-time a large number of the flying foxes remain hanging quietly on the tree, like huge bats (as shown in the photograph), but after sunset hundreds come from all quarters, this tree being a regular rendezvous. It is then thickly covered with the ugly creatures, and would make a most interesting photo., but, owing to darkness, this is quite out of the question."—The Rev. H. C. B. Stone, M.A., Chaplain, Waverley House, Egmore, Madras.

HORNGARTH PLANTING.

"The ancient custom of planting the 'penny-hedge' or 'horngarth' was observed at Whitby on the 15th May last. In Henry II.'s time the lords of Ugglebarnby and Sneaton hunted a boar into a hermit's chapel. It died, and the hounds were kept out by the hermit, whom the lords in their anger slew. The dying hermit decreed that as penance the lords had, at each Ascension Eve, to gather wood and carry it to the water's edge at low tide and drive in stakes. Should the erection not withstand three tides the lands of the lords should be forfeited to the Abbot of Whitby. The ceremony is performed yearly in Whitby harbour by Mr. Isaac Hutton and Mr. John Rickinson, the latter representing the lord of the manor. The blowing of the horn, which is over 500 years old, and the custom of crying 'Out on ye! Out on ye!' was observed as usual. The photo. shows the hedge in course of construction."—Mr. Henry N. Pulman, 6, York Terrace, Whitby.

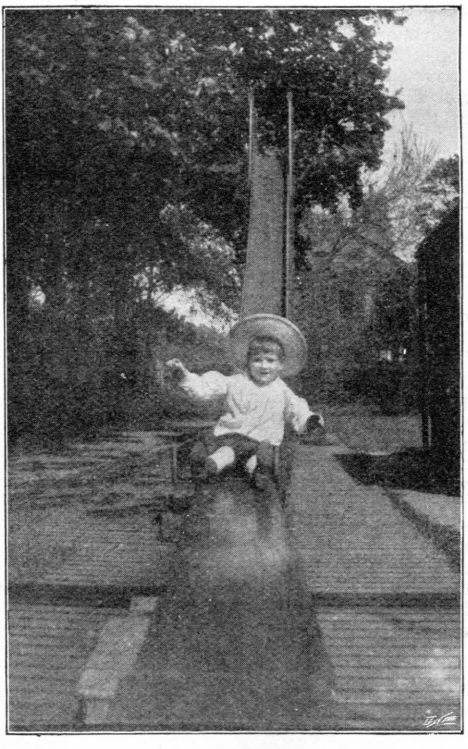


A WONDERFUL MONOGRAM.

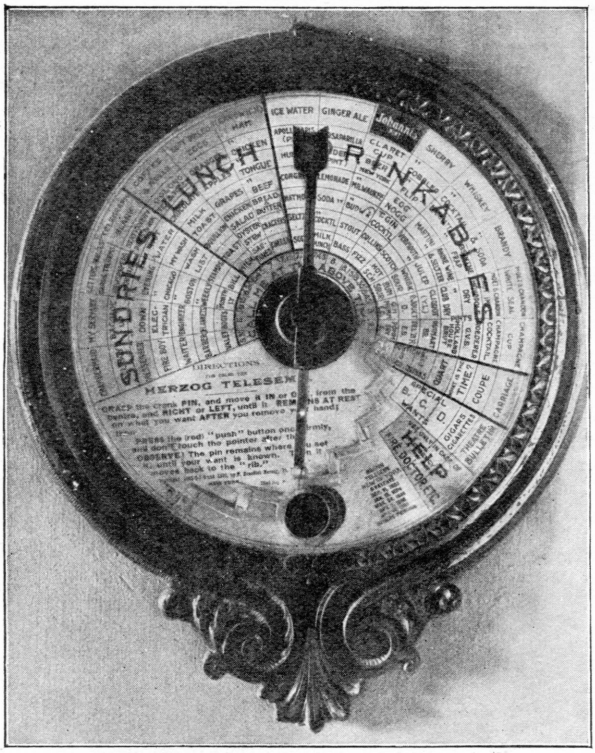
"I send you a monogram invented and made by myself. It contains all the letters of the alphabet, twenty-six in all. They can be traced with patience. The letter N is the smallest (in the centre), and is the only indistinct one."—Mr. C. W. Hooper, Keswick.

A HOME-MADE TOBOGGAN.

"I send you a snap-shot of my youngest brother, taken as he was descending our toboggan at a probable rate of twenty miles an hour. This sort of amusement will perhaps appear novel to most people,



but is a source of much pleasure to children. It is ascended by steps at the far side, and when at the top you either sit down 'naturally' or upon a mat, and let yourself 'go.' The sun makes the wood very smooth and glassy, and with the aid of a little turpentine and beeswax rubbed in an excellent surface can be obtained."—Mr. E. F. Guthrie, Lyndhurst, Mossley Hill, Liverpool.

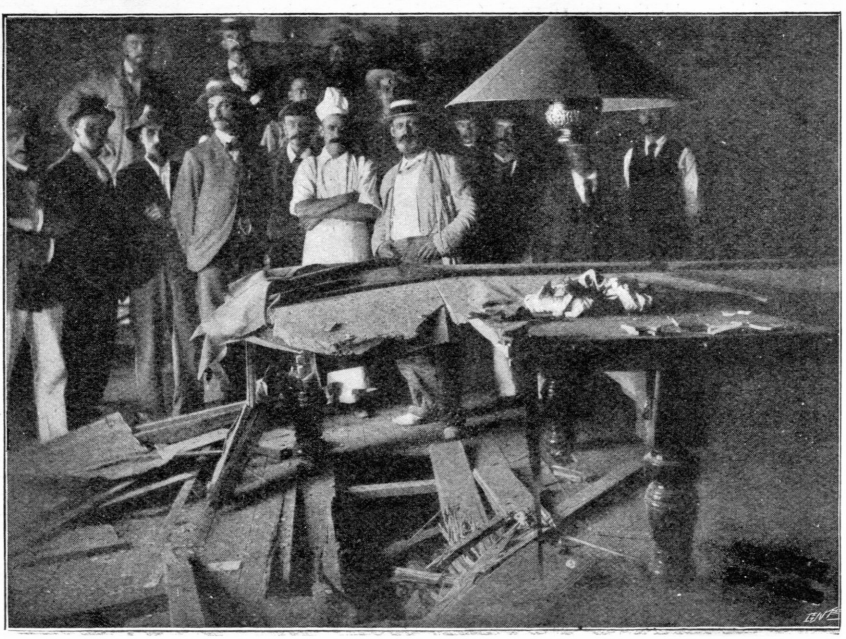


AN UP-TO-DATE INDICATOR.

"This photograph represents one of the indicators placed in the bedrooms at the Holland House, New York. The pointer is shifted to any of the 'wants' printed on the dial, and, on ringing a bell, a similar indicator is actuated in the office, and a servant is at once dispatched. This is a great saving in large hotels like the Holland House." — Mr. Marcus Smith, the Crossways, Totteridge Green, Herts.

THE "BIGGEST BREAK" ON RECORD.

The effects of a "cannon game" and a "shell-out" by a 100lb. shell fired from the Boer trenches at Kampersdorp into Kimberley, a distance of four miles. This unusual performance took place on a Thurston billiard table at the Buffalo Club, Kimberley, on February 7th, 1900.



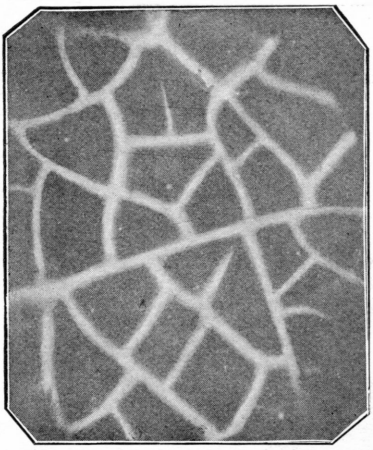
"DANGEROUS!"

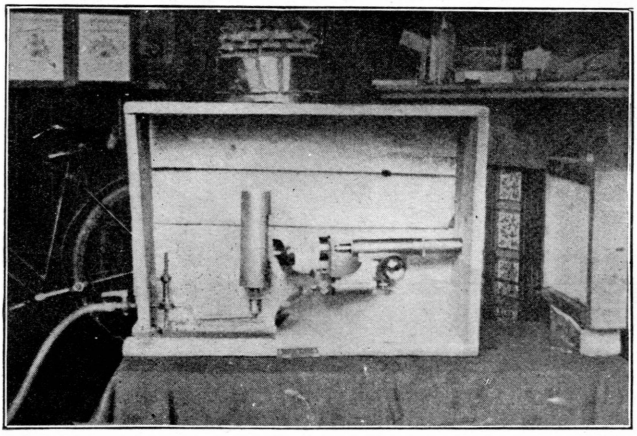
"I have thought that this photograph of myself might be suitable for your Curiosity pages, and should be pleased to hear that such was the case. It was taken at the top of a very nasty hill near Cloughton, Scarborough, by a friend. Some people are inclined to think the

board much more dangerous than the hill."—Mr. C. E. Colling, 93, Victoria Road, Scarborough.

THE SKIN OF A SPIDER.

"I am sending you a picture of what at first looks like ordinary wire netting, but in truth it is a spider's skin enlarged one thousand times. The apparatus shown in the second picture for enlarging such minute objects was invented by a boy of fifteen. The picture I am sending of it is, of course, not quite like it was originally, as it is impossible to photograph it while in the dark room. The spider which possessed this skin was only a very small money spider, and was about one-fiftieth the size of one of the squares on the skin.

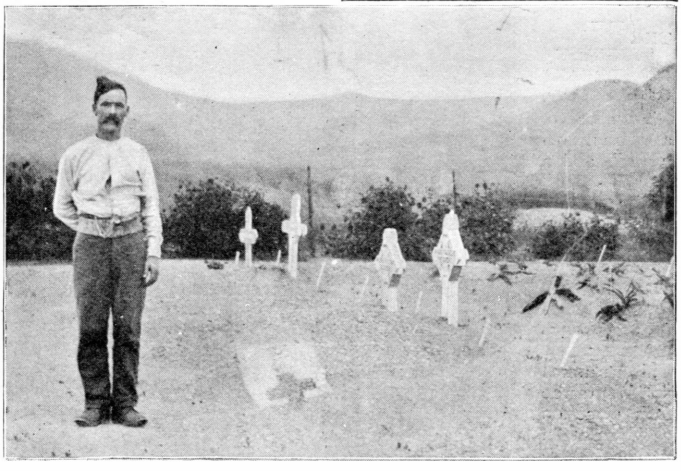




I also wish to add that this was the *second* picture the boy ever took, and I think it exceedingly good." — Mr. H. B. Dresser, Malvernhurst, Malvern.

THE "GREAT EASTERN'S" STEAM WHISTLE.

"When the *Great Eastern* was broken up in Liverpool some few years ago I purchased the large steam whistle which I now have, and send you a photo. of it, trusting it will be of interest to your readers. The whistle is made of brass and weighs 98lb., its height measuring 33in." — Mr. F. G. White, 23, Adelaide Street, Blackpool.

THE SHADOW IN THE GRAVEYARD.

"I am at present (April 18th) in South Africa. This photo. was taken in Charlestown, Natal, Military Graveyard. Majuba rises to the left. When I developed the negative I noticed a cross and some figures on it, and these can be seen in the print. I cannot account for the occurrence. The time of day was noon; the sun was hidden by clouds. There were no shadows either from the morgue-man or the graves. How do you account for it?" — Mr. R. H. Parker, 13, North Park Road, Harrogate, Yorkshire.